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The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

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Volume XXXIV

Number 1



FOUNDED 1883



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.

* * * * *

Address general correspondence to: *The Secretary, Historical Society of Southern California, 2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California.*

Address articles and books for review in THE QUARTERLY, to: *The Editor, at 1016 Selby Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.*

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY



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The Historical Society of Southern California

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883

1952

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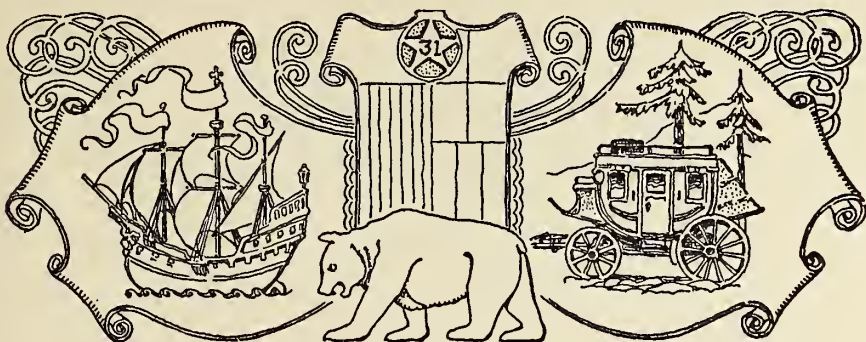
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The Historical Society of Southern California QUARTERLY for March, 1952

A Great Public Utility

In February of this year, 1952, the Municipal Department of Water & Power of Los Angeles celebrated its 50th Anniversary.

The Historical Society of Southern California, while nearly 30 years older than the Department of Water & Power, has not reached the proportions of that great utility of the people of Los Angeles, but wishes to pay tribute to the great institution, who's growth it has watched from the day of its founding.

Through efficient management by its General Managers and Engineers, and the honest and untiring efforts of the various able Boards of Commissioners directing it over the years, the Department of Water & Power has grown from a utility with assets of \$2,000,000 at its beginning to one of nearly three quarters of a billion dollars today.

This great publicly owned utility has given the people an assured supply of both water and power for years to come, and at rates far below most of the cities of the country.

The Department began its municipal life on February 3rd, 1902, with 31 employees. Today it has a payroll of more than 10,000 men and women, every one of whom is working for the benefit of the people they serve.

Presidents of the Historical Society of Southern California

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From Boulder to the Gulf

By Margaret Romer, M. A.

Chapter I

THE NATURAL REGION



ANY ACCOUNT of the desert must of necessity be “dry” reading. But the region from Boulder Canyon to the Gulf, while a desert province, is a country of many strange paradoxes, and these offer hope to the reader.

The great Colorado River rolling noisily through a silent and forbidding desert is in itself a paradox. The delta, a luxuriant oasis, is another. And the Colorado is the only one of America’s great rivers that does not serve man as a highway for travel and commerce. On the contrary, it has always been a barrier — a raging demon roaring defiance to all who would attempt to shackle its freedom or even be so bold as to put a boat on its angry waters.*

The total length of the main stream is some 1,750 miles, in which distance it falls 14,000 feet. This is an average drop of eight feet to the mile. In contrast, the Mississippi River drops only seven inches to the mile. Hence, one of the difficulties of navigating the Colorado River becomes obvious.

The drainage basin of this wild stream covers 244,000 square miles, one-thirteenth the total area of the United States. For more than 1,000 miles the river flows through canyons whose walls tower from 1,000 to 6,000 feet above the torrent. The lower third of its course, from Boulder Canyon to the Gulf, the river flows through

* EDITOR’S NOTE: However, there was steamboat navigation on the Colorado, carrying both supplies and troops from the Gulf of California to the forts and mining camps up the river for many years. — J. G. L.

hot, arid plains of low altitude, broken by mountain ranges from 3,000 to 6,000 feet high.

For some sixty miles below Hoover Dam the river forms the boundary between Nevada and Arizona, then for some 200 miles it separates California and Arizona. For seventeen miles it is the boundary between Arizona and Mexico. The last eighty miles it flows through Mexican territory to the Gulf of California, the Sea of Cortez of Spanish days.

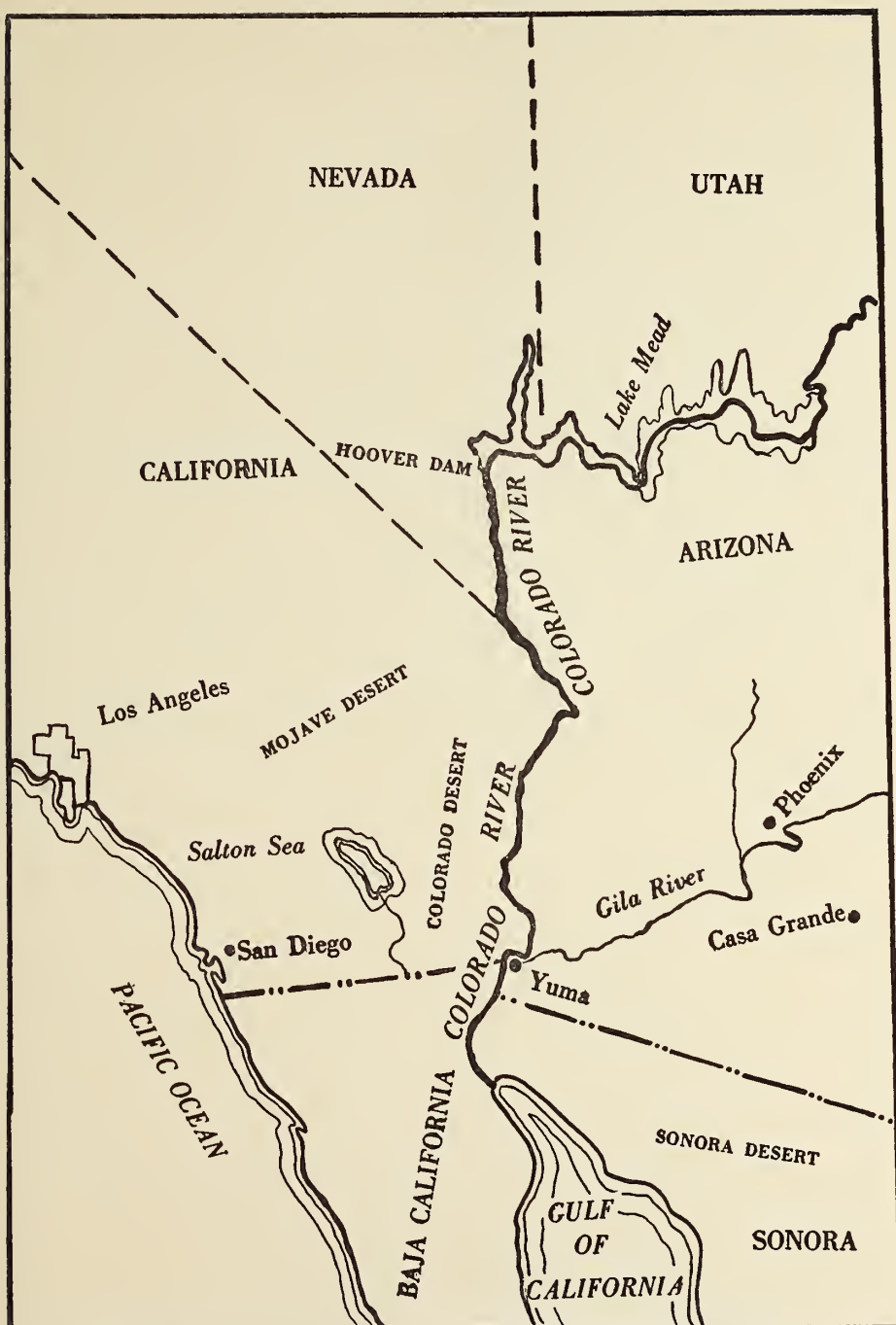
The total run-off of the Colorado Basin is about 21,700,000 acre feet each year,¹ or enough to flood the states of Delaware and Rhode Island to a depth of ten feet.

Before construction of Hoover Dam, 170,000,000 cubic yards of silt were annually brought down to the delta by this powerful stream. This is enough dirt to build a wall three feet thick and ten and one-half feet high around the world at the equator.

In comparatively recent geological times, the Gulf of California extended 150 miles farther inland, covering the Imperial Valley, the Pattie Basin to the west, and extending almost to San Gorgonio Pass. The Colorado River emptied into the Gulf on the eastern side at a point about where Yuma now stands.

Year after year this potent stream emptied its millions of cubic yards of sediment into the Gulf. It is little wonder, then, that it built up a delta which gradually crept westward until at last it reached the opposite shore. This process was hurried by an uplifting of the land.² The combined actions finally cut off the northern end of the Gulf entirely, leaving it an inland sea. The river chose the southeastern side of its delta, and thence flowed into the Gulf. The inland sea evaporated at the rate of about six feet a year. In the course of time it drained completely, leaving an arid basin. Its deepest portions were covered with a thick crust of salt.

How many centuries it remained so, no one knows. However, evidences clearly show that the Colorado again changed its course and again filled the great basin to the north, making it a fresh water lake. When full, it broke over the silt dam on the southwestern side



ORIENTATION MAP OF THE COLORADO RIVER REGION

by the Cocopa Mountains and found its way to the Gulf by a channel which was later called "Hardy's Colorado."

Again the fickle river changed its course due to the shifting of its own delta, and again it flowed into the Gulf leaving the lake to dry in the sun. How many times the mighty stream returned to the lake, no one knows; but judging by its later caprices, it was probably many times. The lower river has changed its course twice in the present century!

Another paradox in this land of the unusual, is the beds of oyster shells and other remnants of marine life that can be seen today 1,000 feet above the valley on the side of Mt. San Jacinto. Fossil oyster shells are also abundant in the Coyote Wells district about seven miles north of the international boundary and about 375 feet above sea level.³ These phenomena verify the statements of the geologists concerning the rising of the land in the formation of this region.

The land thus cut off from the Gulf by the building up of the river's delta aided by the uplift of the region, was named the Colorado Desert in 1853 by the eminent geologist, Dr. William Phipps Blake. This was before the state of Colorado was named. Dr. Blake said, in defining the region he intended to include in the Colorado Desert, "the area is practically coterminous with the ancient beach line and terraces of the lakes which occupied the valley."⁴

The estimated area of the Colorado Desert is about 8,000 square miles. It includes the region between the Coast Range on the west and southwest, the Colorado River on the east, the San Bernardino and the Chuckawalla Mountains on the north, and the Gulf and eastern *bajadas* of the Peninsula Mountains on the south.⁵

Topographically, this Colorado Desert is divided into two main basins which roughly parallel each other. They are separated for most of their length by the Cocopa Range, but merge at their southeastern extremities. Roughly speaking, the Colorado Desert is the shape of a long, tapering human right hand with the four fingers together and the thumb held a little apart. The fingers point to the northwest, the end of the middle finger being at San Gorgonio Pass, and the thumb to the south in Baja California. The thumb corres-

From Boulder to the Gulf

ponds to the Pattie Basin and the hand to the Cahuilla Basin (also called Salton Sink). The delta is the portion at the base of the thumb.

The southern end of the Cahuilla Valley is popularly known as the Imperial Valley and the northern end as the Coachella Valley (the name is probably a corruption of Cahuilla). Altogether, this basin is about a hundred miles long and represents approximately the former limits of the upper end of the Gulf. The ancient shore line is plainly visible almost the entire distance around.

The Cahuilla Basin lies mostly within the boundary of the United States, while the Pattie Basin, or "thumb" of the Colorado Desert, between the Cocopa Mountains and the Coast Range, lies almost entirely in the Republic of Mexico.

The Pattie Basin is an undeveloped wilderness, alternately a barren desert and submerged under the waters of Laguna Salada, or Laguna Maguata. This Laguna is a most uncertain lake, entirely dependent upon the whim of the great river. When the water in the Colorado is low, the lake dries and dwindles to a mere chain of stagnant pools. It does not refill until the great river overflows. Then the water spills out of the river at the southern end of the Cocopa Mountains and again runs into the ancient sea bottom, and Laguna Salada again spreads over the barren waste. When full, this lake is about fifty miles long and some twenty miles wide.⁶

Below the international boundary, the Colorado River divides into several channels. The old channel lies farthest to the east and was bordered on both banks with dense groves of cottonwood trees. The river followed this course until the memorable floods of 1905 and 1906 when the river turned again into the Cahuilla Basin and formed the Salton Sea, threatening to inundate the entire Imperial Valley. All the resources of the Southern Pacific Railroad were required to turn this mighty river again toward the south. But even then it did not return to its old channel, but followed a course known as Bee River to Volcano Lake which perched precariously on the very crest of the delta, sending its overflow to the north into the Salton Sea by way of New River, and to the south by way of Hardy's

Colorado to the Gulf. In 1922 the river again changed its course and now reaches the Gulf by way of a channel formerly called the Pescadero River to Hardy's Colorado, then by way of the Hardy to the Gulf. Volcano Lake has been dry since the last change in the course of the river.

Where the Colorado River meets the sea, the proverbial two irresistible forces truly meet — the river's mighty flood, and the incoming tide!

The tides are unusually high at this point, due to the narrowing Gulf. Maximum spring tides reach twenty feet, and even ordinary tides roll thirty-seven miles up the river. At the ebb tide there is no conflict; the Colorado flows supreme to the sea. But when the incoming tide meets the river's flood, the result is a turmoil of waters that is the terror of the navigator. This phenomena is known as the Tidal Bore. It comes as a huge wave sweeping up stream, and only the sturdiest ship in the hands of the most skillful navigators can stem its fury.

The area over which this cauldron boils is known as the Gulf Plain. It is the shape of a very flat V, is muddy and sticky when wet, and salt-crusted when dry. It is cut by the channels into which the stream divides on its way to the Gulf. These channels are edged with low vegetation which is the only life of any kind on the Plain. In periods of high water, the entire Plain is flooded.

A group of volcanic craters exists at the foot of the Cocopa Mountains beside Volcano Lake. The highest of these is Cerro Prieto, or Black Butte, 750 high. The region is covered with mud volcanoes and geysers; and earthquakes, sometimes severe ones, are of almost daily occurrence. A similar outbreak occurs on the southeastern shore of the Salton Sea near Calipatria.

Bordering the head of the Gulf on both sides are many volcanic craters, some of which are still active. Geologically speaking, these mountains are so new that soil has not yet formed on their jagged sides. They are stark, treeless and birdless.⁷

The region to the east is known as the Sonora Desert, being in the state of Sonora, Mexico. Its western terminus is distinctly

From Boulder to the Gulf

marked by a sharp terrace which rises abruptly to a height of forty to sixty feet above the level of the river, and is quite distinct from the Gulf to the Gila River.

The Gila River is the principal tributary of the Colorado between Boulder Canyon and the Gulf. It flows into the main stream from the east, just above Yuma.

The only other tributary of any importance is Bill Williams Fork, which also flows in from the east just above the town of Parker, Arizona, or some forty miles below Needles, California. This region is known as the Mojave Desert. The term is used to designate the land on both sides of the river north of the Colorado Desert and extending to Boulder Canyon.

In the Mojave Desert are located the last of the canyons through which the river flows before emerging on the open desert. Going down stream from Boulder Dam, the river flows through Black Canyon, Painted Canyon, and Pyramid Canyon. Then it pauses a moment in the fertile Mojave Valley, only to rush on through Mojave Canyon into the smaller Chemehuevis Valley. After passing through Monument Canyon, the intermittant waters of Bill Williams Fork are added to those of the main stream. After this, the river flows through the comparatively peaceful Colorado Valley, the longest of them all, in which are located the towns of Parker and Blythe. One more small canyon, Cane Brake Canyon, and then the waters of the Gila River are added. After flowing confined in deep canyons for some ninety percent of its course, there is little wonder that the river runs wild when it emerges from its confining canyon to freedom!

Some people think this land —*From Boulder to the Gulf* — a barren waste devoid of all interest, a tiresome and annoying obstacle to travel between Los Angeles and the East. In truth, it is an intriguing mystery, silently holding stories as wonderful as those of Aladdin's Lamp, as mysterious as the tales of *Sherlock Holmes*, as dramatic as Shakespeare, as venturous as Jules Verne, and as fascinating as O'Henry.

Chapter II

PRIMITIVE CULTURE



MYSTERY SURROUNDS the colossal figures recently discovered on the mesa above the west bank of the river, some eighteen miles north of Blythe. That they are prehistoric is obvious. No one living today ever knew of their existence, though they have been seen by hundreds of travelers, and probably even walked on, or ridden over on horseback. But they are so large that they are not recognizable from the ground. So they lay, undiscovered, through the years until noticed from an airplane at an altitude of 1,600 feet.

There are three groups of figures. In each, there is a gigantic image of a man lying flat with arms outstretched, an animal, that might be a goat, horse or donkey, and a snake.

The figures are not sculptured in the ordinary sense of the term. Rather, they are scooped out of the mesa, and their margins outlined with a thick edging of pebbles. The plateau is completely covered with dark brown disc-like pebbles from one to five inches in diameter. These have been painstakingly removed down to the light colored earth and pebbles beneath. Thus, the figures stand out in bold relief, shiny white on a background of dark brown. And they are further accentuated by the rocky borders.

The largest human figure is 167 feet long, with an arm spread of 164 feet. Another man figure is ninety-five feet long, and is partly encompassed in a circle 142 feet in diameter.⁸

Who made these giant figures? And for what purpose? Only the silent desert holds the story of their long-forgotten makers.

The discovery was made in April, 1932, by George Palmer, a businessman, while flying from Las Vegas, Nevada, to Blythe, California.

Some thirteen miles south of Needles, also on the west bank of the river, is an Indian maze made by the same technique. It consists of a score of parallel lanes of stones scooped to one side leaving

From Boulder to the Gulf

passageway between. In Death Valley is another maze similarly constructed.

In 1889 and again in 1892, the Sante Fe Railroad reported cutting through human-shaped figures similar to those recently discovered. No measurements were taken of those before their destruction.⁹

This technique is said to have been found nowhere but in this region.

On the cliffs overlooking the river's canyon are numerous ancient ruins with human artifacts strewn around. Caves with smoke-covered roofs and caves with drawings and figures carved on their walls, mutely reveal human life before the Indians came. Culturally, none of these desolations have any connection with the Indians that have occupied the region since the coming of the Spaniards.

Then, there are the *Piedras Escritas*, or Painted Rocks, on the lower Gila. These rocks are covered with native petroglyphs. They can have no possible connection with the later Indians because these natives had no written symbolism of any kind.

Perhaps the best known of the pre-historic ruins is the *Casa Grande* (big house) only a few miles west of the highway between Phoenix and Tucson in Arizona. This is a four-story structure with many evidences of a relatively high culture. The identity of its builders and its inhabitants remains a mystery.

Three reports have been made concerning a pre-historic adobe ruin on the delta, but it has never been found. One was by Anza in 1775, the second was by Lieutenant Hardy in 1827, and the last was by a cowboy in 1928. Whether these reports refer to the same or different ruins is not known. Anza and Hardy only heard of it but did not actually see it. The cowboy said he saw it twenty-five years before, but could not be found when he was wanted to lead an expedition of geographers to the place.¹⁰

On the slopes of the Sierra Juarez on the western edge of the Pattie Basin are many mortar holes in the rocks, and caves with smoke-blackened roofs.¹¹ Extensive shell mounds are to be seen

on both sides of the Gulf near its head.¹² From all these mute evidences we can conclude but one thing for certain: human life has existed on the Colorado River for a long, long time.

The early explorers in the region all report a very large Indian population. Oñate, in 1604, estimated 22,000 between the Gila River and the Gulf on the east side of the river alone.¹³ Lieutenant Hardy reported in 1826 that 5,000 Indians gathered about his ship when it was stranded near the mouth of the river. Alarcon and Diaz in 1540, Oñate in 1604, Kino in 1702, and Garces in 1776, all numbered the natives by the thousands. The first Americans gave us similar accounts. Where are all these thousands today? Mostly under the sands of the desert. A very few of the tribes have even kept their identity, and only a remnant of these are left. But that is another story.

The river tribes from Black Canyon to the Gulf were all Yuman stock. They consisted of eight nations, and they had their wars, their alliances, their shifting of power, their intrigues, and their conquests very much as Europe has had, and perhaps for as many centuries. The dominant nations were the Mojave, at the point of modern Nevada, the Yuma at the confluence of the Gila, and the Cocopa nearest the mouth of the Colorado. In the end, these nations either absorbed or at least dominated all the others.

In order down stream from Black Canyon, the Indian nations were: the Mojave, the Halchidhoma (the Chemehuevi came in at this location later), the Yuma, the Kamia, the Kohuana, the Alak-wisa, the Halyikwamai, and the Cocopa.¹⁴

These tribes all had a similar culture which is distinct from that of any other region. They practiced agriculture but not irrigation. They depended upon the overflow of the river as did the ancient Egyptians on the lower Nile. They were good potters but poor basket makers. They had a strong sense of communal ownership of property and a lack of regard for wealth. They cremated their dead. The horse was never used as a burden bearer, nor did the braves of the river tribes go mounted. If horses were kept at all

From Boulder to the Gulf

they were regarded as curiosities and treated as pets. Later, they came to be used for meat.

The Mojave were the most populous and the most warlike of the Yuman river tribes. They lived on both sides of the river but chiefly on the east, in the Mojave Valley, the first habitable valley below the canyons. Their territory now forms part of three states, California, Nevada and Arizona.

They were a fine looking people — tall, strong, athletic, well developed, with lighter brown skins than most Indians, and noted for the artistic painting of their bodies. They were excellent swimmers. They made no canoes. When it was necessary to cross the river, they swam across — they had no clothes to carry — or they used a raft or balsa made of bundles of reeds. The Spaniards first named the Colorado *Rio del Tizon*, meaning Firebrand River, because these people carried firebrands with which to keep warm in lieu of clothing. The men wore, at most, a breechcloth; the women, a short skirt made of shredded strips of bark, similar in appearance to the Hawaiian hula skirt.¹⁵

The Mojave had a strong national unity. No petty internal feuds marred their “feelings.” “All for one and one for all” was their national spirit. The tribe was a unit and their traditions were sacred.

They traveled much from sheer curiosity, for they liked to see the country and meet the people of other tribes.¹⁶ They could cover great distances rapidly with a steady trot.

The smile of the Mojave is irresistible. He loves to laugh and he keenly appreciates a good joke. He is rarely sullen but sometimes he indulges in a fit of bad temper. On the whole, he is a most amiable and quite a talkative companion. When work is necessary he plunges into it with all his energy, but when not necessary, he can rest just as intensively as he can work.

Their one-room houses consisted of a frame of logs and poles, thatched with arrow weed and covered with sand. Each dwelling was occupied by about four families.

Every spring when the flood waters receded, the Mojave

planted his beans, corn, pumpkins, watermelons, squash, canteloupes, and after the Spaniards came, he added wheat to his crops. He planted with a pointed stick, irregularly, not in rows, and later he cut off weeds with a flattened stick. The harvesting of the crop concluded the simple farming operations. There was no definite division of farm labor between the men and the women. They worked together.

But the women made the pottery and did it most excellently. They fashioned every conceivable kind of pot and dish, even making the "silverware" out of pottery in the most interesting designs. This pottery was decorated with a yellow ochre which burned to a dull red when fired.

The river Indians cared little for basket making. They traded their pottery for baskets with neighboring tribes, making only the most simple and necessary articles themselves, such as flat tray-like bowls for holding most anything, wicker fish traps, and wicker hoods for their cradles.¹⁷

There was no marriage ceremony and no capture or purchase of brides. They simply lived together at will and parted at will. Yet this does not imply a looseness of morals for promiscuity was frowned upon. The Mojave women held a higher social rank than women of most other Indian tribes, and they had greater freedom. They sat, ate, laughed, worked and talked freely with the men.¹⁸

Since game is scarce on the desert, the Mojaves ate almost no meat. They scorned turtles and lizards which were used as food by many other tribes. But they fished freely with traps, not hooks.

Courage was held above all other virtues, and military campaigns often covered wide areas. Their weapons of war were the bow and arrow, a mallet-headed club and a straight club. Few died in battle, but more died at home after the battles from infected arrow wounds. The constant object of war parties was the capture of girls and young women from the opposite tribe. They took no other prisoners. These foreign girls were treated with all respect, were initiated into the tribe with serious ceremony, and lived as any other member of the tribe. Sometimes they were even



JUAN BAUTISTA DE ANZA



— From Lieutenant Ives Report

PRIMITIVE RIVER PEOPLE



THE ANCIENT SHORE LINE OF THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA

Plainly Visible on the Rim of the Colorado Desert.

From Boulder to the Gulf

given a little piece of land for their own. They were free to marry or not just as any other woman in their nation.¹⁹

The religion of the river tribes is unique. They believed in dreaming as a basis of everything in life. Their conviction was so deep that they failed to distinguish between dreams and reality. They had no ritual ceremonies in their religion. They only dreamed and interpreted their day dreams. Only the men were recognized as dreamers. The women took no part in the religious life.

These tribes had no written symbolism of any kind, but they had an unusually good sense of the value of numbers. They could readily add and subtract numbers up to 100 in their heads.

What is said of the Mojaves generally holds true of the seven other Colorado River tribes. Their culture was essentially the same. Where differences existed, they were minor ones. For instance, the Yumans made even more of their dreaming than the Mojaves. As nature provided more bountifully for the tribes living on the delta than for those farther up the river, the population was denser there, and more meat was used.

Several other tribes deserve mention: the Chemehuevi, Maricopas, Pimas, Walapais, Yavapais and Diegeño. The Chemehuevi were not Yuman. They were of Shoshonean blood and lived in the Mojave nation. The Mojave drove out the Halchidhoma (a Yuman river tribe) from the little valley just below Needles, and the Chemehuevi drifted in and lived there with the Mojave ever after.

The Maricopas (sometimes called Cocomaricopas) were also of Yuman stock and lived on the lower Gila. This tribe later absorbed several of the weaker Yuman tribes and still later, they themselves practically merged with the Pima Indians.

The Pimas occupied the Gila Valley next above the Maricopas. The Piman family is distinct from the Yuman family.

The Hualapai (Pine Tree People) were a Yuman tribe, but they were mountain people, not river people. They lived in the mountains south and west of the Grand Canyon.

The Yavapai (Sun People) were also a mountain tribe of the Yuman family. They lived in the mountains of Arizona south of

the Hualapai and north of the Gila River. These people were popularly known as the Mojave-Apache, but this does not imply a mixture with the Apaches. It indicates only that they were looked upon as the "wild" Mojave.²⁰

The Diegeño were a family of tribes that lived in the mountains of California west of the Colorado, and were inferior to the river people in culture.

The Cocopa, farthest down the Colorado River, were the least affected by the Spanish missionaries. They never adopted Christianity, though they accepted the *padres* as friends. They retained their original culture until as late as the second half of the Nineteenth century.²¹ They still roam the desolate reaches of the Pattie Basin, living very much as they did, only that tin replaces their ancient pottery, galvanized iron has been substituted for the thatch on their roofs, and perhaps a pair of ragged overalls hides their nakedness.

When the Spaniards found the river, they found also a dense population of happy, friendly, life-loving people with a definite culture, a background of tradition, and a code of ethics that might well have been copied from some of the explorers who visited them later.

Chapter III

THE SPANIARDS FIND A RIVER



ALMOST — *but not quite* — did Ulloa find the river in the summer of 1539. He sailed from Acapulco in command of an exploring expedition of three ships, the last to be sent out by Cortez. That famous conqueror's power was waning rapidly. The king of Spain had already sent over Mendoza to be viceroy of New Spain and to check the too ambitious activities of Cortez.

So it was with considerable difficulty that Ulloa's expedition finally got under way. Even then, Mendoza sent a strong land force up the coast to prevent Ulloa's ships from entering any of the ports along the way.²²

From Boulder to the Gulf

One of the three vessels was forced by bad weather into the harbor of Guatulco where the pilot and sailors were imprisoned and the ship held by order of the new viceroy.²³

But the other two vessels reached shallow water at the head of the Gulf. There Ulloa noted furious tides and even suggested that the spot might be the mouth of a great river. But why did he not land and investigate? He was sent out to explore, and he was far beyond the reach of Mendoza's soldiers. Were his ships inadequate to the situation? Or was the turmoil of waters too much for his nerves, as it was for the nerves of his men. Whatever the reason, perhaps he was wise in acceding to the wishes of the crews and turning the prows of his ships southward again.

Soon after this, Cortez returned to Spain, and Mendoza made extensive preparations for the great Coronado expedition to explore the "northern mystery" — Quivira.

It will be remembered that knowledge of the geography of the region was extremely limited. No one knew how far northward from Mexico land extended, nor what possible terror or treasure it held. Then, there were the persistent rumors of the "Straitts of Anien" which supposedly connected the two oceans. The Spaniards were most anxious to gain possession of the land between Mexico and the "Straitts" for the tremendous commercial advantage it would give them. And to further lure them on, were the reports of the fabulously rich "seven cities of Cibola" made by the unfortunate Fray Marcos de Niza.

To solve this "northern mystery" Mendoza, the first viceroy of New Spain, sent Coronado with his brilliant and well-equipped army into the northern wilderness in search of the "seven cities of Cibola" and the "Straitts of Anien."

Coronado and the main body of his army passed to the east of the lower Colorado region, but three branch expeditions found the river as we shall note.

On the theory that California was an island, Hernando de Alarcon was sent northward along the Gulf coast in command of a fleet of two vessels carrying reserve supplies, and with instructions to

co-operate with Coronado in every possible way. In the light of our present knowledge, it appears ludicrous that ships carrying Coronado's reserve supplies should have been sent up the Pacific Coast while Coronado was wandering in Oklahoma and Kansas. The supplies might almost as well have been sent up the Atlantic Coast!

But there was much to learn. So Alarcon sailed on May 9, 1540, probably from Acapulco.²⁴ Proceeding north along the Gulf coast of Mexico, Alarcon stopped at two ports to refit and add to the stock of his supplies. He even added another ship to his fleet. Continuing northward, he stayed close to the shore and explored the coast carefully. But nowhere did he see or hear of Coronado's army.

Reaching the shoals at the head of the Gulf where Ulloa had turned back, Alarcon's men also pleaded with him not to risk those waters. But the captain was determined to settle the question of insular or peninsular character of California, so he insisted upon continuing northward.

In the effort to clear the bar, all the ships were grounded, but lifted again with the next tide. After painstaking and strenuous work, the fleet finally rode at anchor in the mouth of the Colorado. The first Europeans had found the great river. This was in August of 1540.²⁵

The fleet could make no headway against the current, so Alarcon took twenty men in two small boats and they set out to explore the river. Now, Alarcon was a wise explorer. His policy was to win the friendship of the natives. To this end, he included in his party a few Indians from Mexico who might act as interpreters, as well as taking along a great many European trifles that would serve as gifts or a medium of exchange for food or what not.

Thus armed, the two boats headed upstream. They soon learned they could make no headway against the current on the ebb tide, so they rowed upstream with the flow, and then ran into a cove and anchored during the ebb tide. This method was successful for the first thirty-five miles, or as far as the tide reached. But after this, they found it increasingly difficult to row against the strong current of the Colorado. Often, rowing became utterly useless and the

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men had to resort to walking along the bank and towing the boats up the stream.

But the party was now in the land of the Cocopa, and the Cocopa were a hospitable people. Alarcon and his men were first regarded with curiosity, but the strangers were friendly no less so. In fact, so completely did Alarcon and his companions win the friendship of the natives that they were soon towing the boats for their guests.

The Indians Alarcon had brought from Mexico were unable to understand the Cocopa dialect and the party progressed some distance up the river before an Indian was found with whom the interpreters could talk. Then there was much news.

The explorers heard what they were so eager to know. In short, they heard of Cíbola (Zuñi) and that other foreigners were there. And the Indians told with great wonder about the large animals on which the men rode, and about the "things which shot fire." Obviously, Alarcon and his men had not displayed their guns.²⁶

The natives would willingly have guided their guests to Zuñi but the men refused to go. No amount of persuasion could induce them to undertake the month-long journey. They were all brave men of the sea, but they would not risk the unknown dangers of the overland journey. All refused but one, a Negro, and even he was glad when the proposed expedition was given up.²⁷ Nothing was left but to return to the ships. This they did, drifting down with the current in two and one-half days. It had taken them fifteen days to go up the stream.

The men who remained with the ships were then given the "opportunity" of going to Zuñi, but they were no more enthusiastic about it than their fellows who had gone up the river.

But Alarcon would not give up. By this time it was the middle of September, a favorable time for river travel. He took "three boats filled with wares of exchange, with corne and other seeds, hennes and cockes of Castille,"²⁸ and started upstream a second time.

This time, he ascended "eighty-five leagues." Allowing for considerable inaccuracy, this took them well above the present Cal-

ifornia boundary, making Alarcon and his companions the first Europeans to cast eyes on the soil of California. And it is reasonable to assume that they occasionally made landings on the California side.

Before turning down the stream again, Alarcon erected a cross and left a message on the chance that an expedition from Zuñi might reach that spot and find it. The message indicated that he had been there and had tried to fulfill his duty, but nothing was accomplished and he was turning back.²⁹

The exact point at which Alarcon turned back must always remain a mystery, though it was probably near Picacho — perhaps in Cane Bake Canyon.

In the meantime, the men had built a chapel on the shore. The river, they called "Buenagua" in honor of the viceroy.

Before Alarcon had even reached the Colorado River, Coronado's army had captured the seven Zuñi towns in western New Mexico which they regarded as the "seven cities of Cibola." So keen was their disappointment that Fray Marcos, whose stories had prompted the search, ingloriously fled and found his way back to Mexico.

On the northward march, Coronado had established a camp which they called San Hieronimo in the Valley of Corazones (Hearts) in the present state of Sonora, Mexico. Here he left a garrison of eighty men in command of a trusted lieutenant, Melchoir Diaz. His instructions were to maintain the post, keep open the trail between Cibola and New Spain, and to try to get into communication with Alarcon.

So in September, Diaz started westward toward the coast with twenty-five of his eighty men in search of the supply ships. After searching the shore of the Gulf, he followed it northward to the mouth of the Colorado River. He, too, was well received by the Indians. And it was he who named the stream *Rio del Tizon* (Firebrand River), because he noted that when the Indians wanted to warm themselves, they took a burning stick and held it to their naked abdomens and shoulders.³⁰

From Boulder to the Gulf

Marching up the east bank of the river, the men found a tree on which was a sign telling that a letter was buried there. Feverishly but carefully the men dug into the soil under that tree, and were rewarded in finding a jar so carefully wrapped it was not even moist. Within it was a letter which said, in part, "Francisco de Alarcon reached this place in the year '40 with three ships, having been sent in search of Francisco Vasques Coronado by the viceroy, D. Antonio de Mendoza; and after crossing the bar at the mouth of the river and waiting many days without obtaining any news, he was obliged to depart, because the ships were being eaten by worms."³¹

From this letter, they also learned that the Sea of Cortez was a bay, and California was not an island but a point of the mainland forming the west side of the Gulf.³²

Diaz and his men then continued northward for five or six days, thus placing them well to the north of the present international boundary. Here they crossed the river to the California side.

But the crossing was a precarious venture. It will be remembered that the Colorado River Indians used no canoes or boats of any kind, beyond a balsa, or tule raft. However, the feat was accomplished in large wicker baskets which the Indians had made waterproof with a coating of bitumen. In these basket-tubs, the Indians transported Diaz, his twenty-five men, and their baggage across the river, the Indians swimming and pushing the baskets, five or six men to each basket.

Leaving the river bank, the Diaz party struck out southwestward and crossed the southeastern corner of California. After four days of travel they reached the mud volcanoes in the region of Volcano Lake whence they returned to the river again below Yuma, and followed it to the Gulf. Not yet satisfied, Diaz continued some miles below the mouth of the river along the Baja California coast.

The purpose of Diaz' expedition was now fully and successfully accomplished and he turned his steps back toward his camp in the Valley of Hearts in Sonora. But Fate had other plans, and Diaz did not live to deliver the report of his trip personally to his chief. He

died of an accident on the way back to his camp, falling on his spear.

Meanwhile, reports reached Coronado at Zuñi of a group of seven similar villages to the west called Tucano, or Tusayan. These were Hopi, or Moqui, towns of northeastern Arizona.

To verify these reports, Coronado sent Don Pedro de Tovar with a company of foot soldiers and a few horsemen. After an absence of thirty days, Tovar returned and reported a peaceful expedition, saying the houses of Moqui were better than those of Zuñi, but that nothing there would interest the Spaniards. But what was more interesting, he had heard of a great river to the west with giant people living on its banks. This was, indeed, something new and interesting. So Coronado commissioned Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas to go west and verify these reports.

The Cardenas expedition started from Zuñi the latter part of August (1540) and advanced northwest to the Moqui towns and then westward, passing between modern Williams, Arizona, and the Grand Canyon. They reached the canyons at a point a little west of the present Grand Canyon National Monument.

Their most strenuous efforts were of no avail in crossing this huge gorge. They could not even get down to the river to get water, so precipitous was the canyon wall. They traveled for miles, both up stream and down, looking for a place to cross but it was useless.³³ The time limit of Cardenas' commission had almost expired so the men turned back toward Zuñi, depressed by a sense of failure because they had encountered an obstacle which they could not cross. Yet, they discovered one of the world's greatest natural wonders, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado!

So Alarcon, Diaz and Cardenas, all connected with the Coronado expedition, each found the river independently. But after that, the Colorado ran its turbulent course from Boulder to the Gulf for more than sixty years before another European heard the rush of its waters.

Don Antonio de Espejo was a wealthy citizen of Mexico and an adventurer at heart. So it was quite to his liking to finance a

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rescue party into New Mexico to find and save three priests alone and lost in that great wilderness. Fray Bernaldino Beltrán of the monastery of Durango volunteered to accompany Espejo and help find his brothers in the mission service.

Beside Espejo and Fray Beltrán, the rescue party consisted of fourteen or fifteen soldiers, servants, and a few others, and 115 horses and mules. They started from San Bartolomé, some twenty-five miles east of Santa Barbara (Mexico) on November 10, 1582.³⁴

Before reaching Zuñi, they learned of the death of the three whom they sought to rescue, so the primary object of the expedition was ended. But they had come some six hundred miles from home, and what adventurer would turn back then? Not Espejo!

At Zuñi, the party divided, Beltrán leading the larger section eastward, and Espejo turning north with nine companions in search of a fabled lake of gold. Veering to the west, he came to the Moqui towns where he was well received. The Moqui people showered him with gifts, chief of which were 4,000 cotton blankets. The Moqui raised cotton and wove it into cloth. This was such a quantity of blankets that it was not feasible to carry with him on an exploring expedition, so he had to send five of his nine men back to Zuñi with the gift.

By this time, the rumor of the lake of gold had taken the more rational form of rich gold mines, and Espejo determined to find them. Continuing some 135 miles to the southwest, he discovered the rich veins of gold in the now famous Prescott region.³⁵

After taking some samples of the rich ore, the men returned to Zuñi by a more direct and better route than the one by which they had come.

With the dawn of the Seventeenth century, Spanish settlements were founded in the upper Rio Grande valley. Juan de Oñate was governor of the new province which became New Mexico. Wealth in the form of gold or pearls was ever the incentive of the Spaniards, so Governor Oñate sent Captain Marcos Farán to find the gold mines that Espejo had discovered two decades before.

Traveling southwest guided by Indians, Farán readily found

the gold country. Returning to his chief, he reported the veins so long and so wide that half the people in New Spain could have gold mines there.³⁶

Like Tovar, Farán also heard from the Indians of the great river to the west with its extensive settlements and large fields of corn and beans. Furthermore, he learned that the river ran into the sea only a thirty-day march to the south of these settlements.

So on October 7, 1604, Oñate set out for the Pacific by way of this great river. Leaving the Rio Grande, he went first to Zuñi, then to Moqui. Continuing to the southwest he soon crossed the Little Colorado River which he named the Colorado River because its water was so reddish. Then dipping southward into the mountainous region of modern Prescott, the men found more mines. And Oñate noted the excellent climate, fine water, and beautiful fields. "An ideal spot for Spanish settlements."

This was the land of the Yavapai Indians, popularly known as the Apache-Mojaves. But Oñate called them Cruzados because they all wore little crosses suspended from their hair over their foreheads. This, they had learned, was the way to keep peace with the Spaniards.³⁷ These Indians lived chiefly on game and dressed in skins. And they told the same story of the great river, saying the sea was only twenty days away.

Continuing their journey as directed by the natives, Oñate and his little party came to the Bill Williams Fork of the Colorado River, which they called the San Andrés.

Following the Fork to the big river, Oñate sent a party of men up stream to enter into friendly negotiations with the Mojaves, whom they called Amacavas. This was wholly successful and the friendly Mojave supplied the exploring party with food.³⁸

Traveling down the east side of the river from Bill Williams Fork, Oñate and his men passed successively through the territory of eight Yuman River nations whom they found uniformly friendly and generous. The river people always came to meet the explorers bringing food to them even before they reached the settlements.

Christmas was spent on the river and the year 1605 began.

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On January 23, the party reached the last stopping place where fresh water could be had. Two days later, Oñate, the priests, and nine soldiers left the main camp and set out for the sea.

Reaching the mouth of the great stream, which they called the *Buena Esperanza* River, Oñate took possession for the king of Spain with due Spanish ceremony. He christened it Port of the Conversion of San Pablo because it was on that day (January 25) when the party reached the sea.³⁹ In reporting the harbor, Oñate grew eloquent concerning its size but said nothing of the tidal bore. Had he come by water instead of by land, his report would have been different!

After passing four days at the mouth of the river, Oñate and his men returned to New Mexico by the route they had come. And for nearly a century more, the great river ran its turbulent course from Boulder to the Gulf unseen by the eyes of Europeans.

And then came the "*Padre on Horseback.*"

Chapter IV

CIVILIZATION MOVES NORTHWARD



NLY A MAN with the spirit of a missionary combined with an acute case of wanderlust could have achieved what Kino did in *Pimería Alta*! He was an intrepid explorer, a builder of many churches, a tireless missionary, a peerless rancher, and a horseman who has been equalled by few of the cowboys that have since ridden over the same plains and mountains.

He made innumerable journeys all through *Pimería Alta*, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by one or two Indians, sometimes with other Spaniards, but rarely with soldiers. On one of these journeys he rode 384 leagues in twenty-six days! This is about 1,000 miles, or an average of about forty miles a day, not counting the time spent ministering to the Indians, baptizing and preaching. All this at the age of fifty-five years!⁴⁰

It was Father Kino who started the great cattle industry of Arizona and Sonora, then known as *Pimería Alta*. Within fifteen years he established ranches in the Magdalena, the Altar, the Santa

Cruz, the San Pedro, and the Sonoita River valleys, and started stock raising in some twenty places that are still in existence. Yet, he did not own a single animal himself! All his labor was for the purpose of furnishing a staple food supply for the missions and putting them on a substantial economic basis.⁴¹

A queer mixture was this *Padre* Kino! A "he-man" on the range; the brains of a business executive, but always for the benefit of others; he exalted those who mistreated him; had himself whipped for penance; neither used tobacco nor drank wine; refused to sleep in a bed; but used the sweat blanket of his horse for a mattress and Indian blankets for cover; and never had more than two coarse shirts at time because he gave everything to the Indians.⁴²

In his twenty-four years at Mission Dolores in northern Sonora (1687 to 1711), Kino made some fifty journeys into the new country, not counting his ordinary trips between missions. These journeys varied from 100 to 1,000 miles, and were all on horseback.

Born in the Austrian province of Tyrol, educated in German universities, young Kino early distinguished himself as a mathematician and was offered a professorship in mathematics at the University of Ingalstadt. But he preferred to serve as a missionary to heathen peoples.⁴³ Perhaps his distinguished relative Father Martini, missionary in the Orient, influenced the youth at this point. Kino wanted to go to the East also, but was sent to New Spain, leaving the Jesuit College in Bavaria in the spring of 1678. Three years later he reached Mexico.⁴⁴

His first assignment in America was that of missionary and cosmographer with the expedition that went to Baja California to settle at La Paz in 1683. His duties here were those of astronomer, surveyor, and map maker of the expedition.⁴⁵

This venture was a failure, so another attempt was made farther up the peninsula at San Bruno. Here Kino had the experience of making an exploring expedition that lasted a month. In the course of their wanderings, they crossed the peninsula, reaching the Pacific Ocean at 26° north latitude. At this point, the observing *padre* noticed some beautiful blue shells which, fifteen years later,

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had a significant effect on his plans and movements in the region of the lower Colorado River Basin.⁴⁶

Making friends among the Guaymas and Seri Indians on his return to the mainland, Kino asked for an assignment to work among them. Permission was granted; but when the official order came, it was not to go among the Guaymas and Seris but to *Pimeria Alta*, a land as yet quite unexplored — a land away off toward the “northern mystery.” Again the brave *padre* swallowed his disappointment and followed the hard trail of duty.

It must be remembered that when the Pilgrims were disembarking from the historic *Mayflower*, Mexico City already had been Spanish for a century. The metropolis of the new continent, it was well established, and quite European, with theaters and a great university.

But the geography of the region to the north was still an unsolved and perplexing puzzle. After the almost unimaginable wealth of the Aztecs and Peruvians had been discovered and confiscated, the Spaniards quite naturally expected to find more such fountains of gold. Intriguing rumors of great and wealthy cities to the north filtered through the intervening tribes to the attentive ears of the Spaniards. Then, there was that persistent rumor of the “Straitts of Anien” somewhere to the north. The discovery of the great Colorado River caused the Spanish leaders many a sleepless night, too, for they feared that a company of French or English soldiers might at any time come marching down the Colorado into Spanish territory. For they confidently believed that stream to be a natural highway to the northeast.

So, to protect Spain’s newly found territory from foreign encroachments, the Government ordered the northward advance of Spanish settlements as rapidly as was consistent with safety. And they determined to possess all land northward to the “Straitts of Anien.”

This northward expansion followed three main lines: *first*, along the coast, through Sonora to the Colorado River; *second*, up the central plateau of Mexico, and *third*, up the east coast of Mexico

to Texas. But this work is concerned chiefly with the western route to the Colorado River.

Nuñez de Guzman, the next outstanding conqueror after Cortez, pushed settlement on as far as the present state of Sinaloa in the first third of the Seventeenth century. By 1678, the province was thoroughly reduced and Christianized, though the methods were far from Christian.

While the conversion of the Indians to Christianity was beyond doubt the primary object of the missionaries, the government concerned itself little with such altruistic motives, except as a means to an end. Christianized Indians were more docile and easier to manage, hence, Spanish settlement could more safely follow the missions.⁴⁷ Figuratively speaking, the settlers could hide behind the robes of the *padres*.

So, "the *padre* on horseback" rode north toward the "Straitts of Anien" in March of 1687 to convert the heathen Indians and break ground for the coming Spanish settlements.

Roughly speaking, *Pimería Alta* was considered to extend north to the Gila River, east to the San Pedro River, south to the Rio Altar, and west to the Gulf and the Colorado River. This region was chiefly the home of the Piman tribes. The Pimas occupied the valleys of the Gila and Salt Rivers, in the region of modern Phoenix. The Sobaipuris, now extinct, numbered about 4,500 and lived in some two dozen villages in the Santa Cruz and San Pedro valleys in the vicinity of present-day Tucson. The Papagos occupied the land that is now the western part of Sonora, exclusive of the panhandle. Their country was known as the Papagueria, while the Yuman tribes occupied northwestern *Pimería Alta*.

Shortly after his arrival, Kino founded the mission of *Nuestra Señora de los Dolores* (Our Lady of Sorrows), at the Indian village of Cosari on the San Miguel River in Sonora.⁴⁸ This mission was the *padre's* best loved, and his home for his remaining twenty-four years. Under his tender care it became a "temple, orchard, farm, stock ranch, and industrial plant, all combined into one."⁴⁹ This entire establishment was administered, under the guidance of Kino,

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by a well organized corps of natives without Spanish overseers. This glimpse of the *padre's* diplomacy reveals one of the secrets of his success in dealing with the Indians.

Pack trains from Dolores were always on the move to and from the mining camps in the mountains bordering the central plateau, supplying them with food and bringing back metals for manufacturing at the mission.⁵⁰

Before the turn of the century, Kino had established a chain of missions in the Altar and Magdalena River valleys in Sonora. In 1700, he founded *San Xavier del Bac*, that gleaming white architectural gem near Tucson, now so much visited by tourists. Two years later, he founded Tumacacori and Guebavi, both in Arizona. But his missionary work was not confined within the protecting walls of the missions. It was not confined even by the raging Colorado River, for Kino preached the gospel to his beloved Indians even across the Colorado's flood in California. The tireless *padre* made no less than six journeys to the Gila River, exploring five different routes. Twice he reached Yuma and went down the Colorado, and once he crossed that stream and explored on California soil.

In November of 1694, Kino found that majestic prehistoric ruin known today as *Casa Grande* in the Gila Valley, and wrote an excellent detailed description of the building.

In fact, to Kino's many achievements must be added that of historian. Besides his letters and reports, he wrote a detailed history of *Pimeria Alta*. The original title is a full paragraph long, but it is known as *El Favores Celestiales* (Celestial Favors) for short.⁵¹ This was done at Mission Dolores during Kino's last years while "resting" between his journeys of preaching and exploring.

Applying his early acquired knowledge as a cartographer, Kino also made the first accurate map of the region.

One of the most significant of the good *padre's* journeys was the *entrada* to the Gila by way of the Papago country in the early spring of 1699. The party consisted of Padre Kino, Padre Adamo Gigl, Senior Lieutenant Matheo Manje, some servants, and more than ninety pack animals.

Their first objective was Sonoita, just below the present international boundary about half way between Nogales and the Colorado River. Here a ranch was established on that large and fertile oasis, and thirty-six head of cattle were ordered sent from the Sonora missions.⁵²

From Sonoita, they went on to the lower Gila which they had always called *Rio Grande*. Now, learning that the great Colorado River was so near to the west, they changed the name of the Gila from *Rio Grande* to *Rio de los Santos Apostoles* because so many places along its course had been named after apostles.⁵³

Here also they learned of the populous Yuman tribes along the Colorado River and Kino sent Christian messengers to them. It was here, too, that the natives gave Kino some beautiful shells which he recognized at once to be like those he had seen on the west shore of Baja California when he crossed the peninsula fifteen years before. That evening, the *padre* sat long into the night trying to deduct from them, the geography of the country.

In the schools of Europe, Kino had been taught that California was a peninsula. Since coming to America, however, he had fallen in with the popular belief that it was an island. Now these shells set him to thinking again. If the shells came, as he believed, from California, there must be a land connection between California and the mainland; for none of these western Indians built canoes. He remembered, also, having plainly seen the head of the Gulf the previous year from the top of an ancient volcano in the Santa Clara Range.⁵⁴ Perhaps California was a peninsula after all. In that case, missions could be established there and supplies and settlers sent overland. This was the birth of an idea of an overland advance to California, and Kino spent his next years investigating the possibility. Henceforth, his exploration was directed westward.

In September of the year 1700, the *padre* made an expedition to the Colorado River to test his new theory. He took with him ten servants and sixty pack animals and went to the Gila by way of his most westerly route.

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The Indians were friendly and helpful all along the way. At first, the boys were inclined to be afraid of the horses and mules, never having seen such animals before; but soon overcoming their fear, they delighted in feeding them and watching them eat. The Yuman Indians were especially fond of the animals, bringing them water and luxuries, and treating them with as much courtesy and kindness as the human members of the party.⁵⁵

From the natives, Kino learned the geography of the region around the mouth of the river and the head of the Gulf. He learned that across the river lay California. *Eureka!* It was discovered! *A land route to California!*

On reaching the Yuma village at the junction of the rivers, Kino and his party were joyously received and lavishly feasted. Natives gathered from all over the country to see and hear him. There were hundreds of these naked barbarians at each gathering — on one occasion he reported more than a thousand. One day alone, some three hundred Yumas swam the river to see the Spaniards.⁵⁶ Kino commented also on the size of the Yumas, as being the largest Indians he had ever seen.

And of the river, he reported: "This very large volumed, populous and fertile Colorado River, which without exception is the largest in all New Spain, is that which the ancient cosmographers by antonomasia called *Rio del Norte*."⁵⁷

The Yumas begged the *padre* to stay among them but he was anxious to be on his way so he could push forward the development of the ranch at Sonoita, which he determined to use as an outpost for the overland advance to California. For now, truly, his dream could be realized. California (referring to Baja or Lower California) could be supplied with food from Sonora to supplement the meager resources of the peninsula and thus make permanent the hitherto precarious settlements there.

Early the following year (1701), Father Salvatierra of Loreto, Baja California, came to *Pimería Alta* by sea to join Kino and investigate the land route. The plan was to attempt a crossing at the head of the Gulf. The Sonora missions provided the supplies and

equipment consisting of forty mule-loads, as well as the muleteers and the servants for the expedition.

But one Sunday morning shortly before the start, 200 Apaches swooped down upon the settlement (Cucurpe), sacked most of the houses and carried off, besides other loot, a number of horses and all the sheep and goats. When the outraged Spaniards and Pimas took stock of the damages done by the marauding Apaches, they counted six dead and seven wounded.⁵⁸

This delayed Kino, as he wished to remain and supervise the fortification of three of the *pueblos*. Padre Salvatierra, however, accompanied by Lieutenant Juan Manje and part of the outfit, went west as far as Caborca, there to await Kino. In March, the *Padre of Dolores* overtook the *Padre of Loreto* (California) at Caborca.

Thus far, their course had been over a well known and well traveled trail with settlements, churches, and Christian natives all the way — all the result of Kino's activities. But from Caborca, there were fewer Spaniards on the trails, though they were still familiar to Kino.

Down the Sonoita River Valley they rode — Padre Kino, Padre Salvatierra, Lieutenant Manje and their caravan. Passing around the south end of the Santa Clara Range (Pinacate on the modern map), they found travel increasingly difficult. The trail was comparatively level, but hard and rocky, with ever diminishing pasture and water supply.

At the last water hole, some nine leagues from the Gulf, the leaders left half their men and most of the equipment in camp, while the rest pushed on toward the sea. Here the trail became ever sandier until great dunes loomed in their way. This made the going extremely difficult both for man and beast. When these were surmounted, there remained nothing but a huge flat some two leagues in width. On this plain, they found three small and inadequate springs. Reaching the head of the Gulf at a small bay, they named the spot Puerto Santa Clara. It is Adair Bay on the modern map.⁵⁹

The crossing being impossible at the head of the Gulf, the little

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party painstakingly retraced its steps to Sonoita where the *padres* parted, Salvatierra to Loreto, and Kino to Dolores.

Later the same year, the tireless Kino made another journey to the Colorado River. This time he again went by way of Sonoita, but from there to San Pedro on the Gila, and down that stream to the Colorado. Then, preaching the gospel, blessing, baptizing, teaching, he made his way down the east side of the Colorado from one Yuman village to another, and then on into the country of the Halyikwamai.⁶⁰

The Halyikwamai people were one of the lesser tribes of the Yuman family who occupied the territory on both sides of the Colorado between the Yuma nation at the junction of the Gila, and the Cocopas at the mouth of the Colorado.

This tribe was friendly and helpful as the Yuma nation, and they marveled at the large animals even more!

When told that the horses could outrun even their fastest runners, the natives were incredulous. So, a friendly race was staged. Kino entered one of his cowboys from Dolores mounted on a good horse. The Indians entered seven or eight of their fastest runners. At first, the cowboy intentionally let the runners get well ahead, and then dashed past them in a blaze of glory. The natives gaped in astonishment and were hugely entertained.⁶¹

The next day, Kino and one other member of his party, the governor of Dolores, were ferried across the Colorado. Kino was comfortably seated in a large Indian basket that had been placed on a raft made for the purpose; the natives swimming and pushing the raft across. Now in California, he traveled on foot some three leagues westward, and reported very fertile lands with abundant crops everywhere around. And well he might, for he was on the rich delta lands of the Colorado.

Here, too, he was given more of the blue shells from the "South Sea" (Pacific Ocean) and told it was only eight or ten days to the westward, and that the Sea of California (the Gulf) was but a day's journey farther down the stream.⁶²

And then again, duty called the *padre* back to Dolores and he responded to the call.

Early in 1702, Kino made his last journey to the Colorado River, following practically the same route as on his last *entrada*. But this time, he traced the course of the great river to its mouth — exactly ninety-eight years after Oñate had been there.

Finding with his instruments that the head of the Gulf was at approximately the same latitude as Sonoita, Kino resolved to attempt a short cut to avoid the long journey around by way of the rivers. This, in spite of the native warning that there was insufficient water and pasturage in that direction. But after some eighteen leagues of difficult travel over the windy, hard sand mesa without food or water for the animals, they were forced to retrace their weary steps to the friendly delta with its water, food and kindly people.

On his return to Dolores, Kino recommended the founding of a Spanish settlement on the Colorado River to serve as a base of operations in the advance to California.⁶³

Nine years more the good *padre* labored founding new missions, enlarging old ones, building churches, writing his history of *Pimería Alta*, and training other missionaries for service in the district.

In 1711, at the age of sixty-seven, the good priest was taken seriously ill. Even then he refused the comfort of a bed, preferring to lie on two calf skins, resting his head on a saddle, with Indian blankets for covers. Thus he started on his last great journey from which he never returned — as he had lived — still in the saddle.⁶⁴

Chapter V

ON TO THE COLORADO



PLATA! PLATA! — *Silver! Silver!* — was the cry throughout New Spain when in 1736 an outcrop of almost pure silver ore was discovered at *Arizona*, just below the present Arizona boundary at the bend.

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Nuggets weighing five hundred pounds were common, while many weighed more. Probably the largest lump of silver actually taken out weighed 3,500, although one was reported to be 4,000 pounds.⁶⁵ A truck-load of silver all in one nugget! *Bolas de Plata* (Balls of Silver), the mine was called.

Little wonder then, that a stream of miners flowed into *Pimería Alta* immediately after this remarkable discovery. Furthermore, it won the interest of the Spanish crown and thus served as a stimulus to the general plan of the northward advance to the Colorado River. The mine itself was soon exhausted and the miners scattered to other and less spectacular mines of the region.

Juan Bautista de Anza, Sr., captain of the *presidio* at Fronteras, applied to the viceroy for permission to conduct an exploring expedition to the northwesternmost part of *Pimería Alta*. His request was favorably received and plans were soon made. But before the preparations were far underway, the captain was killed in a battle with the Apaches. But the idea did not die. It lived and was carried out nearly forty years later by his son, also named Juan Bautista de Anza.

In 1732 the first Spanish settlements were made in what is now Arizona when Father Felipe Segressor took charge of *San Xavier del Bac* and Father Juan Bautista Grashoffer took charge at Guebavi.⁶⁶ Previously, these had been only *visitas* — that is, churches visited regularly by a *padre* but without a resident priest.

Other priests followed these good men in quick succession, but none was as good a chronicler as Kino, so the records are as bare as "Mother Hubbard's cupboard."

Of all the *Pimería Alta padres* of this period, Ignacio Javier Keller, a German, like Kino, seems to have been the most active. In 1736 and '37, he made two trips to the Gila and reported his visit to *Casa Grande*. On one of these occasions, Keller gave still another name to the Gila below the confluence of Salt River. This time he called it *Rio el Asuncion*. This was the sixth of the seven different names that stream has been christened by as many different explorers. It has been called variously, the Colorado River, *Buena Guía*,

Rio Grande de Buena Esperanza (The Great River of Good Hope), *Rio de los Santos Apostoles* (River of the Sainted Apostles), *Rio de los Martires* (River of the Martyrs), then the *Asuncion*, and now the Gila.⁶⁷

Six years later, in 1743, Keller crossed the Gila but was so harassed by Apaches he was unable to go far beyond that stream.

The next year, Padre Jacobo Sedelmayer made an expedition to the Colorado River over a different route than any Kino had taken. Sedelmayer went first to *Casa Grande*, then down the Gila to the great bend. From there, he cut across to the northwest, reaching the Colorado near the mouth of Bill Williams Fork.⁶⁸ From this point he continued his exploration down stream.

And here "Dame Rumor" unwittingly still further stimulated the idea of Spanish advance to the Colorado River. Padre Sedelmayer heard of a "*Rio Amarillo*" that was supposed to branch off the Colorado and flow westward a very little above the point where he had been. If this were true, surely nothing could prevent the French or the English from marching down that stream right into California! This idea grasped the popular fancy with such force that it became the leading argument for Spanish expansion to the north, and the one best suited to loosen up the royal purse strings.⁶⁹

The missionaries were especially eager to push forward into the new country. Father Escobar urged the move, not only for the field itself, but as a triple gateway, to Baja California, to Alta California, and to the Moqui country.

To this same end, Father Consag sailed up the Gulf to its head to study the shore line and determine possible landings and mission sites. His voyage tolled the death knell of the old belief that California was an island, which belief had persisted in the popular mind up to that time in spite of the fact that no less than six accredited explorers had been at the head of the "Sea of California" and reported it a gulf and California a peninsula.

Fernando Sanchez, a captain in Sinaloa and Sonora, wrote a series of four elaborate documents which he addressed to the king of Spain, and in which he set the arguments for the advance of Spanish

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conquest to the Colorado. The Sanchez plan was essentially a continuation of Kino's plan. But, knowing the point that would make the strongest appeal to the crown, Sanchez emphasized the danger of French invasion from the north by way of the Colorado River. As usual, this argument proved effective and the Government opened its money vaults for another step in that direction.⁷⁰ So, step by step, Spanish settlement moved northward toward the Colorado.

But, about the time that plans were under way, Pima arrows began flying thick and fast in Sonora. The famous Pima Revolt of 1750 had broken out, and the Spaniards had to pigeonhole the Sanchez plan until peace was restored in Sonora. But this was no simple matter.

The same tribes that had been so friendly and helpful to the diplomatic Kino, proved formidable enemies to the tactless military agents of the crown that followed the priests. Twenty years of almost constant fighting were required to subdue the natives of Sonora.

In the meantime, in Paris and Madrid, the "Family Compact" between France and Spain was signed. This arrangement greatly reduced the fear of French invasion of Sonora by way of the Colorado. Then in 1763, the French and Indian War was concluded and the French were driven out of America entirely. This eliminated almost the last vestige of danger of foreign invasion from the north; since the English were too far away to be immediately formidable. Besides, Spain had too much to do in Europe about that time, to be bothered about her far off provinces. So, the plan for Spanish advance to the Colorado River took a *siesta*.

But *Pimería Alta* was rich in mineral wealth, and miners pushed northward whenever and wherever new mines were opened. So, Spanish settlement crept northward on mining trails in spite of Indian wars and governmental lethargy.

In 1767 came the royal edict commanding the Jesuits to get out of the country. The faithful *padres* who had served the Indians so unselfishly had to gather their few personal belongings, throw

them over their shoulders and depart, leaving the Christianized Indians suddenly and bewilderingly free again.

These Indians considered the mission lands as still belonging to them. However, the government had an entirely different idea. It regarded the lands as the property of the Jesuits and promptly confiscated them.⁷¹ This situation did not contribute to the pacification of Sonora. As usual, Spanish guns were ultimately victorious over Indian arrows, and the Christian natives scattered to their respective tribes, there, unknowingly, to await the coming of the Franciscan friars the following year.

Chief among the Franciscans was Tomas Hermenegildo, popularly known as Garces, who was destined to rank next to Kino among the missionaries who served in the Lower Colorado region.

Like Kino, too, Garces suffered from *chronic wanderlust*. Always on the go, teaching, preaching, blessing, baptizing, always ministering to the needs of others, giving away everything and taking nothing for himself — in truth, seeming to forget self altogether — the real missionary spirit.

Garces had asked to be sent to New Spain. His request granted, he arrived in Sonora in 1768 at the age of thirty. Assigned to *San Xavier del Bac*, the farthest north of all the missions, Garces began his thirty years of faithful service in *Pimería Alta*.⁷² Arriving at his new charge, Garces found nothing but empty buildings. The vital elements were missing. The Indians were gone, and the government had taken everything belonging to the Jesuits. So the new Franciscan *padre* had to gather what few Christian Indians he could find for a nucleus, and begin building the mission over again.

Being the farthest outpost of the missions, *San Xavier del Bac* suffered more from Apache raids, too, but in spite of many handicaps, Garces built the institution up to a registration of two hundred seventy by 1772.⁷³ And still he found time to satisfy his urge to wander and explore new country.

The same year of his arrival in Sonora, 1768, he reached the Gila, and again in 1770, when he found the natives suffering from an epidemic of measles.

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In 1771, leaving San Xavier August 8, and traveling alone, he worked his way down the Gila to the Colorado and down that river to tidewater, where he arrived September 28.

At the time the Franciscan Order took over the missions of *Pimeria Alta*, they also went into the new field of Alta California. The year after Garces went to San Xavier, Padre Serra founded San Diego, the first of the Alta California missions. Others followed in quick succession.

The support of these new missions in their infant years became a distressing problem. Settlers, equipment, livestock, and supplies had to be sent; and it was not practical to transport them in the "storm-tossed, scurvy-stricken, cockle-shell boats which Spain employed along the Pacific Coast."⁷⁴ And adequate boats could not be built because there were insufficient funds in the treasury and only inadequate materials at hand. Besides, it was almost impossible to get sailors to man the ships because of the high rate of mortality on the voyages along this coast. Hence, the imperative need for a land route to California became apparent.

Then came Antonio Bucchareli, the greatest viceroy in the history of New Spain. Capable, straight-thinking, absolutely devoid of all conceit or pretense, disinterested in personal glory, sincere and industrious — such was the character of the new viceroy who took charge of affairs at Mexico City in September of 1771. Bucchareli understood the need for a land route to California, and soon after his inauguration, things began to move.

Another good man saw the need and responded with quick action. This was Juan Bautista de Anza, son of the Anza who forty years before had asked permission to explore routes to the Colorado. The younger Anza, now in his prime, was captain of the *presidio* at Tubac in upper Sonora (now southern Arizona). From the Indians there, he learned of the activities of the *padres* in Alta California. The news had traveled from tribe to tribe. So Anza reasoned that, if news could travel from mouth to mouth over the intervening distance, so could people travel over the same route.⁷⁵

Meanwhile, Garces and Anza had become good friends and

talked the matter over long and earnestly. Encouraged and abetted by Garces, Anza resolved to find a route to Monterey.

Early in May of 1772, he wrote to Viceroy Buccareli asking permission to take twenty or twenty-five soldiers from his company at Tubac, with Garces for an assistant, to find the way by land from Sonora to the new missions of Alta California. Buccareli gave consent and preparations were immediately begun. It was, however, technically necessary to send the petition to Madrid for the royal sanction. But such was the activity of the viceroy, that Anza was already in California by the time the official permission was received.

Chapter VI

OPENING THE ANZA TRAIL



SEE THE GREAT LEADER, *Juan Bautista de Anza*: Erect, the picture of health, prominent features, a generous beard, and kindly but strong eyes, self-contained and dignified, yet a delightful companion, a character that even the mud slung by his enemies could not soil. Kind, patient, just, capable, resourceful, tactful, and a tireless worker — a born leader of men. This was the man who found the long talked of and much needed land route from Sonora to Monterey.

According to the plan, the finest horses and stock that the *Pimería Alta* could produce were assembled at *San Xavier del Bac* for the expedition. Equipment and supplies were also gathered there. The journey was to begin December 15, 1773, and go by way of the Gila River to the Yuma crossing, and then across the Colorado Desert and on to Monterey.

But the Apaches had other plans for all that fine stock assembled in the valley below them. On the second of December, they made one of their quick, unannounced visits and drove off one hundred thirty head of horses and mules, which included the best in all Sonora!

So Anza and Garces had to change their plans. They decided to assemble their outfit at Anza's *presidio* at Tubac, thirty miles

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farther south, and go by the more westward route through Caborca. This would be longer, but the route was free of Apaches, and they could get more stock at the mission ranch at Caborca.

At this point another character, as picturesque as he was useful, came upon the scene. Sebastian Tarabel was an Indian from Baja California who had gone with the *padres* to San Gabriel in Alta California to help Christianize the natives in the new country. Being something of an adventurer, he soon became tired of the routine of mission life, so he, his wife, and a brother ran away from San Gabriel, crossed the mountains, descended the Borego Valley — only to lose themselves in the merciless sand dunes of the Colorado Desert. After unspeakable suffering, the two weaker ones died of thirst, but Tarabel managed to drag his parched, weary body into one of the Yuma villages. These good people took care of him and soon restored him to health. Then Palma, the leader among the Yuman chiefs, himself led Tarabel to Sonora. Even though he had been lost, he would still be useful to the expedition, so Anza promptly engaged him as a guide.⁷⁶

By the end of the first week in January of 1774, all were assembled at Tubac. Besides the great leader himself, there were the good *padre*, Garces of *San Xavier del Bac*, the capable *padre*, Juan Diaz of Caborca, who served as diarist, Valdez, the courier of the expedition, the Indian, Sebastian Tarabel, twenty soldiers from Tubac, headed by Corporal Sanchez, a Pima interpreter, a carpenter, five muleteers, and two servants.⁷⁷ There were thirty-five muleloads of provisions and sixty-five cattle for meat along the way and for the California settlements if they succeeded in getting through.

On January 8, 1774, the caravan lined up for the start which was made with true Spanish pomp and ceremony. Mass followed by a shouting crowd. Tearful women waved handkerchiefs to their departing menfolk, and excited small boys brought up the rear.

The road to Caborca, 125 miles to the southwest, was comparatively well known. It led down the Alta Valley past the old missions Kino had founded three-quarters of a century before. The largest of these settlements was Altar which boasted a *presidio* with

fifty soldiers. The town had a beautiful *plaza* with orange trees.

Caborca was the last Spanish settlement in the six hundred weary miles the expedition was to travel to the Alta California missions. Anza had depended upon the mission at Caborca for more horses and mules, but the years had been dry and the stock there was scarce and poor. Only a few scrawny mules were found that were considered equal to the hard journey. So the expedition went on, their few carrying animals, heavily over-loaded.

The next lap of the trail was from Caborca to Sonoita through the Papago country. By this time, wars and pestilence had exterminated all but about 2,000 or 3,000 of the friendly Papagos, who had been so numerous in Kino's time.⁷⁸

The trail was still familiar to the leaders, but water was very scarce. The journey took seven days and included three dry camps. At Arivaipa (Little Wells) the horses, mules and cattle had their first drink in forty-five miles that had taken two days to travel. But there was no food for them that night. To have both food and water at the same camp, was a luxury for the poor beasts that carried the loads. At Quitobac, the weary travelers were delighted with the first running water they had seen since leaving Caborca, ninety miles back down the trail.

Two more hot, dry days brought the caravan to the beautiful oasis of Sonoita. Kino had established a mission and cattle ranch there and had planned the place for a base of operations in his advance by land to Baja California. But after Kino's death, the mission had fallen into disuse. It was reestablished in 1751, only to be destroyed in the Pima revolt the same year. Then it lay, a sorry ruin, until Anza and his party passed in 1774. Anza recommended the spot as the best site for a settlement in all the *Papagueria*.⁷⁹

From Sonoita to Yuma, one hundred twenty miles, the trail was so difficult that it later acquired the name, *El Camino del Diablo* (the Highway of the Devil). On this stretch there lived not one permanent inhabitant and there were but two known watering places.⁸⁰ At El Carrizal, Anza divided the party, better to conserve their precious water to supply all the thirsty mouths. Anza, the

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priests, and most of the men went on ahead, while the pack mules and cattle came in the second division. El Carrizal was the last place where they could enjoy running water before they reached Yuma.

The first water hole they found was in the Pinacate Range and Anza named it *Aguje Empiñado*. The place consisted of a few small tanks in the rocks hidden high up the side of the slope. A hand-over-hand climb was necessary to reach them. Here Anza had his men make a trail up to the precious water, but left it for the pack animals in the second section. This was the same spot that Kino had so poetically named *Agua de la Luna*, or Moonlight Water, because he came upon it by moonlight.

The horses of the first section had gone two days and two nights without water when the party finally reached *Tinajas de la Purification*. These consisted of six tanks of rain water held in the rocks. Here was water enough for all, so the first section made camp and waited for the second section, which finally arrived almost exhausted.

After a brief half-day rest, the united party pushed on over another dry valley, over a barren lava pass, and then made its way along the western side of the Gila Range, making camp at Agua Escondida.

At this camp, a Papago Indian brought word that Captain Pablo (also called Captain Feo and Chief Ugly Face) was planning to kill the men of the Anza expedition and take their animals and supplies when they came into the territory. Captain Pablo was the chief of a Yuman tribe just below the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers. But Palma was the dominant chief of all the Yuman tribes, and he was reported friendly.

The route to California lay across the Yuman territory, and through the very heart of the Yuman lands flowed the great Colorado River. Without the good-will of the Yuman peoples, neither Anza's present expedition, nor any future expeditions could ever hope to cross that river and reach California. Anza and his men found themselves in a most critical situation. They dared not an-

tagonize these populous tribes because their co-operation was essential to the success of the whole plan. Neither did they wish to appear afraid, for such a course might be equally dangerous.

Here the great leader showed his wisdom, tact and generalship. He dispatched his Papago Indians to Chief Palma, inviting him to visit the Spaniards in their camp. Soon nine Yuman braves arrived, unarmed, and apologized for the absence of their chief, saying he was out of the village at the time, but they had left word for him and he would undoubtedly come as soon as he received the message.

By five o'clock in the afternoon, Chief Palma came. An elaborate ceremony followed, at which Anza made the Indians a long speech about God and the king, and how both loved their Red children so much that they had sent him (Anza) and the missionaries to come among them and make peace. Then Palma turned to his naked followers and, in an hour's harangue in their native tongue, repeated the gist of the speech to them. The fact that the Indians were not entirely credulous was revealed by the occasional smiles that were courteously concealed behind large hands.⁸¹

Then, with impressive ceremony, Anza tied a medal on a red ribbon and placed it around Chief Palma's neck in recognition of his authority over all the Yuman tribes and his submission to the Spaniards. Probably the Indians understood only half of what Anza told them, and believed only half of that. They were illiterate, but they were intelligent. They might have been "laughing up their sleeves," had they any sleeves up which to laugh. However, it does not matter. The important fact was that they were friendly. Their courtesy and their kindly welcome left little doubt as to their sincerity; coming as they did, only a handful of naked, unarmed men into the soldiered camp of the Spaniards. So the expedition moved on with renewed hope to the junction of the rivers.

Here the natives zealously assisted the Spaniards in crossing to a large island around which the river then divided into two channels. On this island lived Chief Palma, and here the expedition camped for the night as his guests.

Almost everything that the Spaniards wore, or had with them,

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was new and fascinating to the Indians. They wanted to examine and feel all the clothing and equipment of the company. It took hours to satisfy their friendly curiosity.

The next day the company crossed the second branch of the river to California soil and began a three-day march downstream. Some six hundred natives trooped along with the caravan bent on a holiday, breaking the trail ahead for the animals, laughing and shouting. Many of the natives remembered Garces from his previous visit and welcomed him back among them. The Spaniards distributed gifts and lost no opportunity to make friends among the people.

In the meantime, Captain Pablo continued to bluster loudly about annihilating the visitors, but most of his people seemed not to take him very seriously. So Anza sent for him and called his bluff, suggesting that if he had a grievance against the Spaniards that they fight it out like men. This closed the sonorous mouth of the lesser chief and ended the only threat of Indian trouble at that crucial point of the journey.

Some twelve miles south of the present international boundary and about four miles west of the old course of the Colorado, the travelers came to a beautiful lake which they named *Santa Olaya*. It was two and one-half miles long, perhaps a mile wide, and between five and six feet deep; and well stocked with fish. This is not in existence today, but was probably in what is now known as *Rio Padrones*, one of the lower branches of the Colorado on the delta.⁸²

After a short rest in this beauty spot, the expedition plunged westward into the dreaded Colorado Desert. In driving through this beautiful irrigated section of the Imperial Valley today, it is difficult to visualize the horrors of that first journey across those parched sands.

The Indians would not follow the caravan into the desert; but, pointing out Mt. Signal to Anza on the distant horizon, as their goal, the last of the natives turned back to the fertile delta. So, without a guide other than the far-off mountain peak, they plodded westward into the merciless sand hills and were soon hopelessly lost.

The anguish of those weary miles without food for the animals, or water for either men or beasts! The horses began to sicken. One day six of them died, as did three of the cattle. Anza knew they must get to water or the whole expedition would be lost. So they left half their load on the desert and turned back toward beautiful Santa Olaya on the friendly delta, the memory of which was itself an inspiration to the weary men.

Three more horses and five more cattle were left for the vultures before the lake was reached. And then the animals were so exhausted that it took several more days before the half-load that had been left on the desert was all brought back. Four more of the patient mules gave up their lives accomplishing this task. Ten days had been lost.

Here, while the stock rested and recuperated, the soldiers danced and feasted with the hundreds of Indians who assembled at the lake on hearing of the return of the party. But Padre Garces took advantage of the time to make a short journey down the west side of the river to teach the Indians Christianity and perhaps explore as well.

In the meantime, Anza sent for Chief Palma again, and the two leaders made important plans. In the end, Anza left the junction of the rivers. He left the weakest animals, as well as enough men to care for the creatures and guard the supplies.

But the eighty-day rest period soon came to an end and Anza, the *padres*, and remaining men set out once more; mounted on the strongest of the horses and traveling light. The soldiers had sworn to follow Anza to Monterey if every horse died and they had to go on foot.⁸³

The ten best mules were each given a light load, and the reduced caravan moved forward once more. This time they went well to the south, thus circumventing the sand hills. They skirted Volcano Lake on its south side, and then went around to the southwest of *Cerro Prieto* (Black Butte), and followed the general direction of the Cocopa Range to the northwest. Mt. Signal was their beacon.

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They dubbed it *Cerro del Imposible* (Impossible Mountain) since it seemed so hopeless to reach.

The marches were long and some of the camps dry, but at last they crossed the northwest end of Pattie Basin and camped at a spring near the head of Laguna Salada. On the receding shore of the Laguna, the men found great numbers of stranded sea fish, from which they inferred that this water was a branch of the Gulf.⁸⁴

The next camp was at Santo Tomas in Pinto Canyon on the present road between Mexicali and Tia Juana. Again led by native Indians, they went on to the Santa Rosa or Yuha Well, west and a little north of Calexico. This was on March 9, the day King Carlos of Spain gave his official sanction for the expedition.⁸⁵

About this time, Sebastian Tarabel got his bearings and again led the way. So the next camp was named San Sebastian in his honor. San Sebastian was an important camp. It was an oasis which is now permanently inhabited. Its present name is Harper's Well and it is plainly visible from the highway, four miles to the west of Kane Springs on the road between Indio and Brawley.

Here the expedition left the Colorado Desert and headed across the mountains for San Gabriel by way of San Carlos Pass. At San Gabriel, the company divided. Anza led part of the men on to Monterey, placing Garces in command of the sector that was to return to Yuma and there await the others. Tarabel was in this section.

They made a record march from San Gabriel to Yuma. Returning first to San Sebastian, they left the Anza trail and continued east to Kane Springs (on the highway), and from there they turned southeast, cutting straight across the Santa Olaya, passing just east of the present town of Calexico. The short cut saved nineteen leagues, but it was a terrible ride! Among the friendly Yumas again, they awaited the return of the other division.⁸⁶

Anza, Diaz, and the others of the Monterey party, left San Gabriel on their return journey on May 3. On reaching San Sebastian, they found a note from Garces saying his party had taken a short cut. So Anza and his men took a similar, though not iden-

tical, short cut, and rode the distance from San Sebastian to Santa Olaya, something between eighty and ninety miles, in twenty-five hours! And this across the desert in May! The Garces party had covered the same distance in a little less than two days. However, Anza recommended the longer route for the caravans of the future.⁸⁷

Back on the Colorado, Anza's friends, the Yuma's ferried his party across the river again, hundreds of men and women swimming and pushing the raft in their usual way.

The re-united party⁸⁸ started for home via the Gila route and traveled together until they came to the vicinity of *Casa Grande*. There Garces remained to explore and do missionary work north of the Gila River.⁸⁹

Anza and the others reached Tubac on May 26, 1774, having traveled 294 leagues, and were eager to lead colonists to California over the route they had explored.

(*To be continued in the QUARTERLY for June*)

NOTES :

1. Boulder Dam Association, *The Story of a Great Government Project for the Conquest of the Colorado River*, p. 5.
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3. MacDougal, D. T., *THE SALTON SEA, A Study of the Geography, of the Geology, the Floristics, and the Ecology of a Desert Basin*, pp. 2, 3.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 6.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 13.
6. Kniffen, Fred B., *Natural Landscape of the Colorado Delta*, p. 189.
7. Kniffen, Fred B., *Primitive Cultural Landscape of the Colorado Delta*, p. 43.
8. Warton, Mel, "What Ancient People Fashioned These Titanic Desert Figures?" *Los Angeles Sunday Times Magazine*, Aug. 28, 1932, p. 3.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 16.
10. Kniffen, Fred B., *Primitive Cultural Landscape of the Colorado Delta*, pp. 46-48.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 49.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 58.
13. Bolton, H. H., *Spanish Explorations in the Southwest*, p. 276.
14. Kroeber, A. L., *Yuman Tribes of the Lower Colorado*, University of California, *Publications in American Archeology and Ethnology*, XVI, p. 475.
15. Hodge, F. W., *Handbook of American Indians*, p. 1011.
16. Kroeber, A. L., *Handbook of the Indians of California*, p. 727.
17. *Ibid.* p. 738.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 747.
19. *Ibid.* p. 752.
20. Coues, Elliott, *On the Trail of a Spanish Explorer*, p. 208.
21. Kniffen, Fred B., *Primitive Cultural Landscape of the Colorado Delta*, p. 55.
22. Winship, George P., "The Coronado Expedition, 1540-1542," Bureau of American Ethnology *14th Annual Report*, Part I, Smithsonian Institution, p. 369.
23. *Ibid.* p. 369.
24. There is a little doubt about the port from which Alarcon sailed but it generally accepted as Acapulco since that was the port from which nearly all the expeditions

From Boulder to the Gulf

- sailed, and it was also the seat of Cortez's shipbuilding operations on the Pacific. See Winship, "*The Coronado Expedition*," pp. 385-386.
25. Winship, "*The Coronado Expedition*," p. 404.
 26. Ibid., p. 405.
 27. Ibid., p. 406.
 28. Ibid., p. 406.
 29. Ibid., p. 406.
 30. Ibid., p. 407.
 31. Ibid., p. 407.
 32. Castañeda, Pedro de, "*Account of the Expedition to Cibola which took place in the Year 1540, in which all those settlements, their ceremonies and customs are described*" Bureau of American Ethnology, *14th Annual Report*, Part I, Smithsonian Institution, p. 486.
 33. Winship, "*The Coronado Expedition*," p. 390.
 34. Bolton, *Spanish Explorations in the Southwest*, p. 165.
 35. Ibid., p. 165.
 36. Ibid., p. 246.
 37. Ibid., p. 270.
 38. Hammond, *Oñate and the Founding of New Mexico*, p. 166.
 39. Bolton, *Spanish Explorations in the Southwest*, p. 278.
 40. Bolton, Herbert Eugene, *The Padre on Horseback*, pp. 73-74.
 41. Ibid., p. 64.
 42. Ibid., p. 82-83.
 43. Ibid., p. 21.
 44. Bolton, Herbert Eugene, *Kino's Historical Memoir of Alta Pimería*, Vol. I, p. 30.
 45. Ibid., p. 33.
 46. Bolton, *The Padre on Horseback*, p. 43.
 47. Chapman, Charles E., *A History of California, the Spanish Period*, p. 188.
 48. Bolton, *The Padre on Horseback*, p. 49.
 49. Ibid., p. 53.
 50. Ibid., p. 56.
 51. Bolton, *Kino's Memoirs of Pimería Alta*, Vol. I, pp. 70 to 83.
 52. Ibid., p. 194.
 53. Ibid., p. 195.
 54. Ibid., p. 229.
 55. Ibid., p. 248.
 56. Ibid., p. 251.
 57. Ibid., p. 252.
 58. Ibid., p. 267.
 59. Ibid., p. 283.
 60. Kino called this trail *Quiquimas*.
 61. Bolton, *Kino's Memoirs of Alta Pimería*, Vol. I, p. 315.
 62. Ibid., p. 317.
 63. Chapman, *A History of California*, p. 189.
 64. Bolton, *The Padre on Horseback*, pp. 83-84.
 65. Chapman, *History of California*, p. 194.
 66. Bancroft, *History of California and New Mexico*, p. 362.
 67. Dellenbaugh, *Romance of the Colorado River*, p. 82.
 68. Ibid., p. 86.
 69. Chapman, *History of California*, p. 191.
 70. Ibid., p. 198.
 71. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 375.
 72. Coes, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, Vol. I, p. 6.
 73. Chapman, *History of California*, p. 282.
 74. Ibid., p. 287.
 75. Bolton, *Outpost of Empire*, p. 31.
 76. Ibid., p. 44.
 77. Ibid., p. 45.
 78. Ibid., p. 52.
 79. Ibid., p. 56.
 80. Eldredge, *Beginnings of San Francisco*, Vol. I., p. 58.

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81. Bolton, *Outpost of Empire*, p. 66.
82. Eldredge, *Beginnings of San Francisco*, Vol. I., p. 72.
83. Bolton, *Outpost of Empire*, p. 87.
84. *Ibid.*, p. 92.
85. *Ibid.*, p. 95.
86. *Ibid.*, p. 98.
87. *Ibid.*, p. 118.
88. All but the men who first went back from Santa Olaya to care for the stock. From the Indians they heard a rumor that the Anza party had all been killed, so they had gone back to Sonora.
89. Coues, *The Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, Vol. I, p. 45.



PATIO ENTRANCE TO "VILLA MADONNA"

The Home of Madam Ida Hancock Ross



MADAM IDA HANCOCK ROSS

Madam Ida Hancock Ross

With Views of her home, "Villa Madonna."

By G. Allan Hancock

This article is dedicated to my beloved mother as a token of my affection for her and my devotion to her memory. — G. ALLEN HANCOCK.



ADAM IDA HANCOCK ROSS, born in Imperial, Illinois, was the daughter of a Hungarian count, Agostin Haraszthy, and Eleanora de Dedinsky, a noblewoman of Polish descent. Count Haraszthy was exiled in 1840, and his estates confiscated for leadership in Kossuth's first effort to obtain freedom from Austrian rule. He purchased large tracts in Wisconsin with his wife's dowry, and took an active part in the formative period of the state. In 1849, County Haraszthy, with his father, wife, and five of his six children (the eldest son being in the Annapolis Naval Academy), set out across the plains for California via the Santa Fe Trail.

Madam Ross was too young to remember much of the trip, but she recalls that a Comanche chief encountered en route first offered to buy her for four squaws and eight ponies, then attempted to kidnap her, and finally raised his bid by twelve ponies. Soon after their arrival at San Diego, Count Haraszthy was elected sheriff of the county and marshall of the city; while his father became the first justice of the peace and president of the first city council. In 1852, Count Haraszthy was sent to the Legislature from San Diego, and was a member in the same term with Major Hancock, his daughter's future husband. Later he removed to Sonoma county, and there established the largest vineyard in the state. In 1860, he was sent by Governor Downey to Europe to collect cuttings of the finest wine-grapes to use in developing the California industry; this he did, but at his own expense. In 1867, he removed to Central America, and died there the following year.

In 1851, the children, with their mother, went to New York by sailing vessel around Cape Horn, and remained in the East five years for educational purposes. Again, in 1860, Madam Ross and her mother went to Paris for further study, remaining there two years. Married to Major Hancock after the Civil War, and coming to Los Angeles at once, her first sight of the neighboring country was at the end of a 500-mile night-and-day stage-ride, and disclosed it strewn thick with the carcasses of cattle destroyed by the awful drouth of 1863-64. A more pleasant recollection of those early Los Angeles days is of the habit the young American men had of moonlight serenading with aid secured from "Sonoratown."

Upon the death of Major Hancock, in 1883, his widow assumed entire management of the *Rancho La Brea* and other properties, and moved to the old ranch house with her sons. Here she struggled for years doing every or any part of the rough farm work which fell to her hand, until at last the mortgage was cleared. These hard years developed the wonderful character which has been such an inspiration to other strugglers, and enabled her to understand so well the sufferings of others; also the privations endured at this time had a great deal to do with her years of bounteous charitable work.

In June of 1909, Madam Hancock married Judge Erskine M. Ross, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, with whom she lived happily until her death on March 15, 1913.

In 1911 Madam Ross built her beautiful residence, "Villa Madonna," at the northeast corner of Wilshire Boulevard at Vermont.

Madam Ross possessed a genius for art, as the accompanying pictures show; and, together with Mr. John C. Austin acting as architect, she planned the house, scrutinized every detail, and worked in her artistic ideas in such a manner that her personality is shown at every point. Three years were consumed in building this house, and neither labor nor money were spared in its construction.

Her funeral was held on Tuesday morning, March 18, 1913, and in accordance with her last wishes sacred music was rendered on the pipe organ at her home prior to the services at the cathedral.

Madam Ida Hancock Ross

Rt. Rev. Bishop Conaty gave the Absolution. The Bishop then said:

"We are gathered before this altar in this Cathedral Church today, where for many years of a long life Madam Ross was a faithful worshiper and where many times she received the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. We gather here today to have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for her eternal repose, and to pray that God with His choicest blessings may bring her soul to that glorious eternity in which she believed, in which she hoped, and in blessed consciousness of which she died.

"Her loved ones have lost their best beloved, this community is poorer by reason of her death, for she was a good woman, and the goodness of a noble womanhood is the best asset of a community. God gave to her a long and an active life, and blessed her with an abundance of the world's goods, but the greatest treasure that she possessed was the strong unflinching faith and her devotedness to all that stood for Christian character and fidelity to life's obligations. She forbade me to speak of her works, but this community recognized her as a noble woman, a devoted wife and mother, a loving sister, and a kindly generous friend. To those who mourn her loss in the home, in the family circle, there is consolation in the good name which she has left to them as her most precious gift.

"Death is the common lot of all mankind. Sin brought death into the world and with sin comes the penalty which has to be paid. The loving Savior, Who redeemed us, has provided the ransom for His precious blood; and happy the one who blessed with faith realizes the bountiful mercy of God through the Sacramental system of the Church. Death seems to be bitter, but after all our dearly beloved departed, like many another Christian dying, fully realizing that all of death was not sorrow and bitterness, for it opened to her the way to the fullness of the enjoyment of God's eternal reward. She would

bid us not praise her, but pray for her, knowing full well as she did the value of prayer for the dead as well as for the living; knowing that by prayer and sacrifice, and particularly by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass there comes to the soul that has departed the help to pay that last farthing which human life owes to the Justice of God before it can enter upon the eternal joys of Heaven purchased for it by the Divine Savior.

"A long life of active service ends in the sweet consciousness of life's duty done and in the blessed hope of Heaven, where as our faith teaches us, we shall know one another and be known; we shall love one another and be loved, and the ties that bind upon earth shall be made eternal in the glory of our Heavenly Father's Home. We gather here today to pray for the repose of her soul, that God in His Infinite Mercy may give her the happiness in the hope of which she lived and died. Her life is one to be proud of; her death was more of happiness than sorrow, for 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' In all the sincerity of our love for her let us never cease to implore God's Mercy upon her soul that she, with all the souls of the faithful departed, may rest in peace."



MUSIC ROOM



DINNING ROOM

Interior Views of the Madam Hancock Ross Home

LIBRA
ASTRONOMICA,
Y PHILOSOPHICA

EN QUE

D. Carlos de Sigüenza y Gongora

*Cosmographo, y Mathematico Regio en la
Academia Mexicana,*

EXAMINA

no solo lo que à su MANIFIESTO PHILOSOPHICO
contra los Cometas opuso

el R. P. EUSEBIO FRANCISCO KINO de la Compañia de
Jesus; sino lo que el mismo R. P. opino; y pretendio haver
demostrado en su EXPOSICION ASTRONOMICA
del Cometa del año de 1681.

*Sacala à luz D. SEBASTIAN DE GÜZMAN Y CORDOVA,
Factor, Veedor, Proveedor, Iuez Oficial de la Real Hazienda
de su Magestad en la Casa desta Corte.*



En Mexico: por los Herederos de la Viuda de Bernardo Calderon
IXI. DC. XC.

Father Eusebio Francisco Kino

And

The Comet of 1680 - 1681

By Ellen Shaffer



WHEN THE NAME OF Father Eusebio Francisco Kino is mentioned, most Americans think of the explorations and the missionary activities of this pioneer of the Southwest. However, he excelled in more than one field, and, among other things, he had an interest in astronomy.

During November and December of 1680 and the first two months of 1681, a great comet, which was visible in all parts of the world, made its appearance for a period of seven weeks. It was observed in Mexico with great interest by one of that country's leading savants, Don Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora, who held the Chair of Astrology and Mathematics at the Royal and Pontifical University of Mexico, and it was likewise noted in Spain by that learned member of the Society of Jesus, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, native of the Italian Tyrol and former professor of mathematics at the University of Ingolstadt, who, instead of following the brilliant university career for which he seemed so admirably fitted, had chosen the life of a missionary as his vocation and was, at that time, at Cadiz awaiting a ship to Mexico, where he hoped he would be given an assignment to the mission field in China.

Comets had for centuries been considered harbingers of ill omen, and this one was viewed with apprehension in both the Old World and the New. Father Kino, in a letter dated Cadiz, December 28, 1680, wrote to his patroness, the Duchess of Aveiro, and,

mentioning the appearance of this huge comet, spoke of the evil repute in which comets were held, and expressed the hope that this one protended no evil to the Duchess and her family. In the Mexican capital, Don Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora, who took an exceedingly modern view of comets, which he felt exerted no force whatever on human destinies, sought to reassure the uneasy by publishing a short work entitled: *Manifiesto Filosófico contra los cometas despojados del imperio que tenían sobre los tímidos*, which was issued early in the year of 1681 and dedicated to Don Carlos's patroness, the Virreina, whose fears he particularly wished to calm.

His effort, while it must have soothed the anxiety of many, was not received with enthusiasm among certain exponents of astrology. Although he was himself a professor of that subject, he had, as Bolton¹ points out, dealt "a hard whack at some brands of astrology." A doctor of medicine, Don José Escobar Salmerón, tried to refute the arguments of Sigüenza and offered the slightly nauseating suggestion that the comet in question was composed of the exhalations of dead bodies and human sweat. Don Carlos's succinct reply to this was: "Avoid sweating!"

Another person to enter the fray as a defender of the malignant qualities of comets was Don Martín de la Torre, a native of the Netherlands, then living in Campeche. He issued a work entitled: *Manifiesto Cristiano en favor de los Cometas mantenidos en su natural significación*, in which he repeated the century-old beliefs in regard to comets. Sigüenza's rebuttal to this was: *Belerofonte Matemático contro la Quimera Astrológica de Don Martín de la Torre*, which, according to Rojas Garcidueñas,² was not published but circulated in copies. It so effectively tore the arguments of Martín de la Torre to pieces that that gentleman never attempted a reply.

In May of 1681 Father Kino reached Mexico, and he soon formed a friendship with Don Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora. The two men, both in interests and education, had much in common. Both were mathematicians, both shared an enthusiasm for the study of geography, and both had received their education from the Jes-

Father Eusebio Francisco Kino

uits. Don Carlos had left the Jesuit Order, but later in life he returned to it and died in it. The two savants also were of the same age; Rojas Garcidueñas states that they both were born in August of 1645, although Bolton³ believes that the date of Kino's birth was August, 1644.

Not long after his arrival, Kino was approached by friends and urged to write his views on the comet of 1680-1681, and this he proceeded to do. His manuscript gained the approval of the church authorities on September 24, 1681, was immediately printed, and, apparently, published the following month.

A copy of this work is in the Biblioteca Nacional of Mexico, and the Henry E. Huntington Library of San Marino, California, likewise, has one in its possession. It is a modest, attractive volume of *quarto* size, and, considering that it was printed in a century when the art of printing was at low ebb, it is a competent typographical job, printed on better than average paper. The title page reads:

EXPOSICION ASTRONOMICA *de el cometa que el año de 1680 por los meses de noviembre y diziembre y este año de 1681 por los meses de enero y febrero, se ha visto en todo el mundo y le ha observado en la Ciudad de Cadiz.*

El P. Eusebio Francisco Kino

At the bottom of the title page is a woodcut of *Our Lady of Guadalupe*, whom Kino had chosen as his patroness — the apparition of Our Lady to whom the Duchess of Aveiro was also devoted. A large folding copperplate engraving of a celestial map is inserted at the beginning of the text, which pictures the parts of the sky through which the comet passed and traces its course with what, to the casual observer, would seem to be scientific accuracy. This, likewise, bears the image of *Our Lady of Guadalupe*.

The book consists of twenty-eight folios, or fifty-six pages, and is divided into ten chapters, each one of which discusses some phase of the comet's appearance. It opens with a dedication to the Virrey in which Kino speaks of comets:

“ . . . *se presagien y teman (no ay que espantar que*

*tienen mucho de divino rompimiento con los humanos)
improsperos sucesos y tragediales infortunios . . .”*

And after this mention of the tragic and unfortunate happenings which they might presage, he then cites the opinion of Bodino that they are the souls of great men who after centuries on earth rush through the skies in fiery splendor to become immortals. This pleasingly poetical concept, while unscientific, is definitely more agreeable to contemplate than the theory of exhalations of dead bodies and human sweat.

The dedication is followed by a poem relating to comets, which abounds with classical allusions, and which would seem to indicate that, while Kino habitually used a simple and direct style, he could, when the occasion demanded, readily turn his pen to the florid phraseology which was deemed “fine writing” at that period.

The first chapter begins appropriately enough with: “*Que linage de Creatura sea el Cometa*” and in this discussion of the nature of comets he quotes Cicero, who termed them “*stella cincinnata*” — curly-headed stars — another charmingly romantic and descriptive concept. He then refers to Thomas Fieno, who defined a comet as “*un milagro del a naturaleza, para nada más apto, que torcedor del humano entendimiento, o perpetuo Eculeo de la estu-diosa curiosidad, a quien si debemos admirar siempre, podremos cono-cer nunca.*” Although Fieno felt that one should always admire them but could never know them Kino felt sufficiently emboldened to state that they are exhalations of clouds, rivers, and seas of the terrestrial globe and that they come from evaporations of the planets — a belief which, he says, is held by his fellow Jesuit, the learned Father Athanasius Kircher. The next authority whom he quotes is the noted astronomer, Tico Brache, who held that comets are much higher than the moon and are formed and exist in an altitude above the solar atmosphere.

In the second chapter, Kino discusses at length the time the comet was visible — a period of seven weeks. The comet of 1664-1665 had appeared for seventy days, he mentions one in 1337 that lasted one hundred twenty days, there are several recorded cases of

comets of fifty days duration, and he finally refers to that dreadful comet, the "Precursor of the Vengeance of God," which in 70 B.C. flashed through the skies for a space of 365 days and heralded the fall of Jerusalem.

The third chapter is devoted to the violent, rapid movement of the comet through the skies. The author mentions how it was first seen in the early morning hours before the dawn, but, in the course of the seven weeks during which it appeared, the time changed and it was finally observed a little after sunset.

The fourth and fifth chapters give us a glimpse of Kino, the mathematician, for he discusses the two positions of the comet — the apparent and the actual — with reference to the principles of perspective and geometry — and also shows the method by which he proposes to determine the distance of the comet from the earth. In the following chapter he enlarges on this, and computes the distance at 1,153,000 Spanish leagues, and cites various mathematical authorities who are in accord with these ideas.

Chapter Seven is a comparison of this comet with the comet of 1664-1665, with specific mention of the basic differences. He also touches on other comets which had preceded this one, and quotes Father Juan Bautista Ricciolo who had stated that one hundred fifty-five comets had appeared from 480 B.C. to A.D 1618.

In Chapter Eight, the author considers the matter of the size of the celestial apparition, which he determines partly from the length of time it was visible nightly. In Cadiz he had at first observed it for two minutes at a time, and this later increased to nearly three minutes — an amazing length of time for such a rapidly moving body to be visible. From this fact he deduces that the comet was of huge size.

The ninth chapter is a discussion of the atmosphere of the body of the comet, and the theory is considered that the sun and the planets are formed by earthly exhalations.

The tenth and final chapter is the longest in the book, and in it Kino launches into the aspect of the comet which he really considers of the most importance, what the comet of 1680-1681 por-

tends, whether it augurs future good fortune or impending disaster. All the preceding chapters, with their more or less scientific approach, were designed to lead up to this one which comes to the crux of the matter. He says that comets have been said to presage the death of great personages, such as kings, or fortell calamities, such as the ruin and desolation of kingdoms.

He then inquires into the possibilities that comets may not be evil. They are not mentioned as malignant forces in the Holy Scriptures. There is a belief that burning comets, as they sweep through the skies, purify the air — a celestial cleansing by fire. Furthermore, there are not a sufficient number of comets to account for the deaths of all the illustrious; there are more deaths than comets. Added to that, we are told in the *Book of Jeremiah* not to fear the signs the Gentiles fear.

Having thus set up these arguments in favor of the harmless quality of comets, Kino then refutes them, for it was his sincere conviction that these heavenly bodies were warnings of coming misfortune. To begin with, he says, there has always been a universal acceptance of the idea that comets exert a baleful influence on human affairs. Numerous aphorisms and maxims bear this out. He cites many instances of the deaths of notable personages in classical times whose end had been foreshadowed by comets shooting through the heavens. Everyone, he adds, "high and low, nobles and plebians, learned men and idiots have always felt that comets merited the evil reputation that they bear." They are, he thinks, sent to inspire us with the fear of God, although exactly why they appear is something known only to Him. It is not necessary that individuals die according to the number of comets seen, but their appearance is always an omen of tragedy. Moreover, observers in one part of the world frequently see comets not visible elsewhere. The number of comets and the number of deaths of notables do not have to equal, but it may be that they are, since many comets may appear without our knowledge. As to the signs the Gentiles fear, that, says Kino, probably refers to divination from the entrails of animals. Such signs, of course, should be ignored. On the other hand, we ought to

fear the signs sent to us by God to put us in mind of the world's end. Aristotle and Seneca knew that comets boded no good to mankind, and Kino sees in them warnings of the Last Judgment. From *Apocalypse* he quotes: "*There will be signs in the sun, moon and stars . . .*" and such a sign he sees written in the comet's track of fire.

Finally, he takes up the matter of what this particular comet, which he had personally viewed in Cadiz, might indicate. It foretells ill, he believes, for three of four European kingdoms, although he makes no specific mention as to which ones he thinks might be affected. Such a huge comet of such lengthy duration would, in addition, seem to usher in general misfortune: floods, earthquakes, winds, excessive heat and cold, alteration in human bodies, contagions and illnesses. The dire effects of the comet would probably last as many years as the comet did months or days. Once again he quotes Father Athanasius Kircher's theory that comets are the exhalations of the planets — an opinion also held by Father Christopher de Escheiner and Father Juan Bautista Ricciolo, he adds. The book closes with a simple and moving dedication to the Mother of God, *Our Lady of Guadalupe*, and the watchword of the Jesuit Order: *Omnia ad maiorem Dei gloriam.*"

In stating his case, Father Kino relied on tradition rather than independent thinking. To his mind the strongest argument in favor of the malignancy of comets is the fact that everyone has always felt they were indications of disaster, and, since everyone thought so, it must be so. Such reasoning today seems decidedly naive. His complete acceptance of a traditional attitude in regard to comets seems somewhat incompatible with his unquestioned ability as a scientist and mathematician. In the field of geography he was a few years later to demonstrate that he was quite capable of going against tradition and proving his premise in a modern, scientific manner. However, the most competent human beings are inconsistent at times, and his opinion on comets seems at variance with most of his thinking.

The book, while imbued with beliefs which the world in general has since discarded, has sincerity. In reading it one feels that

Father Kino stated his position simply, directly, and honestly. Furthermore, it is wholly lacking in a controversial tone.

The "*Exposición*" was well received in ecclesiastical circles; Padre Eusebio was the recipient of thanks from Rome, and Sor Juana Inez de la Cruz composed a poem in praise of the author.

Sigüenza said that during the time Kino was writing his "*Exposición*" he never mentioned the matter to him. Friends of the Mexican scholar, however, told him that Kino was busy with a volume which was a direct attack on his "*Manifiesto*" and urged Don Carlos to be ready with a reply. In November, before he left for California, for Kino had already received orders to proceed thither to begin his work of evangelization, Father Kino called on Sigüenza to say goodbye, and, so Bolton⁴ says, casually inquired what his friend was then writing. On being told "nothing," he handed Don Carlos a copy of the "*Exposición*" with words to the effect that he should read it and he would have something to write about.

After reading it, Don Carlos, it seemed, did indeed have something to write about, for he considered Kino's volume an attack on his "*Manifiesto*" — just as his friends had told him. He resented the fact that Kino had dedicated the book to Virrey, when Don Carlos had dedicated his own volume to the Virreina, his patroness. When the priest stated that everyone, from those of the highest intelligence to the lowest, believed in the malign power of comets, the Mexican savant believed that Kino meant to imply that he, Don Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora, who did not believe thusly, was a fool. The ideas Kino expressed in the "*Exposición*" were the very ones Don Carlos had considered outworn superstitions and had taken pains to refute in his two previous treatises on comets. As a Mexican who possessed inherent pride in his country and his people, Don Carlos felt that he had been patronized and belittled by a European scholar who was slightly contemptuous of New World culture.

He promptly prepared a reply which would vindicate his position, and, since he considered Kino's book a personal attack, he made

his retort highly personal also. The title page of his book (there are copies in the Biblioteca Nacional of Mexico City and the Henry E. Huntington Library of San Marino, California) reads:

LIBRA ASTRONOMICA y Filosófica en que D. Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora, Cosmógrafo, y Matemático Regio en la Academia Mexicana, examina no solo lo que a su Manifiesto Filosófico contra los Cometas opuso el R. P. Eusebio Francisco Kino de la Compañía de Jesus, sino lo que el mismo R. P. opinó y pretendió haver demostrado en su Exposición Astronómica del Cometa del año de 1681.

Because of lack of funds, the book was not published until 1690, but it is almost certain that Sigüenza sent a manuscript copy to Father Kino immediately after he wrote it. Whether it ever reached the missionary priest or not is problematical, as Kino was moving about from one place to another, and Don Carlos received no acknowledgment of it.

The volume, when finally published, was dedicated to Don Gaspar de Sandoval, then Virrey of New Spain, and the text commences with the words: "*Nunca con más repugnancia, que en la ocasion presente tomé la pluma en la mano . . .*" (Never have I taken pen in hand with more repugnance than on the present occasion). This would put a slight strain on the reader's credulity, for Don Carlos hardly impresses one as a reluctant antagonist.

He had mentioned Kino on the title page, and he mentioned him again on the opening page of the text. His book extended to 188 pages and in it he delivered every smashing argument he could against Kino. It has been called "quite as much a rhetorical performance as a scientific treatise"⁵ and recalls the statement of Rojas Garcidueñas that, when Don Carlos was making efforts to secure the Chair of Astrology and Mathematics in the Royal and Pontifical University of Mexico, he displayed "gifts more of the lawyer than of the mathematician."⁶ His refutations were marshalled with legal precision, nor were the mathematical aspects of the situation overlooked, for the latter half of the book was devoted to mathematical proofs of Sigüenza's position and included numerous diagrams

and geometrical reckonings. He examined the calamities cited by Father Kino and pointed out that they had actually occurred before the appearance of the comets which were supposed to foretell them. He argued that, instead of blindly taking the word of other writers, one should examine the facts for oneself in the light of one's own reason and knowledge — a highly refreshing and modern point of view. He quoted eighty authorities on comets, among them twenty classical writers, nor did he neglect to include Kino's own authority, Father Athanasius Kircher, in the number. He covered the situation from every possible angle, including the personal. He related how he had loaned Father Kino maps, which were later returned through a third person torn and in bad condition. He indicated that he felt his "*Manifiesto*" had been attacked because Kino, as a European, could find no good in a volume produced in the New World. He even questioned that Kino had ever witnessed the appearance of the comet in Cadiz, which was, of course, ridiculous.

He refuted every argument advanced by Kino, and, for good measure, quoted two poems, one showing that comets foreshadow evil and the other asserting that they are good omens. Then, remarkably enough, he closed the work with: "*y quedan los cometas libres de las infamas, que sin razon les imputan: y quedamos todos amigos, supuesto que.*"

*Dissentire duo animis de rebus ijsdem
Incolunia licuit semper amicitia."*

Perhaps it really was his wish that "comets remain free of the infamy imputed to them and that we all remain friends," but such a book would seem a rather severe test of friendship. Kino, during the nine years that had elapsed between the time that his own book was published and that of Don Carlos finally came from the press, was busily traveling about his far flung territory, building churches, feeding his Indians, placing his assistants, and preaching the Gospel. In all probability he never knew of Sigüenza's book until it was printed, and only once, as far as is known, did he ever refer to it. In his "*Inocente, Apostolica y Gloriosa Muerte del V. Pe. Francisco Xavier Saeta*," published in 1695, he expresses the hope that this

volume will have a happier fate than his "*Exposición*" which had so offended Don Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora. He protests that it never entered his mind to attack Sigüenza's "*Manifiesto*," which he does not know that he ever read. He mentions briefly that he wrote the "*Exposition*" at the request, speaks of the approval he had received from Rome and from various friends, and he refers to Sor Juana's poem in its praise.

The men who knew Father Kino well and worked with him in the mission field for years, pictured him as a gentle and humble person, "cruel to himself — merciful to others." If his "*Exposición*" was written as an attack, it would seem to be out of keeping with what is generally known of his character.

The average person of the present day is inclined to be much in sympathy with the views of Sigüenza and surprised at their modernity. Father Kino gave expression to the generally held beliefs of his own time; Don Carlos anticipated the ideas of the future. In the matter of the presentation of these beliefs, however, one cannot but respect the frank sincerity and apparent lack of contentiousness on the part of the Jesuit, while one regrets that the brilliant Mexican scholar, whose arguments today ring so much truer than those of his opponent, felt it necessary to be so caustic an antagonist. It is a sad episode in the lives of two great men; one wishes it could have been erased and that theirs could have been a warm, life-long friendship.

It is not to Kino's discredit that he considered the stars a factor in world affairs. It was a generally accepted belief in his day and had the weight of centuries behind it. In the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, written by the learned Dr. Hartmann Schedel of that city and published there in 1493, appear numerous woodcut delineations of comets, and the text relates the disasters which they heralded. Popes, monarchs, and scientists of the 15th century held the belief, and in the 16th century Miguel Servet, to whom the discovery of the circulation of the blood is attributed, had been a believer in astrology. Universities still had chairs of astrology in Kino's time, one

of which was held at the University of Mexico by Sigüenza y Góngora himself, as has already been noted.

Even today, the fact that astrology has been discarded as a science, does not mean that it is lacking in believers. The great American humorist, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) believed that Halley's Comet was a controlling force in his life. He was born when this comet was in the skies, and his biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, tells us he was certain his life would end when it returned again. In April of 1910, when the comet again appeared, he lay dying, although he did know that it was once more visible, and his life ended as he believed it would, with the reappearance of Halley's Comet. Today charlatans in every large city are able to extract substantial sums from people who have credulous faith in the stars. They may be ashamed of this faith and deny it, but the fact remains that they do believe.

Kino's gifts as a mathematician and geographer should not be discounted because, in one field, he followed the current ideas of his day. He made a notable contribution to the knowledge of his period when he was able to explode the century-old belief that California was an island, which he did in a thoroughly scientific manner — "I have discovered with all minute certainty and evidence, with mariner's compass and astrolabe in my hands, that California is not an island but a peninsula, or isthmus, and that in thirty-two degrees of latitude there is a passage by land to California, and that only to about that point comes the head of the Sea of California."

In the two hundred seventy years that have elapsed since Father Kino wrote his book, the science of astronomy has made tremendous strides, and his explanations as to the composition and movements of comets have been outmoded. But the purpose behind their fiery appearance in the skies still waits an answer. Kino felt they were sent to inspire us with the fear of God. Most people regard these flaming bodies, hurling through space, governed by certain definite, mysterious laws, with a feeling of awe. Those who believe in a God of supreme, infinite intelligence, the workings of

Father Eusebio Francisco Kino

whose Mind the finite human mind cannot grasp, may feel that in one respect, at least, Father Kino was right.

*Aplauda La Ciencia Astronomica Del Padre Eusebio Kino
De La Compañia De Jesus Que Escribio Del Cometa Que
El Año De Ochenta Aparecio, Absolviendole De Ominoso.*

*Aunque es clara del cielo la luz pura,
clara la luna y claras las estrellas,
y claras las efimeras centellas
que el aire eleva y el incendio apura;*

*aunque es el rayo claro, cuya dura
producción cuesta al viento mil querellas,
y el relámpago que hizo de sus huellas
medrosa luz en la tiniebla oscura;*

*todo el conocimiento torpe humano
se estuvo oscuro sin que las mortales
plumas pudiesen ser, con vuelo ufano,*

*Icaros de discursos racionales,
hasta que el tuyo, Eusebio soberano,
les dió luz a las luces celestiales.*

Sor Juana Inez de la Cruz

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*EXPOSICIÓN ASTRONOMICA DE EL COMETA que el
año de 1680 por los meses de Noviembre y Diciembre
y esta año de 1681 por los meses de Enero y Febrero, se ha
visto en todo el mundo y le ha observado en la Ciudad de
Cadiz El P. Eusebio Francisco Kino. Mexico, Lupercio,
1681.*

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

- Capítulo I. *Que linage de Creatura sea el Cometa.*
Capítulo II. *Que el Cometa no fué más que uno, y de el tiempo que duró.*
Capítulo III. *Del movimiento, y lugar del Cometa.*
Capítulo IV. *Del lugar verdadero y aparente del Cometa, y de su Paralaxi.*
Capítulo V. *Que tanto disto el Cometa del tierra, según se saca y deduce de los principios paralacticos.*
Capítulo VI. *Que el Cometa no fué elementar, sino celeste donde se comprueba con nuevos argumetos, la exorbitante distancia que a via de nosotros a el, numerados sus leguas según el computo Español.*
Capítulo VII. *De la similtud cotexo y comparacion del Cometa de 1680 y 1681 con el del ano de 1665 y 665.*
Capítulo VIII. *De la magnitud y corpulencia del Cometa, y de la longitud de su cauda, reducida su candidad a legus Españolas.*
Capítulo IX. *De la atmosphaera del cuerpo del Cometa, y de que fuerte se forma su cauda, per se varie y fenezca.*
Capítulo X. *De lo que prognostica Cometa de 1680 y 1681 o que anuncio prospero o infeliz amague.*

NOTES :

1. Bolton, *The Rim of Christendom*.
2. Rojas Garcidueñas, *Don Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora*, p. 50.
3. Bolton, *Pimería Alta*, p. 28.
4. Bolton, *The Rim of Christendom*.
5. Ibid.
6. Rojas Garcidueñas, *Don Carlos Sigüenza*, p. 29.
7. Bolton, *Pimería Alta*, p. 334.

Medical Profession in the Early Days of Los Angeles

By Marco R. Newmark



WE WILL start this narrative with an account of the practices of the medicine men of the aborigines of this region, as related in the *The Medicine Man of the American Indian and His Cultural Background*, published by William T. Corbett in 1935.

The medicine men were believed to have received their magic powers in dreams when they were young. They were regarded as wizards, and when their patients died they were absolved from blame for the reason that the people attributed their death to the anger of the gods because of their sins.

The medicine men administered treatment for various illnesses, some of which treatments were innocuous and others injurious, while a few were effective.

They accompanied their ministrations with the noise of rattles, incantations and the smoking of incense to the Great Spirit.

Mud was made with water of mineral springs and applied to sufferers from rheumatism, neuralgia and similar disorders; and hot ashes wrapped in cloth were applied for ailments of like nature.

A decoction of ground ashes was given internally as a remedy for snake bites; a concoction of the leaves of wild buckwheat was used for pains in the head; the leaves of the creosote bush were steeped in warm water and the mixture was drunk for bowel complaints and for consumption.

A number of other herbs and plants were employed as the basis for a remedy for pains in the chest and for phthisis (pulmonary tuberculosis). Ground lime was used to clean the stomach; for vio-

lent pains the Indians made incisions in the skin and sucked the blood, and the medicinal waters near an Indian settlement in the San Jacinto Mountains, named Temescal, were believed to be a cure for smallpox and other infectious diseases.

Another procedure, the *temescal* (sweat house), which was named for the settlement, was a crude forerunner of the Turkish bath. It was employed as a cure for fevers, rheumatism, neuralgia, colds and other troubles.

The sweat house was built underground. Water was poured in and heated by means of hot rocks and the sweat house was soon filled with steam. When the patients, who were reclining on a bunk or shelf, fell into a dripping perspiration they were plunged into the cold water of a river, and if the cure was not effected, the process was repeated. This procedure was efficacious in the diseases specifically mentioned but in the case of "other troubles" often proved fatal.

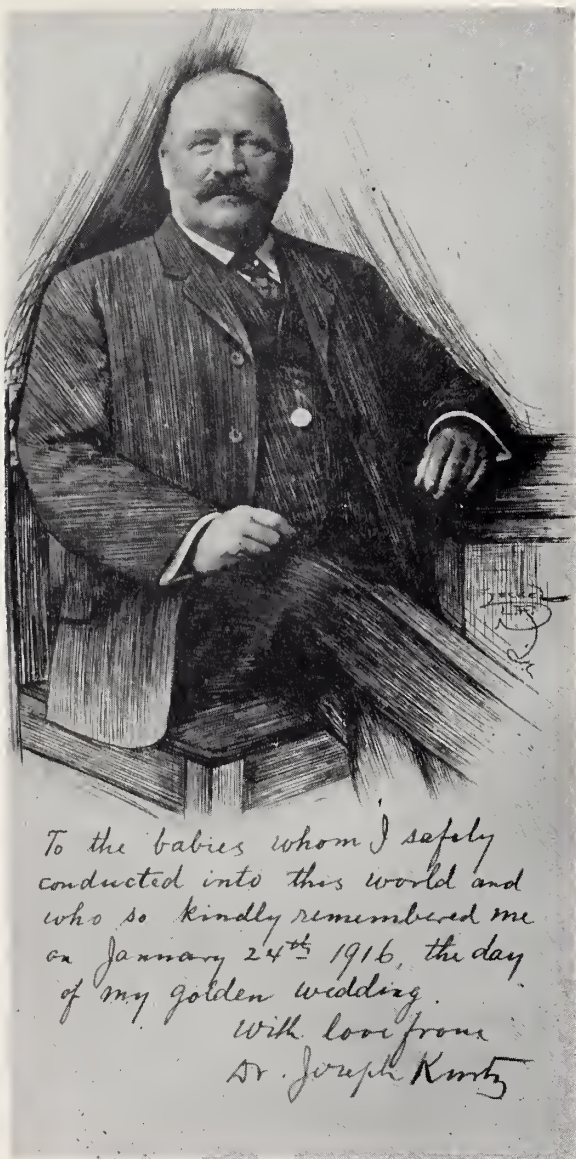
As is well-known, sailors, in the olden days of the sailing vessel, fell victim to scurvy in large numbers.

According to *California's Medical History*, published by Henry Harris in 1932, Dr. James Lind, a Scotch physician, in 1753, recommended the use of orange, lemon or lime juice and the eating of a pound of sauerkraut a week as a prophylactic for scurvy.

The doctor did not realize that he was actually recommending Vitamin C, for the word vitamin was not coined until 1911 by Dr. Cassimir Frank.

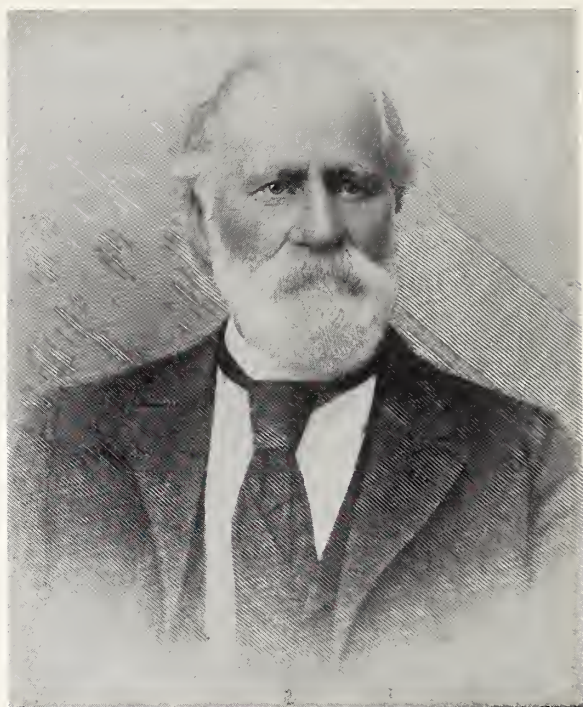
The value of Dr. Lind's recommendation is demonstrated by the fact that when Captain James Cook made his second voyage of discovery in 1768 and did not use Dr. Lind's formula, forty-six percent of his men fell victim to the disease, whereas on his third voyage in 1776, when he made the formula a mandatory part of the sailor's diet only one out of one hundred eighteen succumbed. (It is interesting to note that Vancouver had accompanied Cook on both the 1768 and 1776 voyages.)

The formula was successfully used by subsequent explorers, notably by George Vancouver while under way to the Northwest.



INSCRIBED PORTRAIT OF DR. JOSEPH KURTZ

*Presented to one of his babies,
Author Marco R. Newmark*



— Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Co.

DR. JOHN S. GRIFFIN

Pioneer Physician of Los Angeles

Medical Profession in the Early Days of Los Angeles

We will now consider a number of regulations and ordinances recorded in the minutes of the *Ayuntamiento* during the Mexican period and then of the City Council, which succeeded it as the municipal governing body, when the Los Angeles city government was organized on July 3, 1850.

On October 28, 1836, the official whose duties somewhat correspond to those of our city attorney, reported that hyrdophobia was extending in the community. On receiving this report, the *Ayuntamiento* forbade the keeping of more than two dogs, "and they must be tied or they will be killed."

On January 8, 1839, a communication was received from the *prefect* stating that it was necessary to procure vaccine for the purpose of vaccinating the inhabitants of the city, "so they can avoid the contagious smallpox which is liable to infect the district." An ordinance to this effect was passed.

The first vaccinations recorded in California history were conducted by James Ohio Pattie, who, with his father, Sylvester Pattie, led an expedition across the continent. When they arrived in San Diego Governor José Maria Echeandia, a hater of "foreigners," threw them into jail.

The father died as a result of the hardships and privations of the trip and the harsh treatment he suffered while in confinement. The governor, however, released the son, who had brought with him a supply of vaccine, on the strength of his agreement that he would vaccinate the Indians of the missions and other inhabitants.

In 1828, with the grandiose title of Surgeon Extraordinary to his Excellency, the Governor of California, he carried out the contract. He rode up and down the state administering the serum to hundreds of people.*

On March 29, 1844, Julian Chavez submitted to the council a statement to the effect that, because of the epidemic prevailing in the town the *Ayuntamiento* should pass an ordinance requiring that the skeletons of cattle be burned "for the purpose of purifying the

* *Pattie's Personal Narrative*, published in 1831 in Cincinnati, Ohio, and reprinted in 1905 by A. H. Clark Co. Cleveland, Ohio.

air by fumigation." The municipal body complied with the request.

On August 7, 1852, the following communication from Mayor John G. Nichols was presented to the council:

"Because of excesses committed at the *maromas* (tightrope performances), which are subversive of public morals and because of complaints concerning the noise which penetrates the neighborhood for a great distance, and considering the danger of a cruel epidemic threatening to invade the country, which would be fed by the hours and excesses, restrictive measures should be adopted."

The council accordingly passed a resolution inviting the mayor to abate these nuisances. Another clause prohibited the beating of drums during the performances and compelled them to close at 11:00 p.m.

On January 1, 1863, the council established a board of health consisting of five persons to be appointed by the mayor, each member to supervise a district, the city being divided into five districts for the purpose. It was to be the duty of each member, for his district, to see "that all persons, without regard to age or color, who are sick with smallpox, and not convalescent or may hereafter be sick with the same and not having the means of paying therefor, shall be provided by the city with medical attention, providing that in all such cases the victims shall be removed to the city hospital (the pesthouse)," which was in Chavez Canyon, near the present police range and club house.

It was also specified that all persons not having had smallpox must be vaccinated and that if such persons refused, the members of the board, each for his district, should arrest such persons and carry them by force if necessary to the city surgeon, Dr. Russell T. Hayes, to be vaccinated.

In the early days of smallpox epidemics, which ravaged the city almost regularly every year, were intensified for the reason that the native population was averse to isolation. In addition, victims in families in whose homes the dread disease appeared were often sent to the homes of relatives and friends and returned before their own homes were completely disinfected.

In those "good old days" the city smallpox wagon, which was

Medical Profession in the Early Days of Los Angeles

dubbed "Black Maria," was a frequent and disheartening sight as it rolled along the streets carrying unfortunates to the pesthouse.

An ordinance of January 11, 1877, indicates an advance in the knowledge of the disease. It provides that people who had been vaccinated within seven years should be exempted from the mandatory ordinance of 1863.

For some reason, the first board of health was abandoned a few years after it was founded and the pre-1863 system of committing the supervision of health to the council was restored.

Then, after the founding of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, Dr. Joseph P. Widney obtained the co-operation of the members urging the council to establish a new board and appoint a health officer. The enabling ordinance was adopted on July 17, 1873. The members were Mayor James R. Toberman, Frank Sabichi and Maurice Kremer, Clerk of the Council; and the health officer was Kenneth D. Wise.

We now come to the first medical organization in Los Angeles. On January 14, 1850, a few doctors organized the Medical Faculty of Los Angeles.

One of its first actions was the adoption of a schedule of fees, written in Spanish:

For office prescriptions, \$5.00; for visit in the country, for each league, \$5.00; for bleeding, \$5.00; for cupping, \$10.00; for obstetrics, depending upon the difficulties of delivery, \$25.00 to \$100.00; for surgery, \$25.00 to \$100.00.

The modern period may be said to have begun when, on January 31, 1871, the Los Angeles County Medical Society (the name was later changed to Los Angeles County Medical Association) was organized in the office of doctors John S. Griffin and Joseph P. Widney, on the initiative of the latter.

In addition to the two named, there were present at the meeting doctors Henry S. Orme, Russell T. Hayes and Levi L. Dorr.

Its affairs were conducted from the offices of its secretaries until it occupied its own building at 1925 Wilshire Boulevard in October, 1934.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The purposes of the society, as stated in the constitution, are to cultivate and advance the study of medicine, to contribute to the study of medicine, to contribute to medical literature and to follow the code of the American Medical Association, which was founded in 1847.

The presidents have been:

1871-1875—John S. Griffin	1906—Fitch E. Mattison
1876—Robert H. Dalton	1907—Francis M. Pottenger
1877—Joseph P. Widney	1908—Raymond T. Taylor
1878—Henry S. Orme	1909—Stanley P. Black
1879—Joseph Kurtz	1910—William G. Richardson
1880—William Lockhart	1911—Walter Jarvis Barlow
1881—J. B. Pigne Dupuytren	1912—Orville W. Witherby
1882—Walter Lindley	1913—William Lewis
1883—Herbert Nadeau	1914—Luther M. Powers
1884—William G. Cochran	1915—Dudley Fulton
1885—Francis A. Seymour	1916—Charles H. Whitman
1886—Andrew McFarland	1917—Charles C. Browning
1887—W. LeMoyne Wills	1918—William Duffield
1888—George W. Lasher	1919—William T. McArthur
1889—W. LeMoyne Wills	1920—Rea Smith
1890—John H. Davisson	1921—Walter V. Brown
1891—Melvin M. Moore	1922—Donald J. Frick
1892—William H. Hitchcock	1923—William H. Gilbert
1893—William Dodge	1924—William H. Kiger
1894—Granville McGowan	1925—E. Clarence Moore
1895—Oscar D. Fitzgerald	1926—John V. Barrow
1896—Henry G. Brainerd	1927—Clarence G. Toland
1897—Everett R. Smith	1928—Edmund M. Pallette
1898—Emil A. Praeger*	1929—George Hunter
1898—Robert W. Miller	1930—Robert V. Day
1899—Frank D. Bullard	1931—Carl R. Howison
1900—George L. Cole	1932—William R. Maloney, Jr.
1901—H. Bertrand Ellis	1933—Charles T. Sturgeon
1902—Jay H. Utley	1934—Philip Stevens
1903—Rose T. Bullard	1935—Henry H. Wilson
1904—Wesley W. Beckett	1936—Harland Shoemaker
1905—Joseph M. King	1937—John P. Nuttall

* Resigned.

Medical Profession in the Early Days of Los Angeles

1937—Ralph B. Eusden
1938—George H. Kress*
1939—William H. Daniel
1940—Ray E. Thomas
1941—Thomas C. Myers*
1941—George D. Wells
1942—John C. Ruddock
1943—E. Vincent Askey
1944—Lewis A. Aleson

1945—Jay C. Crane
1946—Lewis J. Regan
1947—E. T. Remmen
1948—William H. Leake
1949—Benjamin W. Frees
1950—William E. Costolow
1951—Richard O. Bullis
1952—Wilbur Bailey

—
* Resigned.

Los Angeles physicians who have served as president of the California Medical Association, which was founded in 1856, with headquarters in San Francisco, are:

1878—Henry S. Orme
1889—Walter Lindley
1895—W. LeMoyne Wills
1903—H. Bert Ellis
1908—Wesley W. Beckett
1913—Fitch E. Mattison
1916—George H. Kress
1922—Henry G. Brainerd
1924—Granville MacGowan
1926—William T. McArthur

1928—William H. Kiger
1932—Joseph M. King
1934—Clarence G. Toland
1936—Edward M. Pallette
1940—Harry H. Wilson
1942—William R. Maloney, Sr.
1944—Lowell S. Goin
1948—E. Vincent Askey
1950—Donald Case
1951—H. Gordon MacLean

In addition to those whose names have already been mentioned, other prominent physicians of the earlier period were James B. Winston, William B. Osborne, John Marsh (who presented the *Alcalde* a diploma as proof that he was a graduate of the Harvard Medical School and that official, not being able to read Latin, sent it to a priest at San Gabriel for interpretation, and when he certified that the diploma was proper and satisfactory the doctor was permitted to engage in practice,* Alpheus P. Hodges, who served both as mayor and as a member of the sanitation committee in 1850, Richard S. Den, Charles H. DeScigathy, Obed Macy, who served on the council, 1854-1856, and again in 1871-1872, and as city treasurer, 1886-1888, Alexander H. Hope, as state senator in 1850, V. Gelcich,

* EDITOR'S NOTE: This was in 1836. John Marsh was not a physician — though the first man to practice medicine in Los Angeles. The diploma was from Harvard College — but not from Harvard Medical School. It is evident the priest at the Mission was also unable to properly decipher the diploma. — J. G. L.

Thomas E. Hereford, J. de Barth Shorb, Henry R. Miles, James P. McFarland, William F. Edgar, Millbank Johnson, Walter J. Barlow, David C. Barber, a member of the board of education, 1890-1892, Rebecca Dorsey, Elizabeth Follansbee, Vincent A. Hoover, Thomas C. Foster, who was mayor in 1855 and on the board of education, 1859-1862, the brothers John R., Francis L. and Robert Haynes, Norman Bridge, Archibald McLeish, William Money, who in 1894 published *California Family Medical Instructor*, J. H. McKee, who was city health officer, 1873-1877, Carl, son of Joseph Kurtz, Peter Jans, David W. Eldelman, Gregorio del Amo, William A. Hammel, father of William A. Hammel, sheriff of Los Angeles County in 1898, 1906 and 1910, Don Case, a member of the board of health, 1902-1904, William J. Beckett, Philip Newmark, J. W. Trueworthy and Edmund M. Lazard.

In 1877, the association appointed a committee on ethics. Its report, which was adopted on April 13, proscribed the use of signboards of unusual size or prominence; the use of transparencies other than the painting of the usual office sign in the glass of office doors or windows; sending cards through the mails or the printing of cards in public places; the writing of articles for the public press with the name and title, and the inclusion of physician's cards on the advertisements of druggists.

In the early days barbers dabbled in the practice of medicine and dentistry, and even surgery, in testimony of which is subjoined the following advertisement placed in the *Los Angeles Tri-Weekly News* in 1861 by Peter Biggs, who arrived here in 1851:

"Gentlemen will be waited on and shaving and hair dressing will be prepared in the the finest style of the art, while cupping, bleeding and teeth extracting will also be attended to."*

Some of us may remember the red, white and blue striped poles, which in an earlier day stood in front of every barber shop. This practice had its origin in the middle ages, when barbers were also surgeons. The colors of the poles were symbolic: the red, of blood; the white, of the bandage; and the blue, of the veins.

* EDITOR'S NOTE: Peter Biggs was the first American Negro in Los Angeles.—J. G. L.

Medical Profession in the Early Days of Los Angeles

On May 3, 1871, the association passed a resolution to the effect that neither editors nor reporters of daily and weekly papers of this city will permit members' names to appear in connection with any accident, surgical operation or private professional matter in which they may be engaged, such publication being in direct violation of the code of the American Medical Association.

The county association was incorporated on July 3, 1878, and on May 27, 1926, it was granted an extension for fifty years.

On November 3, 1885, Dr. Joseph P. Widney founded the school of medicine of the University of Southern California. He served as its dean until he resigned in order to accept the presidency of the university, an office which he held from 1892-1895.

The first location was 219 Aliso Street (by a change in the system of numbering in 1890, 219 became 319). In November, 1898, it was moved to Buena Vista (which name was changed, on November 24, 1909, to North Broadway).

In 1920, the school went out of existence, but in November, 1928, its functions were restored and since then have been conducted on the university campus.

In 1901, the association sent the city council a communication asking that body to pass a resolution forbidding the city to sell sewerage for the irrigation of vegetable fields.

On August 16, 1883, the council passed a resolution to the effect that "It shall be the duty of the health officer to keep a record of all births and deaths occurring in the city of Los Angeles, which record shall be filed in the office of the clerk of the city council and produced for public inspection."

The first ordinance of this import was passed in 1858; repealed in 1860, and again enacted in 1873.

However, as older citizens who desired to obtain birth certificates during World War II found out, the provisions of these early ordinances were carried out in a very haphazard manner.

As a matter of fact, it was not until 1905 that the present, and thorough-going department of vital statistics was established.

Vital statistics for the county were registered as early as 1872,

but the present department was not organized until 1905.

Both city and county departments keep a copy of their vital statistics, sending the original to the state department of vital statistics, the administrative headquarters for the state, which is in Sacramento.

In 1904, the association advocated a national pure food law. In 1906, Congress passed the United States Pure Food and Drugs Act. The states followed suit, California in 1907. The result is that the public is now protected against impure merchandise and label misrepresentation.

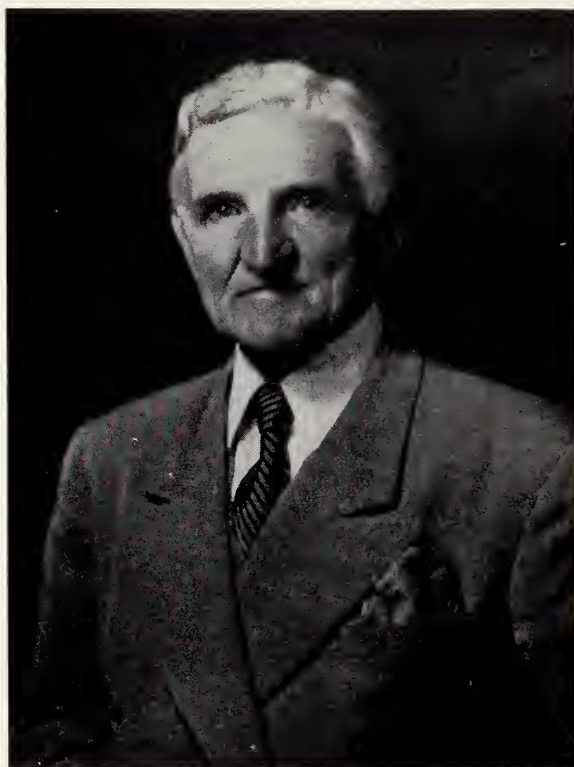
On July 24, 1853, two notorious desperadoes, Joaquin Murrietta and Jack Garcia, who was known as Three-Fingered Jack, were captured and shot. The head of Murrietta and the deformed hand of Garcia were cut off and were sent as proof of identity to Dr. William F. Edgar,* at that time serving as an army surgeon at Fort Miller, Arizona. He in turn, put them in whiskey and arsenic and transmitted them to San Francisco to be placed on exhibition. This gruesome spectacle was advertised in a contemporary newspaper as follows:

*Will be
Exhibited
At the Stockton House
This day, August 19, from 9 A. M. until 6 P. M.
The Head
of the renowned Bandit
Joaquin Murrietta
and the
Hand of Three-fingered Jack
The notorious Robbers and Murderers.*

These grisly relics were placed in a San Francisco museum, though not for display, and there they remained until they were destroyed in the earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906.

(To be continued)

* EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr Edgar was a charter member of the *Historical Society of Southern California* and in his will left the society \$5,000 — the largest legacy it has received. — J. G. L.



MARSHALL STIMSON

IN MEMORY

MARSHALL STIMSON

Marshall Stimson has gone.

We say goodbye and there is a sadness in our hearts, a tear in our eye, and then so often we forget.

But there is more than this to the loss of this man — a man of virtue, of virility, of strength, who gave his all to make Los Angeles a better city, California a state and America a better nation.

How few there are to do so much.

And so I turn back the pages of life and see again Marshall Stimson of the old Los Angeles High School in 1897, walking up the steps with his bright smile, his happy laugh and his real admiration for his teachers, Prof. Housh, Miss Carr, Miss Foy and those other great teachers who were developing fine men.

This writer is a newspaperman and I am inclined to go into editorial wordage, but after all, a good and successful life is an editorial in itself, so back to young Marshall Stimson, of Los Angeles High.

I first met him as he came down the stairs of the old hill top school. He had a smile on his lips and friendly light in his eyes as he said:

“Junior, you’re in the *Star and Crescent* now, and I’m Marshall Stimson, candidate for *Star and Crescent* president.”

“Sorry,” I replied, “but I’m for the other fellow.”

“I like your frankness,” said Stimson, shook hands and walked away.

I merely tell this little incident as a sidelight of this man in his youth when his character was building.

He won the presidency of *Star and Crescent*, and in that same old high school, on a landing of the stairs, he met Marie Gordon, a beautiful Glendora girl whom he later married and who was his adored companion during the balance of his life.

Marshall Stimson was an advocate, a battler for what he thought right, but in his wife he had a balance wheel who touched him lightly and gently pulled his coat when he became too vehement or too lengthy.

An outburst of his affection for her was when, many years later as they were pulling down the old Los Angeles High School, he went to the school and cut out of the landing place on the stairs the circle of wood where Marie Gordon stood when he first saw her.

An eager boy of 11, in knee breeches, was Marshall Stimson when he arrived in Los Angeles in 1887.

With him were his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Stimson, of Cambridge, Mass. His father became a pioneer banker here. His mother, whose grandfather had fought in the Battle of Bunker Hill, died in 1942 at the age of 93.

She was one of the oldest members of the Friday Morning Club and the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles.

Following Marshall's high school years, his parents dispatched him to Harvard where he completed his law course. After practicing in Massachusetts from 1901 to 1903 he returned home to Los Angeles and began his law career here.

Out of his law practice stemmed much of his drive into civic affairs and reforms. Just before his death he secured the release of several persons from mental institutions. He believed that they had been placed there improperly, and planned to get the Bar Association and other aid in making it impossible for a sane person to be so incarcerated.

In these campaigns he may not always have been right — but his friends credited him with believing deeply in whatever he did.

His boyhood look at Los Angeles he never forgot.

"It was quite a place when I came here in 1887 — and it's quite a place now, if you know your way around."

Marshall Stimson

Water was the big need then; the chief topic of his elders. He fought all his life to bring it here, and never missed a chance to say:

“Los Angeles limitations are that of its water supply.”

Like all westerners, he was touched with the miner fever at one one time or another. He rode the stage in 1903 to Ballarat, now a ghost town, and explored Panamint Valley.

He may not have found gold, but he and a partner, Robert P. Flint, threw a party for the miners and taught them Yale and Harvard cheers and songs that the old prospectors never forgot.

As he matured in the practice of law, his civic consciousness began to be felt in the community. Page lines like these might better intimate the scope of his early activities:

- 1904 — Marshall Stimson marries Miss Marie Gordon of Glendora.
- 1907 — Marshall Stimson named Chamber of Commerce director.
- 1908 — Stimson renamed to Chamber Board; interested in preserving historical places.
- 1909 — Aids Pioneer groups in historical studies.
- 1912 — Stimson delegate to Republican convention; supports Theodore Roosevelt; serves 10 years on Republican Central Committee.
- 1914 — Stimson campaigns for water expansion.
- 1916 — Stimson named Republican campaign director for Southern California.
- 1917 — Stimson active in war efforts.
- 1919 — Republican Stimson selected by Democrats to handle visit of President Woodrow Wilson here.
- 1924 — Stimson named on Calvin Coolidge's campaign committee.
- 1928 — Stimson heads speakers' bureau for Herbert Hoover.

Aiding campaigns for more water, a great harbor and other civic betterments were interdeliniated within this headline chronology through the years. Better transit and traffic were among his pursuits, also.

His stature had been recognized in 1907 when he named on the Chamber of Commerce directorate, where he served through 1910. From then on, he threw his weight towards scores of betterment programs. Perhaps his most rewarding interest was in the *Historical Society of Southern California*.

He served as president of it at one time; spoke at meetings often, and compiled legal and other records of the pioneers, their families and their activities. He researched the early clipper ships and was active in *Los Fiesteros*, a group dedicated to maintaining early California customs and monuments.

Giving much time to numerous tax groups, in 1939 he chairmanned The Good Government Organization, supporting councilmanic candidates of top reputation. After opposing the Fair Deal and the Truman administration, he said before his death:

"I am convinced the Democratic party has been in power too long. Too many regard their jobs as a sort of inheritance."

He fought the recent attempt of Arizona and Texas solons to grab the Colorado River water from California for the Arizona "project."

He was a 32nd degree Scottish Rite Mason, and chairman of the Board of Directors, Third Church of Christ Scientist.

Just as he was "for" many projects for the betterment of the community he loved, he turned his zealous efforts against many he thought injurious.

He supported Mayor Bowron when elements in the city tried to recall the executive. And he went on the air to tell how the electorate, in upholding Bowron, had "made me proud." "Gamblers and vice profiteers have been warned the city wants no part of them," he declared.

He took an interest in the housing problems here, but threw up his hands when the Public Housing Authority's recent tactics hit home for him. This happened when, sitting in his home playing with his grandchildren, a process server from the Housing Authority demanded to see him.

When Stimson asked his wife to request the process server to

Marshall Stimson

wait a moment, the server threw the summons on the floor and stalked out.

The service, incidentally, was in connection with a suit for condemnation of property that had been an uncle's — dead thirty years.

"My poor uncle has been gone from this earth for many years," Stimson explained.

"The Housing Authority also named his wife. That is very strange, since he was a bachelor. Besides, he sold the property ten years before he died."

"Furthermore, I am not my uncle and therefore will ignore the suit."

He was among those who asked the county supervisors to fly the United Nations flag, declaring his support for the UN, which, he held, believed also in freedom and democracy.

For 50 years he was prominent in civic, state and national affairs, and like all patriarchal figures, he took to prophecy now and then.

His latest peek into the future, as usual, had to do not with his, but his community. He said, while serving as a member of the Los Angeles County Centennials Commission:

"I think in the future, we'll find people living just where they like; on a farm, at a lake, at the ocean, on mountains or on the desert, coming to their work in downtown Los Angeles on helicopters they will park on the roofs of office buildings."

"Or thousands of them may be coming to work at 100 miles an hour or faster by monorail rapid transit."

"Los Angeles will be limited in size only by the supply of water we'll have available."

"But by that time science probably will have found the way to get water from the ocean as cheaply as we now get it from streams and lakes."

He opposed public housing when it was wrong; corruption in office; political empires and national, state or local stagnation. He kept his eyes on the future, remembering the best in the past.

Marshall Stimson found time for his community, his state and nation — and tried to make them all a little better.

He was a member of the Los Angeles County Pioneer Society. He served on the Pan-Pacific Exposition committee, the Civil Service League of Southern California and the National Civil Service League.

He was active on the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies and in the California Taxpayers Alliance. A member of the Police and Firemen's Pension Fund Commission in 1937, he also was a member of the Harvard Club, University Club, Town Hall, Scribes, and the Los Angeles Country Club.

He died at the age of 76, and spent much of those fruitful years devoting himself to civic improvement.

Besides his widow, the beloved attorney leaves a son, Gordon Stimson of Los Angeles, and four daughters who are Mrs. Sam Haskins of Sierra Madre, Mrs. Eleanor S. Treanor, widow of the noted newspaper man Tom Treanor, Mrs. Harry Murphy, San Jose, California and Mrs. Thompson Webb jr., Madison Wisconsin.

"He lived as mothers wish their sons to live."

— *John B. T. Campbell*

Book Reviews

By J. Gregg Layne

SEEING THE ELEPHANT. Letters of R. R. Taylor, Forty-niner. Edited by John Walton Caughey. The Ward Ritchie Press, 1951 Pp. xv, 107 8vo Ills. \$7.50

In the Gold Rush days of '49, one who had been to the mines, had mined successfully or unsuccessfully, had suffered the inconveniences that were attendant to living at the diggings, and who had tried his hand at various of the lucrative occupations — either at the mines or in the hurly-burly town of San Francisco — had “seen the elephant”.

R. R. Taylor, “R. R.” in his letters, even to his wife, was one who had “seen the elephant.” He wrote a whole sheaf of letters to his wife at home, that gave more interesting details of life in California and the journey to the mines than were given by the average gold seeker of that era. Those letters have now been printed in a beautiful book by the Ward Ritchie Press under the cryptic title “SEEING THE ELEPHANT.”

The Taylor letters, 19 in number, give a vivid description of the sea trip to Panama, across the Isthmus, and up the west coast to San Francisco. On the first lap of the voyage “R. R.” traveled a little more luxuriously than did many a '49er. He seemed well supplied with money, and it was only after leaving Panama that his money bought him no special favors.

An interesting interlude on the first half of the trip was a forced stop in New Orleans, waiting for a more sea-worthy vessel, where he used his eyes and descriptive powers to tell all he saw.

His unsuccessful mining ventures and his equally unsuccessful efforts to make money by clerking in stores both at the mines and

in San Francisco, quickly awakened him to the fact that his New England home was the place for him and he took advantage of the earliest opportunity to return to it.

The Taylor letters are among the best that have appeared in print. They were understandingly written and besides the vivid pictures he gives of the mines he pictures life in San Francisco graphically.

Dr John Caughey's editing and notations have made the letters into a worthwhile book for the student of California history — Ward Ritchie's designing and printing have made it a book to be desired by any booklover, and the size of the edition — but 250 copies — makes this handsome volume an item to be sought and guarded by the collector.

THE DICTIONARY OF CALIFORNIA LAND NAMES. Compiled by Phil Townsend Hanna. Revised and enlarged. The Automobile Club of Southern California Los Angeles, 1951. Pp. xxii, 392 Octavo \$5.

In 1946 Phil Townsend Hanna prepared, and the Automobile Club of Southern California published, his fine "DICTIONARY OF CALIFORNIA LAND NAMES." That edition has been exhausted for several years, and now the same compiler and publisher have brought out a new and greatly enlarged edition of the valuable book. New names have been added, an extended bibliography has been compiled, and some corrections have been made.

THE DICTIONARY OF CALIFORNIA LAND NAMES is invaluable to the man or woman who wants information quickly upon some town or locality within the state. Not too large, it can easily be slipped into a coat pocket or carried in one's traveling bag. It is of greatest aid in creating a keener interest in a vacation tour, or a business or pleasure trip up and down the state.

As an example of the manner in which the "Dictionary" has been brought up-to-date, the locality in Death Valley, named Desolation Canyon, hardly three years ago, on January 8th, 1949, at Furnace Creek Inn, at the meeting held to organize the now famous pageant that took place later that year, is given and fully described in this new edition of the DICTIONARY OF CALIFORNIA LAND NAMES.

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There are other additions as new in name, and many descriptions of place names have been expanded.

As a reference book the "Dictionary" is valuable and the compiler's reputation for accuracy gives it authenticity.

CALIFORNIA CALLED THEM. A Saga of Golden Days and Roaring Camps. By Robert O'Brien. Illustrated by Antonio Sotomayer. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. New York. Pp. xv, 251 8vo \$4.00.

Those who have read Robert O'Brien's **THIS IS SAN FRANCISCO** will want to read and own his latest book, **CALIFORNIA CALLED THEM**, a book of history and anecdotes of the Mother Lode, the Shasta country, and the cross roads of the Sierra — Truckee.

Many books have been written on the Mother Lode country, fewer on Truckee, and but a very few descriptions either in book or magazine form have been written of Shasta or Yreka. Robert O'Brien, however, has done full justice to all these interesting localities in his new book and tells more about Shasta City and the Mount Shasta country than many of us have ever known.

His chapters on Columbia, Angel's Camp and Murphy's give much new material. One never tires of reading about Columbia or Murphy's Camp, and written in O'Brien's easy style, the new material we have here enriches the literature of the Gold Rush and the country it affected.

McGraw-Hill have done a nice piece of bookmaking. The book will be a valuable addition to any library of Californiana.

OBSERVATION IN LOWER CALIFORNIA. By Johann Jakob Baegert, S. J. Translated from the original German, with an introduction and notes by M. M. Brandenburg and Carl L. Bauman. University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1952. Pp. xx, 218, Index, Maps and Ills. 8vo. \$5.00.

When their missionary field was given to the Franciscans and Dominicans, the fifteen Jesuit missionaries, who had worked there, were expelled from Lower California, so often referred to as the "Mother of California." Among them was Father Johann Jakob Baegert. He returned to his native Germany, and at Mannheim, in 1771, published his "OBSERVATIONS IN LOWER CALIFORNIA." This

was followed by a second edition in the following year and a third in 1773, all three in German text.

Until this year no complete translation in English has been published, altho Charles Rau made an English translation of portions of the work which were published in the annual reports of the Smithsonian Institute of 1863 and 1864. A complete Spanish translation was published in Mexico in 1942, and now the University of California Press has published a beautifully illustrated edition in English, from translations made by M. M. Brandenburg and Carl L. Bauman. The book is fully annotated and is a valuable contribution to the history of Lower California for the student, and is interesting reading for anyone who reads English.

Bitter at heart, Baegert wrote scathingly of the treatment meted out to the Jesuits and revealed shocking conditions existing among the natives of Lower California, whom he considered but one step above the wild beasts that surrounded them. His description of the country, its geography, botany and zoology is well done, but colored by his extreme distaste for Lower California and the hardships endured there by himself and his fellow missionaries.

Baegert covers the history of the peninsula from the first coming of the Spaniards to its shores, to the time of his expulsion. He added two appendices in which he explodes "false" reports about both the natives and his missionary brothers, expressing himself in no uncertain terms.

As a fine work, aside from its historical value, the book is a beautiful piece of the book makers art and the University of California Press can well be proud of this well printed and bound volume, a collectors' item in every sense of the word.

THE LARKIN PAPERS. Personal, Business, and Official Correspondence of Thomas Oliver Larkin, Merchant and United States Consul in California. Edited by George P. Hammond, Director of the Bancroft Library. Volume I 1822-1842 University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1951 Pp. xxi, 352, Color Frontispiece Portrait, Quarto \$10.00.

The most important contribution to the printed history of California in recent years is **THE LARKIN PAPERS** published by the Uni-

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versity of California Press of which Volume I has just been published.

THE LARKIN PAPERS are to be issued in ten large volumes and are comprised of the letters and documents of our only consul to California during the Mexican regime, Thomas Oliver Larkin. These documents passed through his hands during the years between 1822 and 1847. The first volume covers the years 1822-1842.

THE LARKIN PAPERS are a great mine of source material for California history, and their value is not surpassed by any one source yet published. The letters in the present volumes are from almost every influential American in the province, and many native Californians as well, all of which make mighty interesting reading to any one interested in the early days of California. These letters are packed with historical information of value.

Here we get an intimate knowledge of those early California pioneers who built the history of the state, and read the actual words used by such well known men in history, as Josiah Belden of Santa Cruz; Lewis T. Burton, Nicholas Den, John B. R. Cooper, Alfred Robinson and Alpheus B. Thompson of Santa Barbara; Abel Stearns, John Temple and Isaac Williams of Los Angeles; Nathan Spear, and William Sturgis of San Francisco, and Talbot H. Green, the secretary of the famous Bartleson-Bidwell party, who became a clerk for Larkin and later proved to be the absconder Paul Geddes, of Philadelphia. Captain Johann Sutter and William E. P. Hartnell, the sage of Salinas valley also wrote often to Larkin, as did the Californians, Jose Antonio Aguirre, Juan Bautista Alvarado, Mariano Castro, Francisco Pacheco and Miguel F. de Pedrorena and many others.

These letters not only reveal obscure historical facts, but also give an insight into the characters of the writers that is clearer than told in any other way.

These valuable papers are to be issued in volumes from time to time and are to be sold at ten dollars a volume unless the series is subscribed for, when they will be billed at nine dollars each, and

the University Press advises that a subscriber's subscription may be terminated at any time he may desire.

The University of California Press has done itself proud in the production of one of the handsomest volumes to be printed in the state for a long while. The typography, the styling, and the binding are just about perfect, and the color portrait frontispiece adds much to the beauty of the book.

ON THE BANKS OF THE ZANJA. *The Story of Redlands.* By Edith Parker Hinckley. The Saunders Press, Claremont, California. 1951, Pp. 149, Ills. 8vo. \$2.50.

Here is a beautiful little book replete with historical information on the lovely little city of Redlands, and the book is well-named, for Redlands was built on the banks of the *zanja*, the old irrigating ditch that came down from Mill Creek to carry water to the early orchards back in the days of Spanish settlement up to the present time.

Here is the history of Redlands from the days of the old *Lugo Rancho*, of which it was a part in Mexican days, to the thriving American city of today.

Mrs. Hinckley, who's life has been lived with the history of Redlands for the past forty-four years tells its story as only one can who is writing of their heart land. She has covered every phase of her home city in this, her second book, and has added another fine book to the historical literature of California.

Local history is always more interesting to read than any other type, and when written in the style used by Mrs. Hinckley, who puts so many personal touches in her story, it makes a book that charms the reader, whether he knows Redlands or not, and after reading ON THE BANKS OF THE ZANJA, you may be sure he will know Redlands at his earliest opportunity.

The book, as is always the case with a Saunders Press book, is well designed and appropriately bound. The illustrations are fine and well chosen.

This book is a contribution to local history of California that

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must find its way into every California library. It fills a long-needed space on the shelves of Californiana.

FIVE PREHISTORIC ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITES IN LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. By Edwin Francis Walker. Los Angeles, Southwest Museum. 1951. Pp. 116, Illustrations, plates (one in color) 8vo. \$3.50.

This book, Volume VI of the *Frederick Webb Hodge Anniversary Publication Fund*, is of especial interest to students of California history and anthropology. It treats of five prehistoric sites of early man's activity within the Los Angeles district.

The sites taken are: a metate site at San Fernando, discovered as late as 1936; a stratified site at Malaga Cove, within the city limits of Torrance, located on the bluffs of Santa Monica Bay between Redondo and Palos Verdes; a cemetery at Sheldon Reservoir in Pasadena, on the east side of the Arroyo Seco, about three city blocks south of Devil's Gate Dam; a cairn site at Chatsworth; and a stone bowl site in the Big Tujunga Wash.

Artifacts of importance were found at each of the five sites, and Edwin Francis Walker has described them so graphically that the attention of the reader is held, even though he has never before had knowledge of the prehistoric. The fact that all sites are within Los Angeles County is alone of sufficient reason for aroused interest among local historians and among anthropologists at large. The fine series of illustrations add both to the value and interest of the book.

Each of the six Hodge Fund publications is complete within itself and may be purchased separately.

Activities of the Society

By Ana Begue de Packman

MEETING OF JANUARY 29, 1952

President John C. Austin presided. He spoke of the Society's great loss in the passing of our valued member, Mr. Marshall Stimson.

The announcement of the election of officers to serve for the year 1952 was made as follows:

John C. Austin, President

Judge Frederick F. Houser, First Vice-President

Homor D. Crotty, Second Vice-President

Edward A. Dickson, Treasurer

Marco R. Newmark, Curator

Ana Begue de Packman, Secretary

President Austin then gave a most interesting account of the many types of architecture in Los Angeles. The Missions of California were the first attempt to characterize California's architecture, said Mr. Austin.

He further stated that the first building in the city erected to specifications was the Shannon Block on Broadway between Third and Fourth; the Wright and Callendar Building was the second steel frame building in the City of Los Angeles and it was constructed on the ancient shore line. This building still stands at

Activities of the Society

Fourth and Hill Streets and is owned by the Department of Water and Power.

He said that the enlarging of St. Vibiana's Cathedral showed evidence of early protection used against earthquakes. The brick columns that upheld the roof were found to be cored with wooden timbers.

In detail the speaker gave account of the many buildings that he was privileged to direct in their construction.

The Hancock mansion, built at the corner of Vermont Avenue, was one of the most magnificent residences on fabulous Wilshire Boulevard. The great Los Angeles City Hall towering over the Civic Center stands as a monument to the pioneer Los Angeles architect, John C. Austin.

Mr. Marco Newmark, Gifts Chairman, reported on many gifts received by the Society.

President Austin invited all those present to view the exhibits around the salon on their way to the refreshment room. Pouring at the urns were Mesdames John C. Austin and Celia Dobbs.

* * * * *

MEETING OF FEBRUARY 26, 1952

The traditional Lincoln Evening was presented and illustrated by a life-size portrait of Abraham Lincoln, painted by the noted artist, Hugo Ballin.

President Austin introduced the speaker, Dr. Jay Monaghan, Director and Librarian of the *Illionis Historical Society*.

Dr. Monaghan is the author of "*Diplomat in Carpet Slippers*"; "*Abraham Lincoln Deals in Foreign Affairs*," and "*Bibliography of Lincolniana (1839-1939)*." He is studying at the Huntington Library on a Rockefeller Foundation Grant tracing the relations between Lincoln and the West, principally through Western newspapers.

Dr. Monaghan is well able to speak on all phases of the great Lincoln and his family. He took an unusual approach by introducing Mary Todd Lincoln in "*An Impossible Marriage That Worked Out*." He made stirring word pictures of her life and of the gentle

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old lady who sat out her last days in a candle-lit room with her memories.

Outstanding guests of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Floyd C. Shoemaker. Mr. Shoemaker is Secretary of the *Missouri State Historical Society* and editor of its publication.

Hostesses of the evening were Mesdames John C. Austin and Frederic C. Ripley, they led the members and guests to the refreshment table, where at the coffee urns were Mesdames Jay Monaghan and Edmund Ducommun.

* * *

The Historical Society of Southern California sponsored a commemorative Bronze Plaque installation February 5, 1952.

The Department of Water and Power placed a bronze plaque at the spot where the first pole was erected in Los Angeles, March 30, 1916, by the municipal electric distribution system. The pole was set at the corner of Piedmont Avenue and Figueroa.

This event was one of several to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of municipal ownership of the city's domestic water distribution system.

* * * * *

MEETING OF MARCH 25, 1952

In the absence of President John C. Austin, First Vice-President Frederick F. Houser presided.

Judge Houser introduced the guests of honor and other dignitaries present who were: Miss Hortense White, the only living child of the late United States Senator Stephen Mallory White, and his grandson Stephen M. White and wife; The Hon. and Mrs. F. Emaldonado, Consul of Venezuela; Judge A. A. Scott, son of the speaker of the evening; and Judges Haas, Galbraith and Stephens.

Exhibits of family and friends photographs, White letters, and mementos were loaned by Miss Hortense White, as well as the presentation of several pieces of silver that graced the refreshment table.

A portrait of the Senator was a loan from the Loyola School of Law which was hung in the place of honor.

Activities of the Society

A full house waited, in anticipation, words from the veteran attorney, Joseph Scott.

Mr. Scott told the story of United States Senator Stephen Mallory White, "The Father of the San Pedro - Los Angeles Harbor."

Superior Judge Houser introduced Mr. Scott with the comment: "Los Angeles' life was enriched when Joe Scott came here from England in 1893."

Mr Scott said: "Stephen White typified everything that a man should be." He led the fight in the late '90s "to give Los Angeles a free harbor not dominated by moneyed powers. The breakwater at San Pedro is a tribute to Steve's power of persuasion with powerful influences opposing him — he never let up until he won the fight."

Stephen White did things, said Mr. Scott. A fee of \$150.00 kept White from leaving California and moving to Tombstone, Arizona. He later became district attorney for Los Angeles County.

The speaker recalled the beauty of Senator White's bride, Miss Hortense Sacriste.

Judge Houser thanked the speaker in behalf of the Society and invited all present to gather around the refreshment table and partake of the collation.

At the urns were Miss Hortense White and Mrs. Frederick F. Houser.

Gifts to the Society

In each issue of THE QUARTERLY there appears a list of the donors and gifts made currently to the Society.

The Society is making an especial effort to build up its collection of historic materials, such as diaries, letters, account books, early newspapers, theatre and other programs, pictures of early-day life in California and costumes. We need your help.

Every member of the Society has some historic article that would be welcomed, and THE QUARTERLY sincerely hopes that the names of all our members will be recorded from time to time in the gift column.

MARCO R. NEWMARK,
Chairman, Committee on Gifts and Bequests

MR. JOHN C. AUSTIN: Leather covered album containing photographs of the Madame Ida Hancock House, "Villa Madonna," with views of the exterior and interior with furnishings of this most beautiful mansion; a bound album of photographs illustrating the changes made architecturally in Saint Vibiana's Cathedral; a photographic history of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Los Angeles dating from 1850, when the Rev. John Brier held first services in the home of Mayor J. S. Nichols, to the building of the sturdy brick church at Eighth and Hope Streets in 1920 under the pastorate of the Rev. Elmer Elsworth Helms; a history of the present Los Angeles City Hall, the officials of 1928, the architects, contractor, sculptors, painters and committeemen, and the materials that went into its erection; *St. Mary's Academy*, an illustrated year book of 1912, showing various views and buildings of the academy; a package of photographs: St. Vincent's present eight-story modern building at Third and Alvarado Streets, Shrine Auditorium, exterior views and interior shots of stage and backdrop, Convent of the Carmelite Sisters of Alhambra, laying of the cornerstone of Frank Wiggins Trade School.

Gifts to the Society

- DOMINGUEZ ESTATE CO. (From M. Charles Crawford): Photographs of Will Rogers, Charles Lindbergh and J. L. Maddux standing beside the first passenger plane "Ford Box Car," also photograph of a comparative plane of today.
- MR. EDMUND DUCOMMUN: Plat of the Ducommun home place survey made in 1885 by H. J. Stevenson, showing Pico Street on the northern boundary crossed by Charity, Hope and Figueroa Streets.
- MR. JOHN FINNALL: Ancient portable writing desk of 125 years ago which was owned by U. S. Marshall William C. Richardson, who was killed by Charles Cora, a noted San Francisco gambler. The death of Richardson and the subsequent murder of James King of William precipitated the Vigilance Committee at San Francisco in 1856; lithograph of East Los Angeles in 1888 by H. S. Crocker and Company; three framed photographs showing scenes of old Los Angeles — these pictures are well preserved under glass.
- MR. AND MRS. DUNCAN GLEASON: Book: *ISLANDS OF CALIFORNIA, a History of Catalina, the Channel Islands, and the Farallones*, by Duncan Gleason. These fabulous islands are colorfully depicted by the author both through words and illustrations of his own; periodicals; two articles from a series "*The Lost Islands of San Pedro*," appearing in *Sea* magazine — these articles are illustrated from drawings and paintings by the author-artist and tell a story of the islands along with the birth of Los Angeles Harbor, covering the era from the coming of the first sailing vessel into port, down to the present time.
- MR. JAMES C. HANLEY: Magazines — two issues of the *Pony Express* of 1952, telling stories of pioneers and old trails.
- MR. RAY HOWARD: Book: *NARRATIVE OF A NATIVE*, by Robert M. Clarke, a biographical sketch typical of the hardy pioneers who came to California in 1850. — this story was compiled by the author as a tribute to his parents.
- GEORGE H. KRESS, M. D.: Bulletin of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, which has served the community for eighty-two years.
- MR. J. GREGG LAYNE: Photographs: historic photographs of Glendora in 1907, air view in 1914; two Los Angeles City Directories for 1933.
- MR. GUY E. MARION: Photograph of fifteen former presidents of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.
- MISS ANNA McKEE: Photographs: Incline Railway of historic Mount Lowe in 1900; Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce dinner meeting of 1923; Retail Hardware Men's banquet of 1913.
- MRS. DAISY ROSE MONTGOMERY: Bound biography of Guy Rose, the donor's brother, native son and renowned artist, by Earl L. Stendahl —

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Guy Rose was an illustrator for *Harper's*, *Scribners*, *Century* and *Youth's Companion* magazines, attaining medals both at home and abroad for his work.

MR. MARCO R. NEWMARK: Book: *ANNALS OF SAN FRANCISCO* by Frank Soule, John H. Gihon, M. D. and James Nisbet (1854); *Journal of the Southern California Conference Methodist Episcopal Church* (1876-1926); pamphlet of *Souvenir of the Claretian Seminary at the historic Dominguez Rancho*; pamphlet issued by Grimes Strassforth Stationery Company in celebration of sixty years of progress in Los Angeles; booklet '*Lew Chew or Rynkyn Islands*' by Ross H. Gast, a story of expedition into Japan by Commodore Perry in 1853; Union Station souvenir booklet of the opening celebration "*Railroads Built the Nation*" (1869-1939).

MR. JAMES R. PAGE: Book: I. N. VAN NUYS (1835-1912) by his son-in-law, the donor, a personal narrative about the pioneer wheat farming developer and Los Angeles businessman — this was drawn from memory and from family records and is illustrated by reproductions of several photographs from the collection of J. Gregg Layne.

MISS RUTH PICO: Portrait of Senora Rosario Estudillo de Aguirre, grandmother of the donor.

THE LATE MRS. C. C. PIERCE: Publication of *MAIN MEN AND WOMEN OF CALIFORNIA*, — this book contains biographies and photographs of such outstanding figures as Judge Waldo York, Mr. and Mrs. John Truman Gower, after whom Gower Street is named; a panorama of the little city of Los Angeles when her population was about 5,000 (1869) before the coming of the railroads.

MR. CHARLES PUCK: Painting of the *Rancho Buena Vista adobe*, home built by the Yorbas and now owned by Mrs. Julia Fuqua; package of photographs of missions, adobe ruins in Palm Springs district, hotel and store at Beaumont; Los Angeles and Santa Monica Independence Railway depot; Pershing Square parking lot excavation; freeway clearing from Bunker Hill down Aliso Street; Chavez Ravine district to be cleared for a housing project; *Rancho Santa Margarita* adobe site, depicting present hay and stock barn; Olvera Street scene; page from Los Angeles Census of 1836 showing total population of 2,228; newspaper article from the *Californian* (March 15, 1848) — first notice of the discovery of gold; 1886 *San Diego Sun* quotes, "We could put Los Angeles in a section of our city and she would look like a fly speck on a window pane."

MR. ROBERT H. RAPHAEL, JR.: Photographs: historic scenes and views of the H. Raphael Glass Company, pioneer glass firm established in 1870 by H. Raphael, Sr. — this firm has continuously operated since that date to the present time; book: *CALIFORNIA REGISTER*, 1859 — this publication is

Gifts to the Society

a year book of facts covering statistics relative to federal, state and municipal government in California.

MR. JUSTIN SCHRAFF: Four-column newspaper clipping of historic facts reciting the story of early Lompoc pioneers and the story of the making of the Bear Flag by Nancy Kelly — long may she wave!

MR. FRANK A. SCHILLING: Album: pictorial history of the Edison Building and Grauman's Million Dollar Theater — the photographs show in detail the exteriors and interiors.

SECURITY FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES: Through Research Department by William D. Brodek — map surveys, fifty bound booklets of maps with index showing individual ownerships, Los Angeles Real Estate Block Surveys.

MR. H. H. WEST: Photographs: unidentified personnel of the office force of Western Union Telegraph Company in 1890; old Los Angeles Chinatown in 1898; City Market in 1900, showing Chinese and Mexican hucksters; a familiar character-about-town whose clothing was made up entirely of old newspapers.

MISS HORTENSE WHITE: Photographs: framed portrait of U. S. Senator Stephen M. White at the time of his service in Washington; also a photograph of him as a young man; Senator White's wedding portrait with his bride, Hortense Sacriste; records: gold embossed marriage certificate of the couple issued by Bishop Mora of Saint Vibiana's Cathedral; a presentation of silver, coffee pot and sugar bowl, for use at after-meeting refreshment hour of the Society. The above gifts were given to the *Historical Society of Southern California* in tribute to the memory of the donor's parents.

MR. WALTER A. WOODS: Photograph of the pioneer Benjamin F. Coulter, early Christian pastor and founder of Coulter's Dry Goods Company.

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The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

IN MEMORY
J. Gregg Layne
1885-1952

President of the SOCIETY:
1931 - 1932; 1942 - 1945

Editor of the QUARTERLY:
1935 - 1952

Volume XXXIV

JUNE, 1952

Number 2



FOUNDED 1883



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.

* * * * *

Address articles, stories, books for review, and all material to appear in the *QUARTERLY*, and general Society correspondence to:

The Secretary,
The Historical Society of Southern California
2425 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles 5, California

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY





HOME OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY

VOLUME XXXIV

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The Historical Society of Southern California

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883

1952

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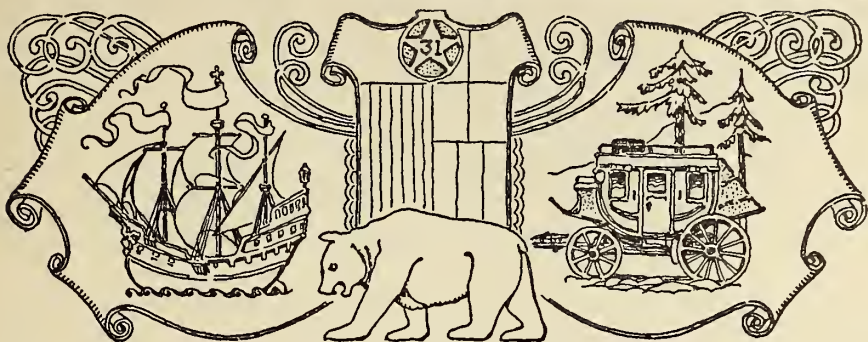
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The Historical Society of Southern California QUARTERLY for June, 1952

S THIS ISSUE OF THE QUARTERLY goes to press, the sad news of the sudden passing of Mr. J. Gregg Layne has been received. Mr. Layne served the Society as editor of the Quarterly for the past seventeen years. He was a former President of *The Historical Society of Southern California*.

A great research scholar, Mr. Layne was recognized as one of the foremost authorities on the history of the entire Pacific Southwest. His passing is a great loss, not alone to *The Historical Society of Southern California*, but to the State of California as well.

In appreciation of his long years of service to the QUARTERLY and to the Society this, his last number of the QUARTERLY, is respectfully dedicated.



IN THE JUNE number of *THE QUARTERLY* we welcome several new contributors whose articles are not only very interesting, but of real value to California history.

Calico, the old Mojave Desert town, has lately come in for much publicity, so Herman F. Mellen's "Reminiscences of Old Calico" is quite timely. He went to Calico in 1882 and saw the start of much of its activity.

Mrs. Somerby's article on the Olympic Games is also most appropriate at the present time, and her story of "When Los Angeles was Host to the Olympic Games of 1932" is a contribution of value to local and world wide history.

In "Pathways to Freeways" by Harry A. Faull, and Andrew F. Rolle's "Wagon Pass Rancho Withers Away" we have two of the best pieces of local history that have yet been published in *THE QUARTERLY*.

It is regrettable that we must, due to lack of space, give *THE QUARTERLY*'s readers such a short installment of Margaret Romer's fine article on the Colorado River, "From Boulder to the Gulf," but this will be made up in the September number. We have many laudatory comments on Mrs. Romer's story.

Reminiscences of Old Calico

By Herman F. Mellen

PART I



ONE EVENING in the second week in September, in the year of 1882, father announced at the supper table that he had some good news to tell us. (Father and I were working at the time at the furniture factory of Hambrook & Ward on Alameda Street in Los Angeles.) Mother said, "Go on, let us have it."

Thereupon, he told us that he had a call that day from Colonel Markham to go out to Calico Mining Camp and construct works for handling ore on the King mine there. He, Colonel Markham, had taken over the mine with option to purchase. He was well-known to our family, father having worked for him at Oro Grande a year or so previously, where he was not only employer, but friend as well.

Mother was tickled to hear the news, *but*, when father said the offer included Herman (myself) as well . . . *whee* . . . she went right up in the air! "What? Take that boy, only fifteen, into that wild mining camp, among those wild miners? *No! NO!*"

But father pleaded his case, while I gave an earnest, if not very able, second, and we finally won the day. I have always been thankful that we did, as it was the turning point of my life to a great degree. I would not have missed these experiences for any other ten years of my life.

The next day we began to make preparations for the trip which was to be made by wagon. Tent, camp kit, clothing, were assembled, as well as food supplies for "batching," as we were ignorant of conditions at the camp regarding living and source of supplies. On the third day everything was ready. The wagon, a light spring

wagon, was loaded; old Kit, the mare, was hitched up; and amid tears and good wishes we were on our way. Father drove and I sat on the left side of the seat with our shotgun across my lap, and a mighty sense of adventure inside me, which later was to be largely fulfilled during the next two and one-half years.

Our route took us through East Los Angeles to Mission Road at a point near the County Hospital, which at that time was well in the open country. All the country was practically open hills and plains from the hospital to El Monte, and game was everywhere on the road. It was my job and privilege, to say nothing of pride, to shoot what we needed. Passing through El Monte and Savanna, we bore to the left until we were near the foot of the mountains. Then through Duarte and Azusa which, with a store or two, were mostly farms and orchards and most splendid quail and rabbit country. We camped for dinner at Duarte. I had bagged all the quail we needed for dinner long before we stopped.

Game was still plentiful in the afternoon, and I shot quail for our supper which we ate after making camp at Cucamonga Creek. Cucamonga consisted of one general store and a great plenty of open country 'round about. We bought hay and grain here for old Kit; also visited with the storekeeper, who told us that the place was one of the Yuma-to-Los Angeles stage stations in the early days.

Next morning, getting an early start, we made our noon stop within a few miles of Lytle Creek. Nearly all of the country we passed through was unsettled, with the exception of one beautiful ranch where San Antonio Creek debauched from the mountains. This ranch, I learned, was the home of an ex-sea captain.

Shortly after noon, the road entered the Lytle Creek Wash, a wide boulder-strewn waste some five miles across. The road had been made by piling the boulders to each side, and was just wide enough for a wagon to pass between the piles. Passing places had been made about every three hundred feet by removing boulders for a distance of some fifty feet, making the road wide enough for passing. In this stretch of road, while we were admiring a ranch, the houses and barns nestled at the foot of the mountain in a great

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orchard of peach trees, we met with an adventure which might very well have been our last.

We were about two-thirds of the way across the wash, and near the ranch entrance, when we heard a man yelling and the rattling of wagon wheels in the rock-strewn road. Suddenly rounding a curve ahead, there came a farm wagon with the driver standing up, lashing the team and yelling at the top of his lungs. The team, galloping, bore down on our rig, and it looked like a head-on collision was imminent, as we were not near one of the passing places, and so, without means of escape. However, the driver turned into the roadway leading to the beautiful ranch just in time to spare us. Father remarked, "Drunk, crazy, or in trouble and going for help. One guess is as good as another! Well, I'm glad he's out of our way, at least!"

About this time our playful chap had made the yard at the ranch, bringing up with a wide circle among wagons and farm implements. We could hear the crash, followed by the angry yelling of three men who came running at the noise.

"Guess that fellow has some explaining to do, to keep busy awhile," father commented.

He was mistaken though, as we had made only a short half-mile on our way, when the yelling and uproar came down on us from the rear. This time we were near a turnout, so father whipped up and made the place just in time to leave the road clear. Our playful friend did not appreciate this, as it threatened to spoil his little joke, so he threw all his weight on the right line, bringing his running team around short. His wagon locked the end of our shafts, dragging the front of our wagon, horse and all, up on the boulders. His team was also standing on the wall-like rock pile when it came to a stop.

The gentleman, meanwhile had lain, or fallen, down in the wagon bed, where he cocked a leering eye at us the while he informed us that he was drunk. Father eyed him for a second saying, "Well, you didn't quite make it, did you?"

"Didn't make what? I'm drunk, I tell you!" he answered.

To which father replied, "I see you are, and as you can't under-

stand English, maybe you can understand this!" Reaching over, he took the shotgun from me, turned it on the chap and said, "Now, we are going on. And if you try one more of your tricks, you get both barrels of this, just as soon as you get close enough!"

The chap still lay in the wagon bed, leering at us. After a moment he spoke: "Know what I think of you? (The gun was still trained on him.) I think you are an old *pfft!*" making an incoherent hissing sound. We eventually got untangled and drove on. As we saw no more of him, we guessed that our sportive friend had understood, finally.

Soon after the above mentioned encounter, we crossed Lytle Creek stream, which even at this late season was flowing a large volume of beautifully clear water. This particular year, the water was flowing quite close to the Cajon Canyon side of the wash, so we left the rock-strewn delta soon thereafter. We entered the Cajon Canyon at a point quite near where the present Foothill Boulevard enters the Canyon. Continuing up the canyon, we made camp for the night at Vincent's Ranch. (I am not sure of the name; it may be Vinson.)

Father related our adventure of the afternoon to Mr. Vincent, who said, "It's a pity you didn't shoot the skunk. He is an infernal pest when he gets a few drinks in him. Someone will give him what he is looking for some of these days."

After pitching camp and eating supper, we spent the evening with the Vincent family. Father had become acquainted with them while he was moving out to Oro Grande two years before.

Next morning we took up our trek, passing the Toll House, which was kept by Tay and Lawrence at this time. Here, having a one-horse rig, we paid fifty cents toll. Game was still plentiful, quail and cottontail rabbits everywhere, until we reached the summit of the pass, where we had a late dinner.

What a change in scenery! We started down grade now to the Mojave River, through great groves of Joshua trees much of the way. There were no quail or cottontails now, jackrabbits having taken their place. We arrived at the river at Pearl's Crossing, just below the Lower Narrows, about sundown. There we forded the river,

Reminiscences of Old Calico

which was some sixty feet wide and about one foot deep, with thick cottonwood forests on both sides of the stream. The Oro Grande Mining Company took water from the river at this point, running it some one and one-half or two miles by ditch to its mill where the water turned a turbine waterwheel which ran the company's ten-stamp mill.

We soon arrived at the mill and headquarters where we were to get orders and instructions for the work to be done at Calico. Captain E. P. Johnson, general superintendent for the company, told us to make camp, then come up and spend the evening at the office. He would give his instructions then, as he intended to leave for Los Angeles early the next morning.

In the evening, while Captain Johnson and father were talking, a man came in to report that the horse and wagon were both in good trim for the morrow's trip and to ask what time the start was to be made. "Four a.m. sharp," was the reply. "And the bricks are ready, so put them in the buggy now. Herman will carry one of them for you. He is working for us now." ("Herman" referred to me.)

The bricks, which were silver, were the first I had ever seen, and *also* the first I had ever lifted. All hands had a good laugh when I attempted to lift mine. Those bricks weighed fifty pounds, and, while I was good for a one hundred-pound lift, being a husky lad, I was not acquainted with the technique of lifting such concentrated weight. The bricks were not much larger than an ordinary building brick. However, I got the thing on my shoulder and down to the stable, though I began to think it would sink through before we arrived.

We were on our way again early the next morning. The road led up a canyon for a few miles toward the Oro Grande group of mines, then leaving this canyon, it branched to the right to intersect the road leading to Stoddard's Wells. This second road crossed the Mojave River at Roger's Station which is the present Victorville. We would have stayed on it the preceding day except for the necessity of getting our orders at Oro Grande. The country along this stretch became more barren than that between Cajon Pass and the Mojave River.

We made Stoddard's Wells at noon and stopped for dinner for ourselves and our horse. The sole population was the family who kept the place — a man and wife and their two children, a boy of ten, and his sister, about seven. While I was getting the fire started, the boy and girl came to visit. When I asked them where they went to school, the boy said, "Mister, they ain't no school nearer than Oro Grande. Our mother teaches us."

Little sister spoke up then, "Mama is better'n any old teacher — 'cause she knows everything."

"Oh, she don't either!" from the boy.

"Does too! She tells us 'bout Romeo and Juliet 'n' that's out of Jake Spear's book!"

"Huh! *That mush!* Dad reads about Al Barber (Ali Baba) 'n' his forty thieves outen the 'Rabian Nights, 'n' *that's somethin'*. Only Ma says it ain't good for children. It's alright for *us men*, though!"

Asked what they did to amuse themselves in such a place, the boy answered, "Oh, we have lots of fun. We chase chipmunks, and chuckawallas, and we catch turtles. Say! We got a whale of a big turtle tied up now. Want to see him? Come on!"

I went to see the turtle, and if he was not the great-grand-dad of the turtle family, he was at least a great-uncle. I have seldom seen one approach it in size. These children, with the normal interests of any children, were quite happy though they had no playmates and their nearest neighbors were twenty miles away.

After two pleasant hours spent here, we pulled out for Fish Ponds on the lower Mojave River, reaching it about sundown to make camp for the night. Fish Ponds was located on the river about mid-way between the sites of the present towns of Barstow and Daggett, neither of which existed at that time, even in imagination; though an old-time station, Grapevine Station, was near the present Barstow. Both this station and Fish Ponds were on the old Mormon Route and had served the public well until the shorter route from Rogers to Fish Ponds, by way of Stoddard Wells, came into use.

Fish Ponds was at the time, 1882, a beautiful place. The river bottom, over a quarter of a mile wide, was covered with cottonwood and mesquite trees, with solid sod all around. The river, a

Reminiscences of Old Calico

nice stream of clear water, had several sloughs, or lagoons, also of clear water, well populated with small fish of the chub family and wild ducks in season.

While father was getting camp made for the night, he told me to take the gun and see if I could get a duck. This suited me to a "T," though I knew nothing, or something less than nothing, about duck hunting. I walked up to a slough with lots of ducks on it, fondly expecting them to stay put for me, but they couldn't see it my way.

After three or four tries of this kind, it now being just about dusk, I started back to camp empty-handed and disgusted. About this time a flock of a dozen or so came flying over, from one slough to another. I had never shot at anything on the wing up to this time, but decided to make a try, so let go at the flock in general.

The only effect seemed to be to confuse them; they circled once, one of them going in a shorter circle than the flock and almost straight up. I watched them for a second or two, then started for camp kicking up the dust with disgusted feet, head down and with no more interest in ducks.

Suddenly, I heard a hissing sound in the air above me, followed at once by a cutting slash on my right cheek, and the thump of an object hitting the ground at my feet. Holding my cheek and winking back the tears caused by the whip-like slash, I looked down to see a fine fat mallard duck at my feet.

Joy! I had a duck, my first! He was warm, though very dead indeed. I had no idea how he had met his end, but took him into camp, where we examined him and found that one single shot had hit him in the throat, or perhaps I should say chin, and had gone out the top of his head. This was the boy which had gone straight up. I have often wondered since, what the result would have been if said duck had fallen six inches farther to the left; disastrous to me I think, judging from the terrible slash I had from the point of the wing as he passed my face. Well, he was most excellent eating anyway, and our first game since passing the summit of Cajon Pass.

Next morning we started early on the last leg of our trip. Go-

ing up a small canyon, or gulch, we topped the ridge and looked out over Calico Dry Lake, the first dry lake I had ever seen. Later, I was to see this one full of water; quite an impressive sight. As we approached the lake we had our first sight of Calico, lying at the foot of Calico Mountain. The camp, part wooden buildings, part tents, strung along a narrow ridge between the two canyons made quite a showing.

We drove up the main street just before noon, welcomed by laughter and shouts of "Here comes the narrow gauge now!" This greeting came from the "bench sweaters," (loafers) sitting in front of the town's five saloons. The joke anent the narrow gauge referred to our one-horse rig; very few were seen on the desert at this time. It also referred to a projected railroad to connect the camp with the outside world. Later one actually was built between Calico and Daggett.

As we pulled into the center of town, Colonel Blaisdel, an acquaintance and friend, ran out to meet us. The Colonel, formerly of Oro Grande, insisted that we take dinner with him at his restaurant, one of three or four open at that time.

After hunting up the offices of the company and reporting to Mr. Barber, the superintendent, we pitched camp beside the office building and then took advantage of Colonel Blaisdel's invitation to dinner. I was all ears and eyes, listening to the talk going on among the men in the restaurant.

This talk sounded as if at least half the diners were wealthy men to whom a few thousands of dollars were a mere bagatelle. While we ate, mills and roads were planned, railroads laid out and new camps started as though such things were mere incidents of the day's work. This planning was done by men mostly with no money at all, or at most, enough for a few week's living expenses. However, hope ran high, and I was to learn in the next two and one-half years how much men of this type could, and did, do with no other capital than strong hands and the will to do.

After dinner father made arrangements to have old Kit led behind the ore team to Oro Grande, there to be put in pasture until needed. These ore teams were hauling ore from the King Mine to

Reminiscences of Old Calico

Oro Grande, where it was milled. There were two camps maintained between Calico and Oro Grande. Two of the teams left Oro Grande each morning with empty wagons and at a point midway between Oro Grande and Stoddard's Wells, the first camp, they met the two loaded wagons from Stoddard's Wells. Here the teams were exchanged, the loaded wagons going on to the mill at Oro Grande while the empties kept on to Stoddard's Wells. This was repeated between Stoddard's Wells and Fish Ponds, the second camp. The third set of teams worked between Fish Ponds and Calico, going to Calico empty in the forenoon and returning to Fish Ponds loaded in the afternoon. This setup gave each team half a day under load with the other half-day traveling light.

This hauling employed ten teamsters, three corral men, one foreman, two blacksmiths, a cook at Stoddard's Wells, and also between 120 and 130 mules.

Until the railroad was built from Mojave to Needles, teams were also kept busy hauling feed and hay from the coast country to Oro Grande to supply sustenance for mules as well as food and supplies for the men. The ore delivered at the mill in Oro Grande was twenty tons a day.

You can see that it had to be rich ore to pay expenses. Only the high grade ore could be handled under these conditions, the lower grades being held at the mines for future working, when conditions would warrant.

The next morning after our arrival we went to work to erect an ore bin and chute at the King Mine. Mr. Barber, the superintendent, handed us the plans, as he called them, for the work. These turned out to be nothing but sketches, no dimensions or details. The chute was represented by one straight line drawn diagonally across the sheet of paper with the word "chute" written under it.

This was a pretty howdy-do, as no one, including ourselves, seemed to know how much pitch a chute needed for rock to slide easily. After father had been informed by various parties, each with his own opinion, that a chute had to have a pitch all the way from twenty degrees to one hundred and ten degrees — this last was indeed liberal — with a goodly number claiming that ore would

not run in a chute even if were perpendicular, he concluded to build a short section of one and so prove the matter to himself and to the company. This he did, finding that dry ore would slide on a pitch of thirty degrees and very readily on one of thirty-two degrees.

This being settled, the next move was to survey the mountain-side from the site of the bin to the mine dump, so as to estimate the amount of lumber needed. We found upon survey that a level trackway would have to be built out from the mine dump to a height of ninety feet from the ground at its outer end in order to obtain sufficient fall for the chute to have its thirty-two degree pitch.

The report of this survey nearly gave the members of the company heart failure; their first reaction was to abandon the job and build a road instead. However, further surveying convinced them that a road would cost several times more than the chute. Furthermore, it would take nearly a year to build the road, while the chute could be built in little better than two months. So the chute won!

The ore bin was soon finished, then we tackled the trestle work to carry the track from the mine dump to the head of the chute. This was interesting work and not unpleasant — exciting, in fact, for me — until our first wind came. It came in October, when the trestle was extended to a point about eighty feet from the ground, and therefore nearly finished. *How the wind can blow in that country!* Men needed claws like a cat to keep their grip on a trestle while they worked. This wind lasted three days and nights, slowing the work up some, but not stopping us.

As soon as this head work was finished, we began the chute, working from the bin up to connect with the level track. All kinds of bets were made now among the boys that the thing would not work when finished. It was rather fun to listen, having the “inside dope” because we had actually tried the matter out.

The work went on rapidly and smoothly so that Christmas week saw the chute finished, without hullabaloo or fanfare. We had a carload (one-half ton) of ore brought out and dumped in. It went down the fifteen hundred feet with an uproar to equal a freight train in full motion. The effect on the town was magical; in less time than it takes to write it, we had every man, woman and

Reminiscences of Old Calico

child out in the street looking up the mountain. After a moment of silence, they saluted, in true American fashion, with a mighty cheer. The job was done, and *successfully, too!*

No, *not quite done!* The carmen declared they would not push cars out to that ninety-foot height without a good railing placed along the trestle. Father took the matter up at once with Mr. Barber. The latter, a kindly but very brusque man, declared that the railing was all unnecessary; and furthermore, the company had already spent about twice as much as it had figured on doing. However, he agreed to go up to the mine the next morning and look the matter over. *Here is where the fun comes in.*

Come morning, and Mr. Barber was as good as his word. He went up, had a carload of ore run out and sent down the chute. He waited until the empty car came back, jubilant at the entire success of the work. Then he walked out to the end of the track, looked down at the ground, ninety feet below, and at the town, a stone's throw and nearly a thousand feet below, turned and started back to the mine dump. He had not made twenty feet until a stiff puff of wind came across the trestle. This was too much!

Down he went on hands and knees; holding on to the car rails with his hands, he came home in record time on all fours! When he reached land and got on his feet, father said, "Well, Mr. Barber, shall we put up the hand rail?"

The reply was emphatic in the extreme, "Hand rail, Good Gad! Board it up solid and batten the cracks, Mellen, before I ever go out there again!"

We took this for permission and went about placing a good substantial hand rail on the trestle.

Mr. Barber had to stand quite a bit of chaffing from his friends regarding his undignified return trip and subsequent remark, all of which he took good-naturedly. He was a splendid man who later went into business with a brother. Father worked for them most of the winter and spring of 1884 and 1885 at their new mill just below the town on the edge of the valley.

The photograph of the King chute (*Fig. 1*), taken at the completion of the job about January 1, 1883, will give some idea of its

appearance at this time and of Calico Mountain, then spoken of as King Mountain, in the background.

Our first Christmas dinner in camp was eaten with old family friends, Mr. and Mrs. Olivier and family, who kept one of the stores. Mrs. Olivier had been a school teacher as a young woman, and was witty and good company at all times. The dinner, in one respect, was something of a joke at which Mrs. Olivier and we had many a good laugh. It seems that a week before Christmas, a young man who clerked in James' store, which was next door, came to Mrs. Olivier asking her if she would cook a turkey for him for Christmas. His folks were sending one to him, and, as a bachelor taking his meals at restaurants, he would have no way to partake of the turkey unless she would come to the rescue. He gave Mrs. Olivier permission to invite as many of her friends as she chose to accommodate, guaranteeing that the turkey would be a large one.

Well, Christmas morning he came with the turkey, a dressed one and as nicely packed as it was when it had left home. As soon as he left, Mrs. Olivier unwrapped it. *Oh, my!* It was plain that said turkey had been away from home altogether too long to attend a Christmas dinner. We later heard that the bird had been a full week on the road, with warm weather the whole week.

Mrs. Olivier did not want to hurt the boy's feelings and besides her guests were invited with no chance to recall the invitations. So she concluded to make the best of an embarrassing situation by going to her husband's store and commanding all the canned turkey in sight, some six cans. The really funny part came at dinner when the young man held forth at length on the quality of turkeys his family raised, not forgetting to praise the cook for the lovely tenderness and seasoning.

He never took notice of the fact that each guest, including himself, had a drumstick! It never seemed to enter his head that twelve drumsticks was, to say the least, just a little above the number usually allotted to one turkey! Mrs. Olivier had a hard time keeping down her risibilities during the meal. When the young man left, she gave us the story after swearing us to secrecy. As far as I



Figure 1

ORE CHUTE AND BINS AT THE KING MINE, 1883

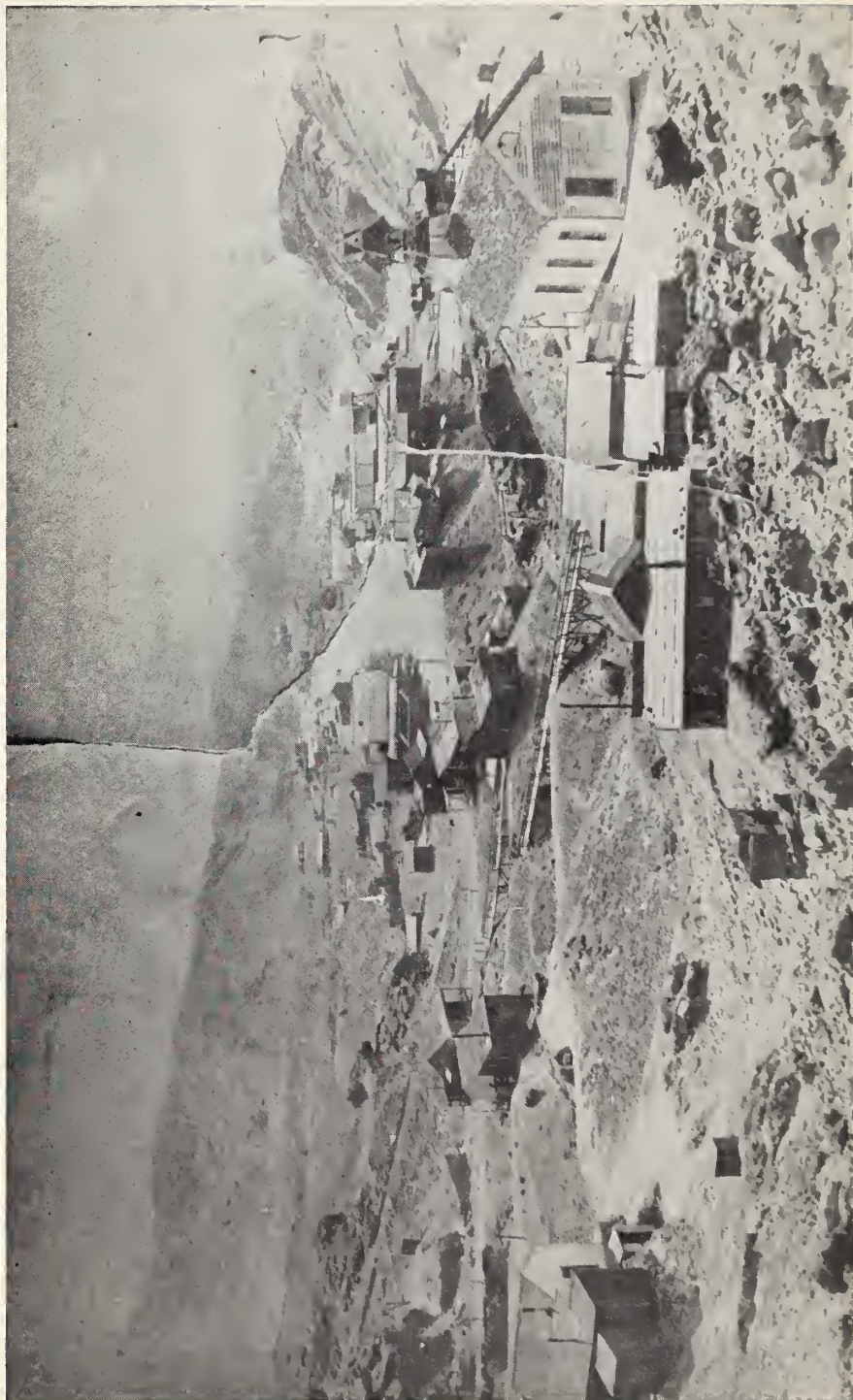


Figure 2
CALICO, ABOUT 1890

Reminiscences of Old Calico

know, the young man never learned the truth of the matter, so everyone was happy.

The week after our Christmas dinner we moved over to the Odessa Canyon where we went to work building a switch-back tramway on the Odessa Mine. The mountainside upon which it was built came very close to being a cliff. While working here, we pitched our tent in the bed of the canyon, which at this point is so deep and narrow that there is scarcely room for the road. In winter, because of the narrowness and nearly perpendicular walls, the sun is almost entirely shut out.

As January advanced the weather grew constantly colder; all the water, which was hauled in barrels, became solid ice after a couple of nights. This made plenty of trouble, as the water would not thaw out during the day, and the barrels had no openings other than the bung-holes. We knocked the head out of one barrel and next time the water wagon came, we had the water man fill this barrel and leave us a couple more headless barrels. February came in warmer, though, and we appreciated it greatly.

During this winter and early spring the first "flu" epidemic hit California, though we called the sickness *la grippe* at that time. However, it was just as wicked under that name and put several of the boys under the sod. One might better say under a stone coverlet as one can see by viewing the old cemetery just below the point where Wall Street Canyon debouches into the valley at the lower end of Calico Camp. The *la grippe* gave me a tough wrestle. Guess it nearly got me, as my lungs were about useless for the purpose for which lungs were made. I had a profuse night sweat with a cough that turned nights into torment.

I have the kindest memories of a Mrs. Belle Murdock, beside whose cabin our tent was pitched. This lady was a prospector in her own right, being locator and owner of the Dundenburg Mine. One night, or rather about two o'clock one morning, when I was having a particularly hard time coughing and strangling, she made up a cough syrup and sent it in by one of her three boarders. This remedy cleared my throat and lungs in a jiffy, giving me the first night's rest I had had in weeks. The remedy was powerful, consist-

ing mainly of salt, vinegar, butter, onion juice and honey. I know it was potent, for a few nights later when I had another coughing spell, father attempted to warm it up without taking the cork out of the bottle. (It had to be heated to be effective.) The cork came out under the steam pressure, squirting a stream across the tent where it contacted the nice new shotgun barrel. For the rest of its days, the gun carried a beautiful etching on both barrels where the syrup had struck it. Nevertheless, I bless the Widow Belle, and still believe this remedy probably saved my life. This same lady claimed to have been in the secret service of the Confederate States during the Civil War, and I have little doubt but that she was.

Which reminds me that while employed in the Odessa Canyon, I was to have a new and mighty interesting experience in meeting and knowing many men who passed through exciting, history-making periods of our nation's growth. As most of us lived in tents or makeshift camps of one kind or another it was the custom to gather around a campfire in the evenings. Radio, phonograph or telephone being unknown, and other entertainment being impossible, the men told of their experiences as they sat around the fires. Being the youngest and having had no experiences to tell, I could devote my whole time to listening so that the stories were indelibly impressed upon my memory.

During the three years spent in this camp, I worked and lived side-by-side with many men who had served either in the Union or the Confederate armies and were still young men. My father, still in his forties, was one. There were hale and hearty "Forty-Niners" in their fifties. Some had been in the gold rush to Australia in the early fifties. Several had been in the first gold rush to Alaska, the Juneau rush, now almost forgotten. I wish that I could put on paper a dozen or more of the true stories heard in the old Calico days and all as clear in my mind today as when I heard them a half-century or more ago. However, I shall content myself with some of the more striking ones.

Here is by far the *most wonderful* one; told one evening when someone proposed that each tell of the narrowest shave he had ever had. A man by the name of Richards, or possibly Richardson, who

Reminiscences of Old Calico

was known as "Richy" to most of us, told of an experience while serving in the "First Maryland Infantry, Union" during the war between the States. His regiment, as he related the instance, had been put out as advance to feel out the enemy. While working slowly forward through thick woods, he came face-to-face with men advancing cautiously toward his regiment. He halted them at once and asked, "What outfit are you men?"

The answer, given without hesitation was, "Company I, First Maryland Infantry."

To quote Richy, "I laughed,' and said, 'Boys, you are turned clean around and going back home. You ought to be well on our right.' The man who had told us what outfit they were said, 'Thank you,' and slid back into the shadow, and with the others was gone. We went forward mighty slowly, and carefully after that. I asked one of the boys what he thought of it. He said he bet that was Rebs, but how the devil did that fellow know we were the First Maryland?"

"An hour later I found out, when word was passed along the line to halt and wait for the main line to come up. I learned then for the first time that there was a First Maryland Infantry in the Confederate Army and that they were directly in our front! What I want to know is why that Johnny did not pot me right there, and whether, and if so, how he knew I was a Yank; it being blacker than a stack of black cats in the woods."

"Well," said a man who got up from the other side of the fire, "maybe I can explain, as I happen to be the 'Johnny' you were talking to. Shake hands! I am glad you didn't shoot and glad I didn't either. As to how I knew you were a Yank, I realized instantly that you were one when you said, 'What outfit are you men?' If I had got in the first word, I would have said, 'Who are you people?' or 'What people are you?', as that was our way of speaking, you may recollect. As to why I didn't shoot you, I presume your orders were probably the same as ours: to contact the enemy but do not fire if we could avoid it. We had orders also to fall back as soon as we did contact you fellows. I was going to tell this same story from

my side as my closest shave, but you beat me to it. Anyway, I'm still glad that you boys didn't shoot me or take me in!"

This story seemed to me then, and still seems, nothing less than wonderful that these two men should meet twenty years after the event occurred and on the other side of the continent.

The next story was told by an Irishman, Hogan by name, who related how he had been trapped by a snowslide in Colorado where he had worked in various mines. As he told it, he had stopped in for a visit at one of several bunkhouses on a level above the mine, while on his way from the boarding house at one end of the line to his own bunkhouse at the other end. Later he went on to his house, only to find that he left his pipe where he had been visiting. Being very much annoyed, he went back for it, filled and lighted it, and started on the return trip. When nearly to the house, a snowslide started above the houses.

As he put it: "All hell seemed to break loose up the mountain!" Hogan started "to run for my house and incidentally for my life." He had hardly started when the snow under his feet started for the bottom of the canyon. He was thrown on his back, head-downhill, and, and in spite of his struggles could not get on his feet again. When he woke up, everything was quiet, a big lump on his head was mighty sore and something was holding his legs. His first impression, after he came to, was that he was dead. In his own words, "Begorra, Pat, you're dead this time and in Heaven or the other place for sure. Then I said, No, that can't be because it's too dom cold for either place."

Well, he began to feel himself over, discovering that he was buried to his waist in snow, and in absolute darkness. He got his legs free in a few minutes, then getting to his feet, felt cautiously around and discovered that he was in a mine tunnel. He had been carried down the side of the mountain in front of the slide and had made a bullseye by hitting the tunnel's mouth squarely. He was pushed some fifteen or twenty feet into the tunnel while the slide piled up against the hill outside fifty or sixty feet deep. This tunnel was driven into the hill on the opposite side of the canyon from the

Reminiscences of Old Calico

mine and bunkhouses where the slide had originated. Hogan now began to explore his prison.

Feeling carefully along the walls of the tunnel he came to an airshaft which, when he looked up, showed him a couple of stars, proving that the shaft was open to the surface. This encourage him somewhat and he began to shout for help. Getting no response, he became discouraged, but continued shouting at intervals until the stars faded and daylight came.

Very little light came into his prison as he was at least one hundred feet below the surface of the world. He kept up his outcries during the daylight hours with no response. When night came again, he was so hoarse he could hardly hear himself call and was despondent indeed, also he was hungry to the point of exhaustion. He tried chewing a little of his smoking tobacco, but that made him sick as he was not a chewer. He cursed his luck for having lost his pipe in the slide down the mountain. He slept a little by spells during the night, but the cold awakened him so often that to use his own words again, "The night was a thousand years long with no end at all!" However, morning did come at last, though it brought no hope with it as he was completely without voice from the shouting of the previous day as well as from the chill of the two nights. He sat until late in the afternoon looking up at the sky.

Toward night, which he could tell was approaching by the fading light above, he was holding his tobacco pouch in one hand and his match safe in the other. While he wished for his pipe or a bit of paper so he might smoke, he had a brilliant thought: *smoke!*

If he could light a fire, the smoke would go up the shaft, the boys would see it, if any of them escaped, and would come to the rescue. All excited, he began to search for wood to make a fire, but nothing doing! No wood except a few small pieces which had fallen down the shaft at some time, and were thoroughly water-soaked.

"But begob! Then was when Hogan began to sprout brains. Cloth would burn, so I tore out the lining of me coat which was cotton and burned well. Next, part of the wadding from between the outside and the lining of the coat, also cotton, which flamed up good

when added. Then off came half a yard of the tails of me coat which was wool and made a divil's own smoke, and a stink besides. It nearly smothered me, but sent up a beautiful column of smoke. The boys saw it just as they were gathering at the boarding house for supper. It didn't take long for them to cross the canyon to see what it was all about, and not much longer to let a man down on a rope to get me out. I had been in that hole nearly forty-eight hours, and you may well believe the world looked good to me about then!

" Well, the boys soon told me that only one of the bunk houses had gone, and all the boys but two, who had been in their bunks, had gotten out of it. The rest had been reading and playing cards when the slide started and got out by the skin of their teeth. The two were not found until the snow melted in the spring. One of them had been carried to the bottom of the canyon and buried under nearly a hundred feet of snow; the other had been caught on a tree stump just short of the canyon bed. The boys thought I was in the canyon, too, as they figured I had been caught just about in the path of the slide. That was part true, but my time had not yet come."

As Hogan finished his tale, one of the men said, "Well, Hogan, the Good Lord sure was with you that time."

To which Hogan replied, "Bedad, I guess He thought then that a poor fool who took so long to do a little thinking as I did, needed someone to look after him! The saints be praised that He did, though."

(To be continued.)

When Los Angeles Was Host to the Olympic Games of 1932

By Grace A. Somerby



WITH the Olympic Games for 1952 staged at Finland's quaint city of Helsinki, interest goes back to 1932 when Los Angeles had the distinction of acting as host to this famous and ancient sports conclave.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Tenth Olympiad of 1932 has never been excelled. From the huge Coliseum, built especially for the occasion, to the special village out on the Baldwin Hills which housed the athletes assembled from all over the world, everything was done on a magnificent and colorful scale. No other Olympiad has ever exceeded it in attendance — and a clear profit of more than a million dollars testified to the efficient management of the great enterprise.

How the Olympic Games of that year came to Los Angeles is an interesting story in itself. Great events of that sort do not just happen. They evolve from years of careful civic planning — conceived and directed by men of vision and administrative ability.

Origin of the Games

In 1921 — eleven years before the event — five men sat down at a luncheon table to figure out whether it would be possible to secure the Olympic Games for Los Angeles at some future date. Those five men were: William May Garland, prominent realtor; Harry Chandler, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*; Edward A. Dickson, publisher of the *Evening Express*; Max Ihmsen, publisher of the *Examiner*; and Guy B. Barham, publisher of the *Evening Herald*.

Mr. Garland initiated the idea of endeavoring to secure the Olympic Games for Los Angeles. It would be a formidable undertaking, he admitted, because several nations were already competing for the honor. Even if the International Olympic Committee should vote to hold the Games in the United States, there inevitably would be strong competition between various cities — New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco — for the privilege of being host city. However, Los Angeles was accustomed to doing big things in a big way — and this could be accomplished, he said, if local newspapers would unite on a program.

"If you four publishers would be willing to throw the combined force of your powerful newspapers behind a project of this sort, it can be done," Garland urged.

The publishers accepted the challenge — and then these things happened:

First: A Citizen's Committee was organized to further the ambitious project, the group taking on the name, "Community Development Association." The initial membership of this association was as follows: Messrs. Guy B. Barham, Russell H. Ballard, Andrew M. Chaffee, Louis M. Cole, Harry Chandler, Edward A. Dickson, Frank P. Flint, George E. Farrand, William May Garland, David A. Hamburger, Max E. Ihmsen, F. W. Kellogg, Edward D. Lyman, Arthur Letts, Maynard McFie, Henry S. McKee, G. Harold Powell, Henry M. Robinson, Le Roy Sanders, Paul Shoup, Walter K. Tuller and Max Whittier.

Later on, as vacancies occurred, the following were elected to membership: Frank F. Barham, Harry J. Bauer, Arthur S. Bent, E. Manchester Boddy, Frederick W. Braun, H. B. R. Briggs, Robert A. Millikan and George G. Young.

Second: Architect John Parkinson was engaged to design a Sports Arena, which was done with swift dispatch. It would seat 75,000 persons, the architect reported, and would cost \$1,000,000; would be built on state land, in Exposition Park. The Community Development Committee announced its approval, and the signal was given to proceed.

Third: To secure the million dollars for its construction, a



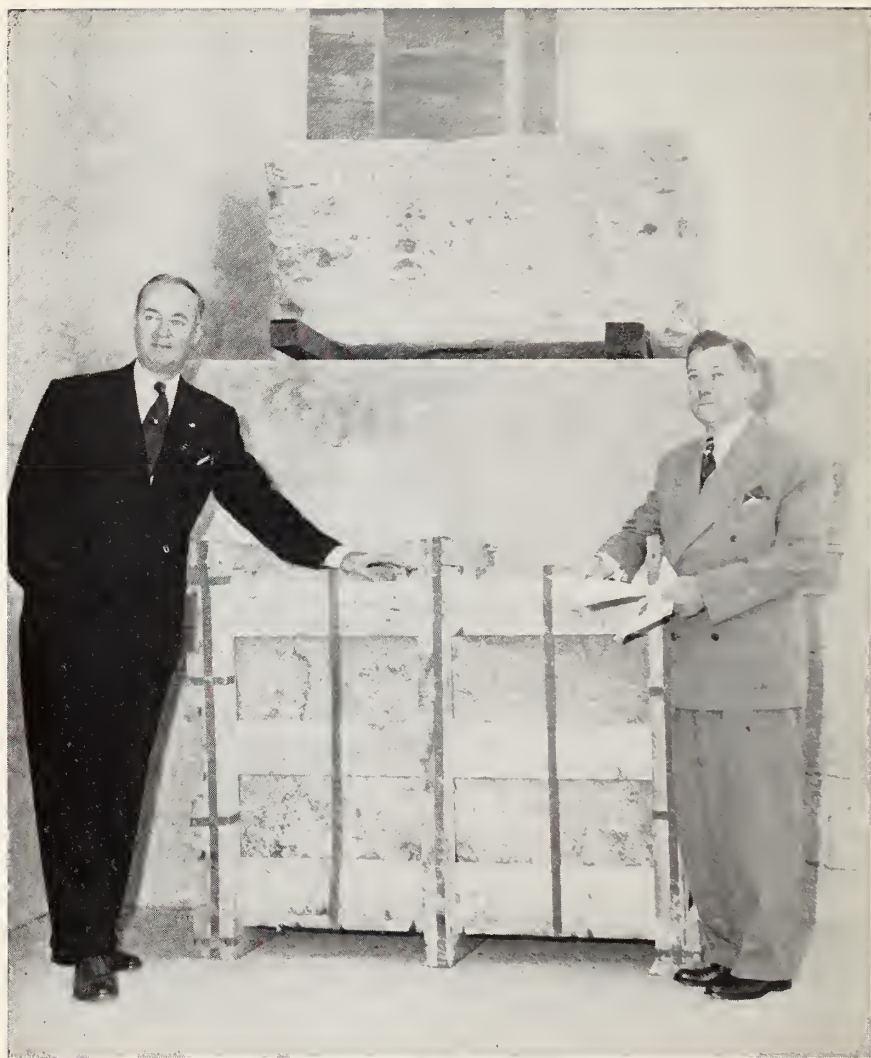
MR. J. SIGFRID EDSTROM
*President of the International
Olympic Games Committee
in 1952.*



MR. WILLIAM MAY GARLAND
*Mr. Garland was a leading member
of the International Olympic Com-
mittee*



BARON PIERRE DE COUBERTIN
*Founder of the Modern International
Olympic Games which started
in 1896.*



STONE FROM OLYMPIA

This photograph shows the stone from Olympia which is to be placed in the Los Angeles Coliseum. Mr. John J. Garland (left), who succeeded his father as a member of the International Olympic Committee, is shown with Mr. Edward A. Dickson, who represented the Los Angeles Olympic Committee at a ceremony in Athens when the stone was formally presented.

When Los Angeles Was Host to the Olympic Games of 1932

plan was evolved of having the Los Angeles Clearing House advance the funds, under guarantee of payment by the Board of Supervisors and the Los Angeles City Council, each body assuming one-half of the obligation.

Fourth: To insure the legality of the proceedings, the Association, through Mr. Henry W. O'Melveny, instituted a test case. The court decision was in favor of the Association, which cleared the way against any legal obstruction.

Garland Made American Member

In the meantime, Mr. Garland had been selected as one of the two United States representatives on the International Olympic Committee. At his very first meeting, he was able to lay before that eminent body a formal invitation from Los Angeles to hold the 1932 Games in this city.

The Olympics for 1924 had already been assigned to Paris, and Amsterdam had had its bid for 1928 pretty well agreed upon. So Mr. Garland, with fine diplomacy, presented the Los Angeles bid for the Tenth Olympiad of 1932 — eleven years away.

Meanwhile, work was going forward rapidly. Mr. Zack J. Farmer, an experienced newspaper reporter, had been elected general secretary of the Community Development Association. In his hands was placed much of the responsibility of the success or failure of the vast enterprise.

Huge Coliseum Built

It was early discovered that the seating capacity of the Coliseum would be insufficient to accommodate the vast throngs that were anticipated for 1932. An enlargement to 105,000 seating capacity — making it the largest sports arena in the world — would require another million dollars. To secure the additional funds, the Association used the same formula as in the first instance — the governing bodies of the city and county each underwriting another half-million dollars.

Both Mr. Garland and Mr. Farmer visited the Amsterdam Olympics in 1928, to get ideas of how these quadrennial events were conducted. They found that proper housing of hundreds of athletic participants would in itself be a tremendous task.

To provide interim financing, the Community Development Association appealed to the California Legislature for a million-dollar appropriation. A precedent for this sort of grant had been established in 1915, when San Francisco had put on its "World's Fair." In due course, the money asked for was made available.

It was early realized that a spectacular production of this character would require a small army of departmental directors, staff assistants and stenographers. One example will suffice to illustrate the broad field of operations:

Publicity was, of course, a necessary part of the build-up throughout the world. Articles had to be prepared with great care, designed to promote enthusiasm in foreign countries for participation in the Tenth Olympiad. These articles then had to be translated into a dozen or more different languages.

Over the intervening years, the Los Angeles newspapers — *Times*, *Express*, *Herald*, *Record* and *Examiner* — carried on an intensive campaign through their news and editorial columns. These newspapers really made the Olympic Games of 1932.

Mr. Garland was indefatigable, visiting Europe not less than six times to visit Baron de Coubertin and other international officials. The old Greek games, it will be recalled, had, after a lapse of centuries, been revived in 1896. In Greece, as early as 776 B. C. — on every fourth year, the youth of all lands gathered at Olympia, Greece, and there, under august and imperial splendor, competed for athletic supremacy. The man responsible for the revival was Baron de Coubertin of France, ably assisted by the classic scholar, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, then of Cornell University and later President of the University of California.

Strong Staff Selected

In addition to Mr. Farmer, master-mind of the operating force, were such able leaders as the following:

Mr. William M. Henry, director of the Sports Technical Department, whose voice over the loud-speaker announcing the various events remains one of the delightful memories of the Games; Mr. Gwynn Wilson, superintendent of the Official Report; and Mr. J. F. Mackenzie, manager of the Ticket Department.

When Los Angeles Was Host to the Olympic Games of 1932

Tenth Olympiad Opens

On July 30, 1932, came the Big Day. Every seat in the vast Coliseum was occupied, the arena itself being bedecked with the flags of all the nations of the world.

National and state dignitaries were on hand, Vice-President Charles Curtis bringing the greetings of President Herbert Hoover. Count de Baillet-Latour, of Belgium, president of the International Olympic Committee, was there, as was J. Sigfrid Edstrom of Sweden, president of today's International Olympic Committee.

The Board of Directors of the Community Development Association entered the stadium after everyone was seated, looking resplendent in their silk top-hats and Prince Albert coats.

Imposing Array of Athletes

The entrance through the tunnel gate of athletes from all over the world was an impressive occasion. Each group, dressed in native costumes, marched in stately procession — each under its national standard.

Finally, the entire floor of the Olympic Coliseum was occupied with valiant youth — the flower of a world at peace.

A hush fell as the huge torch over the peristyle was lighted — to remain burning during the entire period of the Games.

President Robert Gordon Sproul of the University of California delivered an inspiring dedicating speech — the Tenth Olympiad was on.

Athletic Records Broken

The ensuing days were exciting ones, as world athletes competed on the field. The early Greek motto, as pronounced by Baron de Coubertin, was that "*honor is not in the winning, but in the honest striving.*"

From an athletic standpoint, the Tenth Olympiad was a marvelous success. Numerous world records were broken; and from an attendance standpoint, it far excelled any of the Olympic Games, before or since. There seemed to have been nothing lacking. It was glamorous, spectacular and inspiring. Twenty new Olympic or World records were established, and only three previous Olympic records were not surpassed.

And, by no means a minor consideration, it was a huge financial success. So closely had the Community Development Association guarded every dollar of expenditure that the General Secretary, at a meeting held three days after the close, reported that, instead of a deficit—so frequently the sad aftermath of events of this character—the Association had made a clear profit of \$1,500,000. This profit was immediately used to pay back the million-dollar grant from the State of California, and partially to reimburse the city and county for the financing of the construction of the Coliseum.

Assuredly, the taxpayers of this community owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the newspaper publishers and their citizen-associates who consummated this mammoth festival of 1932 with such vision and beauty and perfection that it remains memorable in World achievements.

The pageant came to a close on August 14. Again every seat was occupied. The noble array of athletes were again regimented on the field. National ensignia were at rest. Mr. Garland and Count de Baillet-Latour spoke briefly in praise of the assembled athletes; and then, to the plaintive strains of "*Aloha*," an event that had been the most impressive gathering in Olympic history was gently relegated into the realm of memories.

Following the Olympic Games, the Community Development Association relinquished control of the Coliseum and turned the management over to a joint committee consisting of representatives of the city, the county and the state. At the present time, Supervisor John Anson Ford is chairman of that committee and William H. Nicholas is general superintendent of the Coliseum.

Over the years many changes have been made in the personnel of the Olympic Committee. Mr. John J. Garland has succeeded his father, Mr. William May Garland, as one of the two United States representatives on the International Olympic Committee. Mr. Paul H. Helms, is president of the Southern California Committee for the Olympic Games, and associated with him on the Executive Committee are: Messrs. William M. Henry, vice-president; John J. Garland, vice-president; Herbert D. Ivey, treasurer; John D. Perry, assistant treasurer; Ralph O. Chick, secretary; William C. Acker-

When Los Angeles Was Host to the Olympic Games of 1932

man, J. Clifford Argue, Frank Bull, Edward A. Dickson, Sid F. Foster, Willis O. Hunter, Roger W. Jessup, Wilbur Johns, William G. Lopez, Jack F. Mackenzie, Floyd Maxwell, William H. Nicholas, Robert O. Reynolds, W. R. Schroeder and Gwynn Wilson.

Two years ago, Mr. John Jewett Garland made a request, through Dr. Jean Th. Ketseas, International Olympic Committee member from Greece, for a commemorative stone from Olympia, where the Games originated.

King Paul of Greece enthusiastically endorsed the idea, and authorized the presentation of a huge block from the ruins at Olympia. In a letter to the Los Angeles Committee, the King wrote:

Sous La Présidence
DE S. M. LE ROI
Comité Olympique Helène

Athens le June 28
Rue Capsali 4

Dear President:

The Hellenic Olympic Committee has great pleasure in offering you a stone from the ancient Altis of Olympia to be placed at the Olympic Stadium of your city.

This stone will symbolize our appreciation of the great athletic spirit of American youth and the belief of the leaders in the ancient Olympic tradition.

Paul R

To the President of the
Los Angeles Olympic Stadium Committee,
Los Angeles, California

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

This stone was presented to Mr. Garland by the Italian government during his visit to Rome in May, 1949. A year ago, while at Athens, Mr. Edward A. Dickson formally accepted the historic stone from Olympia on behalf of the Los Angeles Olympic Committee.

It is planned to have these two interesting relics of Greek and Roman sports arenas placed in the Peristyle of the Coliseum.

* * *


MILESTONES IN MODERN OLYMPIC GAMES

Ist OLYMPIAD, held at ATHENS.....	1896
IIInd OLYMPIAD, held at PARIS.....	1900
IIIrd OLYMPIAD, held at ST. LOUIS.....	1904
IVth OLYMPIAD, held at LONDON.....	1908
Vth OLYMPIAD, held at STOCKHOLM.....	1912
VIth OLYMPIAD, not held due to World War I conditions.....	1916
VIIth OLYMPIAD, held at ANTWERP.....	1920
VIIIth OLYMPIAD, held at PARIS.....	1924
IXth OLYMPIAD, held at AMSTERDAM.....	1928
Xth OLYMPIAD, held at LOS ANGELES.....	1932
XIth OLYMPIAD, held at BERLIN.....	1936
XIIth OLYMPIAD, not held due to World War II conditions.....	1940
XIIIth OLYMPIAD, not held due to World War II conditions.....	1944
XIVth OLYMPIAD, held at LONDON.....	1948
XVth OLYMPIAD, held at HELSINKI.....	1952

From Pathways to Freeways

A Study of the Origin of Street Names in the City of Pomona

By Harry A. Faull

 IN THE STUDY of the origin of street names in Pomona, or any other city, it is perhaps appropriate first to consider that other category of artery, the road or highway. A rough differentiation between the two might be this: roads or highways serve as arteries for inter-city communication and streets serve to facilitate intra-city movement.

Thus, the early roads and trails connected centers of habitation and trade, and provided the framework for the amazing fill-in that has occurred subsequently.

The early-day settlements were usually at or adjacent to good camp sites and sources of water, where the settlers could water their stock and where travelers could rest and refresh themselves after a hard day's journey. Among these spots were El Monte (the thick-et), Mud Springs, near San Dimas, the Huaja, near the intersection of Towne and San Bernardino Avenues, Red Hill and Cucamonga. Trails connecting these spots were first used by the resident Indians, and the traffic pattern was dictated largely by the migrant game supply. In 1810, the Franciscan Fathers of San Gabriel, aware of the need for their ministrations, established a chapel and *asistencia* at Politana, a camp established originally by de Anza in 1774, and named it San Bernardino, in honor of that saint on whose feast day the foundation was laid. The comings and goings of the *padres* and neophytes probably marked the first regular travel through our valley. In 1831 this establishment was destroyed by marauding desert Indians never to be rebuilt, but the *padres'* trails were well established and served as the avenue for the great flow from east to west

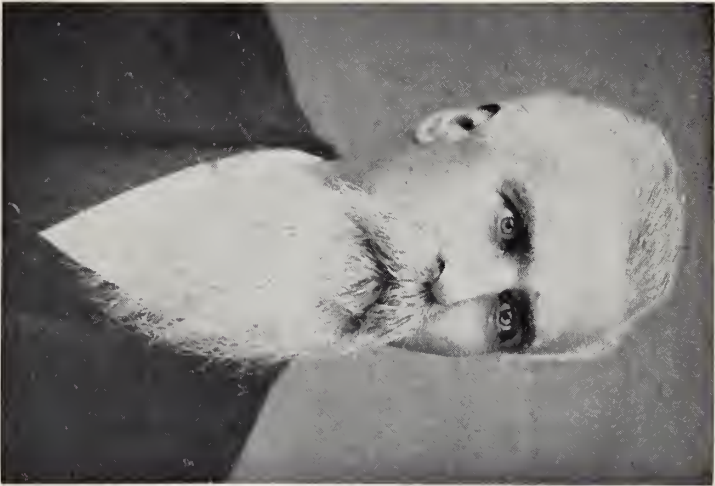
that began in the 'forties and has continued to this day. This trail from San Gabriel to San Bernardino, incidentally, was one of many tributaries or offshoots, to that most famous and storied of all California highways, *El Camino Real*, blazed by the heroic Serra.

The story of Pomona really begins to take form in time and in substance on the 15th day of April, 1837, when a grant was made by Governor Juan B. Alvarado to Don Ygnacio Palomares and Don Ricardo Vejar of two square leagues of land to be called *Rancho San José*. The story of Palomares and Vejar and the *Rancho San José* has been told many times. Here, we shall merely say that they were Spanish gentlemen, *caballeros*, men of integrity, loyal to church and crown, whose *haciendas*, Don Ricardo's a short way east of Spadra and Don Ygnacio's at what is now Park and Walnut Avenues, were the center of life in the valley and favorite stopping places for travelers.

Already we recognize some street names in 1952 Pomona: Alvarado, Palomares and Vejar.

In March of 1857, the Postmaster General contracted with the Butterfield Overland Mail Company for a semi-weekly mail service between St. Louis and San Francisco by way of Los Angeles. The route of the Butterfield stages through our area is drawn and documented in a paper by Mr. Roy Fryer, published in the March, 1935, *Historical Society of Southern California* QUARTERLY. It followed approximately the present Valley Boulevard route to the Ricardo Vejar *hacienda*, east of Spadra, then veered southerly, passing what we now know as California Junior Republic and Los Serranos and what was then the *Rancho Santa Ana del Chino*, owned originally by Don Antonio Maria Lugo and owned at this time (1858) by his son-in-law, Colonel Isaac Williams.

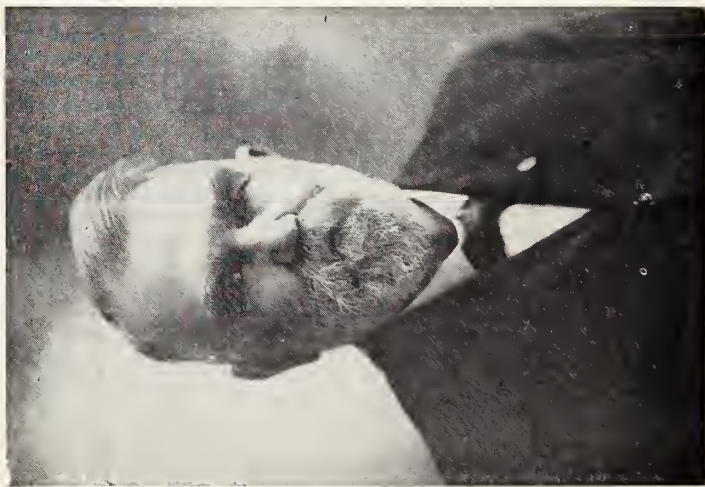
In the early 1870's, the Southern Pacific Railroad was on its way to Arizona, Texas and Louisiana. July 10, 1873, the railroad secured a one hundred-foot right-of-way, plus fifty acres, across the lower San José, originally owned by Ricardo Vejar, now (1873) owned by Louis Phillips. On April 4, 1874, the first train came from Los Angeles to Spadra, and in July, 1875, service was extended to Colton.



CYRUS BURDICK
*One of Pomona's first American
settlers.*



LOUIS PHILLIPS
*Who's thousands of acres covered the hills
south of Pomona.*



SEN. J. E. MCCOMAS
*An early subdivider and one of
Pomona's outstanding men.*



GEORGE OSGOODSBY
*Who's "Murchison Letter" stirred the nation
and embarrassed Great Britain.*

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Thus was the stage set for the laying out of Pomona and the land boom that followed. Brief reference was made above to Louis Phillips. It would be appropriate to introduce him at this time.

Shortly after the original San José grant, Ricardo Vejar and Ygnacio Palomares divided the *rancho* on an east-west line; Don Ricardo taking the lower half, called *San José de Arriba*. In the years that followed their herds and flocks grazed pretty much at random and were separated by brand at round-up time. Relations were good; prosperity, conviviality and mutual good will were the order.

In the 'fifties and 'sixties, Don Ricardo fell the victim of avaricious and unscrupulous merchants in Los Angeles who encouraged him to buy imprudently on credit and for the extension of credit charged him outlandish interest rates. In April of 1861, he was presented with a bill for some \$20,000 and two mortgages, one a chattel mortgage on all his stock, and one a mortgage on his right and title to the land; he and his wife signed the mortgages. In 1864, after three years of draught, and with interest accrued and compounded, the bill was \$30,000 and the mortgages were foreclosed.

At this point, poetic justice intervened. One of the mortgagees was killed in a boat explosion in San Pedro harbor. The other mysteriously disappeared, but before he did he had sold the ranch to Louis Phillips whom he had hired to run it some months before. The story is that this man was generally hated in the area due to the Vejar foreclosure that he was afraid to come on the property, and decided that the part of wisdom would be to get rid of it. He sold the ranch to Louis Phillips, his foreman, for \$28,000 in the form of a note. It is said that the new owner drove a band of horses rounded up off the ranch, all the way to Salt Lake City and sold them to the Mormons for enough to clear title to his land.

Louis Phillips was a German immigrant with the thrifty industry and honesty of his forebears and soon won the confidence and respect of his Anglo-Saxon and Mexican neighbors. For many years he farmed the valley and was a much revered and respected citizen at his passing in 1900.

From Don Louis we get the name of Phillips Boulevard; and more recently, Phillips Park Subdivision.

In the early part of 1875, Cyrus Burdick, P. C. Tonner and Francisco Palomares obtained joint control of some 3,000 acres of land in what is now Pomona; most of it was secured by contract from Don Louis Phillips. They also secured water rights from Concepción Palomares and were all ready to market orchard plots; all they lacked was money.

In the meantime, there had been incorporated in Los Angeles a group known as the "Los Angeles Immigration and Land Cooperative Association" whose articles of incorporation, filed November 27, 1874, set forth that "the object for which it is formed is to circulate information throughout this and other countries regarding Southern California, and to promote immigration thereto, to buy and sell real estate on commission, and to do any other business incidental to carrying on a real estate office." Thus was provided the basic elements required for the flowering of a town's development — Burdick, Tonner and Palomares with their land and water, and the Los Angeles Immigration and Land Cooperative Association with its know-how, developer's zeal, and capital. It was natural and inevitable that the two groups got together. So it was that negotiations between them were consummated by contract in April of 1875 whereby the Cooperative acquired the Burdick, Tonner and Palomares interests for \$10,000 and Pomona was on its way. A prize of a town lot was offered for the best name proposed for the new city. A nurseryman named Solomon Gates, father of our presiding Superior Court, Judge Walter Gates, offered the name of the Roman Goddess of Fruit, *Pomona*, and won the prize.

The names of the officers and directors of the Cooperative will be recognized by present day Pomonans in the names of many of our streets. T. A. Garey was president; L. M. Holt was secretary; the directors included: J. E. McComas, J. F. Gordon, George C. Gibbs, Milton Thomas, H. J. Crow (Crow Street was later named Grand Avenue), R. M. Towne and later C. E. White.

One of the early projects was the construction of a reservoir as

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part of the city's water system. This was built in the center of what is now Holt Avenue, just east of San Antonio. When the excavation was completed and water first turned in, the ground was found to be so honeycombed with squirrel and gopher holes that it wouldn't hold water. When apprised of the situation, Mr. Holt asked Louis Phillips for the loan of a band of sheep grazing in the vicinity. Don Louis gave permission and his *borregueros* were instructed by Mr. Holt to drive the sheep into the reservoir every night for two weeks. The tamping of their sharp feet effectively sealed the reservoir and made it water-tight. This structure, obviously, gave the name to our Reservoir Street.

The founding gentlemen not only gave their surnames to many of our streets, but their wives given names also have been so perpetuated. This recognition of the distaff side gave the names to such streets as Eleanor, Regene, Louisa (Now Locust Street), Imogene (now Linden Stret), Elizabeth (now Main Street), Elmira (now Elm Street), Rebecca, Birdie (now Commercial), Libby (now Monterey) and Ellen (now Park). The writer has no idea why so many of these delightful personal names were changed to the prosaic and inanimate. It is to be hoped that it did not happen in a fit of husbandly pique because the breakfast toast burned. At least we can be thankful that, for example, Ellen wasn't changed to Abigail.

It seems that every town must have its numbered streets. This designation probably has some merit to the extent that it, in some degree, indicates position, but it certainly lacks in charm and color. At any rate we have our First Street, Second Street, etc.

The names of presidents were remembered in the naming of our streets. Thus we have a McKinley, a Madison, a Fillmore, an Adams, a Jefferson, a Lincoln, a Monroe, a Wilson and a Garfield. At the risk of disallusioning the younger generation, it is felt that in the interest of historical accuracy it should be pointed out that Roosevelt Street was named for a Roosevelt with the given name of Theodore.

In a recent Pomona subdivision the names of universities and a university town were used for street names. This, we are told, was

a bow to the collegiate affiliation of some of the principals. So it is that we have Ann Arbor, Stanford, Marquette and Notre Dame Avenues.

It will be noted that in naming the presidents honored by our city that the name of Cleveland was omitted. This was no oversight. One will note on a map of the city that near Cleveland Street in the northwest part of town, one also finds Sackville and Murchison Streets. These three names — Cleveland, Sackville and Murchison — figure prominently in a very interesting incident involving a famous letter that catapulted the name of Pomona to the national and even international political scenes. The whole incident has come to be known as the Murchison Letter. The story is as follows:

In the year 1888, Grover Cleveland, democrat, was a candidate for re-election to the presidency, and his opponent was Republican Benjamin Harrison. The contemporary political climate was characterised by animosity to England, whose Minister to the United States at the time was Lord Sackville-West. It might be noted in passing that relations between the countries were such that Great Britain's representative rated only ministerial rank. The two countries had not as yet been allies in two great wars. Their relations in the hundred years preceding the time of which we speak had been manifest by such incidents as the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and the openly sympathetic attitude of the British toward the Confederacy during the Civil War. In this setting, too, had come thousands of Irish immigrants to the metropolitan centers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, whose feeling toward the English was anything but cordial.

The outcome of the election appeared to be one of those situations that gamblers describe as "6-to-5 and take your choice"; very close. The Republican press had charged that Cleveland was pro-British. Whether this charge was honestly made and had any foundation isn't known, certainly not by this writer, however, against the background of national feeling at the time, if the charge could in any degree be substantiated it would certainly be potent stuff for the campaign of Benjamin Harrison.

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Then fell to the Republicans that most opportune and diplomatically indiscreet missive, The Murchison Letter.

George Osgoodsby, described as a "meek, mild, quiet Pomona farmer," in league with, and at the suggestion of, a few Republican cronies, wrote to the British minister, Sackville-West, and asked him how he should vote. The letter was a masterpiece of assumed artlessness and naivete. Osgoodsby represented himself as a recently naturalized Englishman who wanted to cast his vote for the candidate most friendly to the Crown and who was seeking direction from his Lordship.

He assured Sackville-West that his letter was "private and confidential" and that any information elicited would "be treated as entirely secret." He further stated that he would, on his responsibility, pass any forthcoming information on to "many of our countrymen" who found themselves in the same dilemma.

George Osgoodsby, to cloak his guileful letter in anonymity, signed the name of George F. Murchison, Murchison being the maiden name of his wife, and the "F.," according to a wag of our day, Roy Driscoll, standing for "Fibber."

To the ill-disguised glee of the conspirators, to the righteous or feigned indignation of all, and to the embarrassment of the British Foreign Office, Lord Sackville-West committed a very forthright and honest act and at the same time pulled the greatest diplomatic blunder of all time, by promptly answering George F. Murchison's letter, and, in effect, advising a vote for Cleveland.

Publication of the correspondence (Sackville-West's reply was dated September 13) was held, for greatest impact on the electorate until late October. When the *Los Angeles Times*, whose owner General Otis was in on the conspiracy, sprang the story, it created a sensation, to put it mildly. President Cleveland, in the subtle language employed in diplomatic correspondence, promptly sacked Sackville, without the usual formality of requesting that his Government withdraw him. Reporters swooped down on Pomona seeking the identity of Murchison. Poor George Osgoodsby feared for his life. His anonymity was preserved by Otis for some time. However,

fearing a scoop, Otis later revealed it, but by this time tempers had cooled and George was not molested. The Murchison Letter was commented on in the Congress of the United States and in the Parliament of Great Britain. It was the subject of heated editorial comment in London and in all of the American press. The name of Pomona was in campaign ditties sung across the land, and Cleveland was defeated.

Thus the stormiest incident in the whole history of Pomona was the basis for the names of three quiet streets in one of the quietest parts of town.

At this point this work becomes biographical in nature and we are confronted with the difficult task of selecting from the many, a few of the sturdy and visioned pioneers who built our city and whose names are to be found on many of our streets. In this winnowing process we know the limitations of time and space will cause to be deleted many worthy individuals. For this we apologize — and proceed.

The name Cyrus H. Burdick, after whom Burdick Drive is named, figures large in the early history of Pomona. He is considered to be the father of the citrus industry in the valley, having set out the first orange grove of commercial scope on a forty-acre tract of land purchased from Francisco Palomares in 1870.

Cyrus Burdick's forbears were of Revolutionary New England stock, and for two generations, prior to Cyrus, they had been men of substance and integrity in many locales: Vermont, New York, Rhode Island, Ohio and Iowa. They had been county judges, county clerks, surveyors and school teachers. They were ever pushing west, and so it was that in 1853, Cyrus' father, Judge Thomas Burdick, set out at the head of a large caravan for Sacramento. Illness in the family necessitated a prolonged stopover in Salt Lake City, and when they renewed their trek, they took the southern route, arriving after a journey fraught with perils and privations that would have deterred lesser men, at San Bernardino. Here they rested men and beast for a short time, then continued to San Gabriel and Los Angeles.

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In 1856 Cyrus and his brother-in-law, James Frank Burns, opened a general store across the street from Mission San Gabriel. Here Cyrus, by his honest and upright dealings with the Mexicans, made many friends, prospered and "rarely lost an account." However, a generous act, that was characteristic of his nature, was his undoing. He guaranteed the note of a reverend gentleman named Mr. Brewster in the amount of \$8,000.00 Mr Brewster wandered off, leaving Cyrus stuck. He scorned the advice of friends that he put everything in his wife's name and take bankruptcy as being dishonorable and liquidated all his assets to satisfy the note holder.

For the next two years, Mr. Burdick engaged with little success, through no fault of his own, in dairy farming at the mouth of San Dimas Canyon, at Anaheim Landing on what was then the *Rancho Los Alamitos*, and at Chino. In the latter part of 1870, he purchased from Francisco Palomares, son of Don Ygnacio, whose acquaintance he had made during the happier days of the San Gabriel store, forty acres of land which included part of what is now Ganesha Park and laying in the general area north of Orange Grove and Hamilton Avenues; Orange Grove was then known as "Old County Road."

Here it was that Cyrus Burdick started the great citrus industry in the Pomona Valley. The first planting was of 500 seedlings purchased from a nurseryman in Los Angeles. It was supposed at the time that orange trees would not do well if planted by daylight, so with Mrs. Burdick holding a lantern, they were set out by Mr. Burdick and his helpers at night. One cannot help but wonder what would be the reaction of Mr. Burdick to the irresistible march of time which today sees the machine ruthlessly uprooting his precious trees to make way for homes and freeways.

Cyrus Burdick lived for many years in a two-story house at Holt and Garey Avenues and in his later years was deputy assessor for the San José, Palomares and San Dimas districts. His death marked the passing of the man who pioneered an industry that brought untold wealth to this valley over the years. Among his children was Mrs. F. P. Brackett, whose husband, Professor Brackett, wrote a history of the valley that was a great source of material for this paper.

It will probably come as a surprise to many that Mills College in Oakland and Mills Avenue in Pomona were named after the same man. When Dr. C. T. Mills, a former missionary in the Hawaiian Islands, died in 1884, he was eulogized as "the frail, nervous, tireless, genial, generous, large-hearted planner and organizer, who has made the sleepy, unknown town of Pomona waken and grow and bloom and blossom, and waft the perfume of its orange blossoms throughout all the state."

After the initial boom, Pomona was languishing for lack of an adequate water supply. It was into this situation that Dr. Mills and associates brought their thinking and capital in 1882 when they acquired large parts of the Phillips and Palomares holdings in what is now the City of Pomona, a large part of the Loop and Meserve holdings, including their valuable San Antonio Canyon water rights, and large parcels of government land to the north and east, aggregating in all some 12,000 acres. These assets were all tied up in their new corporation, the Pomona Land and Water Company. To the soundness, vision and capital of this group must be attributed the real and orderly development of Pomona.

The treasurer, for many years, of this company, Mr. Frank L. Palmer, whose illustrious sons, Fred B. and Dr. Roger S., are still contributing much and willingly to our community, gave the name to Palmer Drive.

An early secretary of the company was John P. Storrs, cashier of the American National Bank, after whom Storrs Place was given its name. Also serving as secretary at one time was Charles M. Stone, sometime president of the First National Bank, and father of George Stone and Colonel Edmund Stone.

An early settler of great stature, after whom a street was named, was Senator J. E. McComas. Mr. McComas, who served as a lieutenant for the Union during the Civil War, first came to Pomona in 1875 and was employed as a land agent for the Cooperative which was then subdividing the town. During the distressed period occasioned by the lack of water and general depression, he left Po-

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mona for a time to return in the early '80s and launch an active career that was to be one of the most constructive and influential in the valley.

Mr. McComas acquired twenty-five acres on Holt Avenue intending to put it in orchard, but the town began growing so fast that soon he found himself selling land. Against his good wife's wishes he sold the first parcel for \$175.00 per acre, declaiming that there would never be anything but ranches on Holt Avenue and that \$175.00 per acre was all ranch land was worth. A month later he refused \$250.00 per acre and shortly after that, with a twinge of conscience, he parted with some at \$1,000.00 per acre. He built the first brick block, still standing though much renovated, at the corner of Second and Main, and later, one at First and Thomas, which was but recently razed to make way for Parking District Number One. Also on First Street at Main he built a livery stable operated by his son, Lane, and later by Mr. Wilbur S. Newton, who, we are happy to say, is still with us.

In 1888, Mr. McComas was elected first Republican State Senator from this district and was thereafter known as "Senator." He was one of the founders of the Odd Fellows Lodge; he was one of five who founded the First National Bank, and was a tireless worker and generous contributor to the Methodist Church. He left the Republican party and became an ardent Prohibitionist. He was at one time the Prohibition party's candidate for governor of the State of California.

In the cause of temperance, he labored long, hard and successfully. In this activity it appears that he had work cut out for him, for we are told that at one time, serving a population of five hundred, Pomona had seventeen saloons. In spite of this he was successful in having a prohibition clause incorporated in the city charter in 1911.

The Senator died peacefully in 1916. His beautiful home, built in 1907, at 219 West Holt Avenue, still stands and is today occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Maude Reaben. Ward McComas

Turney, prominent local realtor, is the grandson of Senator McComas.

Fulton Road is named for James W. Fulton, a native Californian, who came to Pomona in 1885 and set out forty-five acres of oranges which he farmed for many years. He was very active in the business life of the community, having been one of the founders and first directors of the first orange growers' association in the valley, president and one of the founders of the Home Builders Savings and Loan Association, and a director and one of the founders of the Home Telephone Company of Pomona.

Stoddard Jess was a financial leader in Pomona at the turn of the century. He was at one time cashier of the First National Bank; later he opened an investment office in the First National Bank Building, then a three-story structure, adorned by a tower, at Second and Main, the site of the present bank. He was president of the Pomona Chamber of Commerce, was active in Republican politics, and was a charter member and first treasurer of Pomona Elks Lodge. He moved to Los Angeles and became president of the First National Bank of that city (now Security First National). While in Los Angeles he won the undying gratitude of the merchants by urging the banking fraternity to extend somewhat more liberal credit to them during a period of distress approaching panic proportions.

Jess Street is named for Stoddard Jess.

Curran Street was named for Charles P. Curran, who came to Pomona, originally from Dixon, Illinois, in 1902, and, with his brother Frank, established what is still operating under the direction of Charles' sons, Gerald and Phillip, Curran Brothers Lumber Company. Mr. Curran was keenly aware of the opportunities in Pomona and was one of the original directors and organizers of the Savings Bank of Pomona, also of the Home Builders Savings and Loan Association. He was a member of the original Board of Trade and for many years served on the boards of the Chamber of Commerce and the hospital. Mr. Curran was president of the Los Angeles County Fair Association for many years, holding that position

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at the time of his passing in 1933. As an interesting footnote to history, Charles Curran's granddaughter, Mrs. Joan Curran Tate, daughter of Gerald Curran, was Queen of the Los Angeles County Fair in 1949.

Huntington Avenue was named for the railroad tycoon, Henry Huntington, and Pico Street was named for Don Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California. The stories of each of these men would fill a book.

Alvan Tyler Currier was an industrious and prosperous pioneer who had many interests in the valley as well as in Los Angeles, where he owned the Currier Block at 212 West Third Street. In 1881 he was elected sheriff of Los Angeles County, and in 1889 he was elected to the Senate of the State of California, representing the thirty-eighth district. In addition to farming 2,500 acres in the Walnut area, he was a director of the First National Bank and director of the San Antonio Fruit Exchange; he was president of the San Antonio Canyon Water Company, and was one of the organizers and president of the Walnut Growers Association.

Among institutions recipient of Senator Currier's benefactions were Redlands University, the Pomona Baptist Church and the Pomona Y. M. C. A. He donated some of the land at the present site of the latter institution. A street in Pomona bears his name.

There are many other streets in our town that are known by names that cause nostalgic stirrings in the hearts and minds of any old timers. Such as Fleming, Grier, Meserve, Buffington, Paige and Penfield; would that time permitted of telling their virtues and their vigor, their wisdom and their industry, that we of 1952 might more fully appreciate our legacy.

In conclusion I think it would be appropriate to commend a latter day developer who with a true sense of history and love of tradition perpetuated the memory of many of these pioneers in the street names of his Westmont subdivision, Mr. Clarence Stover.

And as a postscript to the conclusion, and as a bibliography, I should like to acknowledge that fine scholarly source work, the Po-

mona Community Book, authored by that eminent and erudite gentleman, Mr. Roy Driscoll.

And for motivation, to produce this paper, I must bow to the constant nagging of Major Homer Duffy, one time president of the Pomona Valley Historical Society.



Wagon Pass Rancho Withers Away *La Ballona, 1821 - 1952*

By Andrew F. Rolle



WE KNOW NOT HOW TO SIGN OR WRITE THIS PETITION," penned the four original claimants to *Rancho La Ballona*. Writing the above in 1839 were the brothers Agustin and Ygnacio Machado and Felipe and Tomás Talamantes. Their petition requested the District *Prefect* of California's Mexican Provincial Government to confirm as theirs the ground which they had already occupied for over eighteen years.

This richly-silted, loamy stretch of soil was well-known to travelers making their way up the California Coast along deeply grooved, muddy trails. The *paso* fronted on the sea astride the *rancho's* northern boundary. News traveled briskly on this twisting cartway that wound through the tall yellow mustard. Everyone in Southern California, therefore, knew how badly *Wagon Pass Rancho's* proprietors wanted legal ownership of this tract upon which they had such a long land tenure.

After such approval was given by the Los Angeles *ayuntamiento*, or town council, the Machado-Talamantes petition eventually went to the Provincial Committee Upon Unoccupied Lands. This body recommended retention of the *rancho* by its tenants with all their horses, cattle and buildings. Finally, on November 27, 1839, Manuel Jimeno, acting for Governor Juan B. Alvarado, granted *La Ballona*, with full rights of ownership, to the four brothers, Machado and Talamantes, who held the original *expediente*, or application for the title.¹ In this fashion began the acceptedly legal ownership of a *rancho* which, like its neighbors, no longer exists.

This was a *rancho* originating in the Spanish period of California's history which survived the Mexican era but which withered away with the advent of American control over the province. It was a *rancho* on which there was to built the world's largest film studio, imitation Venitian canals, a Catholic university, a pretentious yacht basin, a variety of prosperous communities, and oil derricks which enriched a legion of others than the original owners. Within the *rancho's* boundaries lay the Baldwin Hills from which liquid gold has long been pumped. From atop these hills one can scan the pale blonde seacoast where thousands now loll on beaches which once hemmed in straying cattle.

In sactioning ownership of *La Ballona*, Governor Alvarado vaguely outlined the *rancho's* boundaries in the following terms:

"The *rancho* is bounded on the east by the *rancho* of the citizen Policarpio Higuera, (*Rincon de los Bueyes*); on the north by that of citizen Maximo Alanis (*San José de Buenos Ayres*); and on the south by that of Señor José Sepulveda (*Palos Verdes*).

Demarcation of the exact boundaries was a process partly determined by the *rancho* owners' friends and neighbors. Mensuration called for the presence of the leading local citizens. It was they who held the red measuring cords while pacing off the many *varas* of rich soil. Such an occasion merited gala festivities. The now formal owners, allowed for the time to enclose their land, had reason for celebration. Despite the frolicsome spirit of the hour, there yet remained some wrangling over boundary details, with Felipe Lugo, the chief *juez*, or judge, of Los Angeles. By January, 21, 1840, he certified that the boundary would run "easterly from *El Paso de las Carretas* to the mouth of the estuary, and from this southerly along the shore to the hollows, and from thence westerly to the first elm tree and from this northerly" back to the pass.²

As in the case of thousands of other early California land owners it was such a carefree, friendly, but haphazard manner of land measurement that it was to cost *La Ballona's* owners years of litigation and grief. Huge legal fees were required once the Amer-

Wagon Pass Rancho Withers Away

icans, having won the Mexican War, assumed control of this languorous province of the *dons*. The neighborly method of measuring land boundaries from a tree to a pile of rocks, and thence to some clump of vegetation had no precedence under Anglo-Saxon law. However, only years after their happy celebration of 1839 did the Machados and Talamantes commence their epoch of legal tribulations.

Who were these men who headed families bearing two notable names? Agustin and Ygnacio Machado were the sons of José Manuel Machado, one of Los Angeles' early settlers. A soldier from Sonora, he arrived in the California *pueblo* in 1781. There José Manuel married Ramona Sepulveda, from a family of considerable local prestige. Their son, Agustin, appears from 1824 on, in Los Angeles annals.

Don Agustin was one of those Angelenos who had been attracted to *La Ballona's* moist-laden *cienegas* early in life. This moisture induced greater fertility of the soil and the resultant verdure was in vivid contrast to the *adobe* dust of the interior. Machado's lands, closer to the seacoast, were better adapted to the sowing of seed and the raising of livestock than the parched, dusty fields around the *pueblo* further inland. When granted *La Ballona* in 1839, Don Agustin was a *juez de campo* and 42 years old. In 1856 he became an American justice of the peace. Ygnacio was younger.

The Talamantes brothers were older than the Machados. They had been grantees of lands near Santa Barbara which only brought them trouble. In 1819, with the Machados, they received grazing rights at *Rancho Los Quintos*, later *La Ballona*. The Talamantes had been residents at Los Angeles as early as 1794. When they, like the Machados, received the title to their *rancho* in 1839, Felipe was 47 years old and also a *juez de campo*. His brother, Tomás, took a vigorous part in the fight to oust Governor Victoria in 1831. After the governor imprisoned him, he escaped and later became one of Victoria's main deponents. Tomás also became a *juez de campo* in the year 1844.³

These, then, were the owners of Wagon Pass Rancho. Often distracted by civic matters, they utilized Indian labor to plant such crops as corn, pumpkins, beans, wheat and grapes. The Indians also raised cattle and horses. Some of *La Ballona's* aborigines lived along the cliffs below present-day Loyola University in an area labeled the *Gaucha* on the *diseño* or map of the *rancho's expediente*. Other natives lived along the sycamores in a *cañon* of the Baldwin Hills near present-day Jefferson and Overland Avenues in Culver City. Close to this site was the original adobe home of Agustin Machado. Nearby stood that of brother Ygnacio, who married Estefana Palomares. After 1834 Ygnacio moved into the *Cañada del Centinela*, west of modern Inglewood, leaving Augustin in control of *La Ballona*. The Talamantes brothers made their residence upon *Rancho Rincon de los Bueyes*.⁴ As its only real resident, Agustin Machado became, in effect, virtual overlord of *La Ballona*.

Wagon Pass Rancho's most famous product was a fine white wine. This limpid sauterne was marketed throughout California and sold further north in eighteen-gallon barrels for twenty-five dollars. According to W. W. Robinson, this wine was as renowned as the sparkling red liquid of the friars at San Gabriel Mission.⁵ One result of Don Agustin's wine-making was that it made him financially independent and proud. The Machado credit rating has evoked an almost legendary tale repeated by several generations of California historians:

Having traveled to San Pedro behind his *carreta* on horseback to obtain supplies, Don Agustin once boarded one of José Aguirre's barks. Aguirre often sent his *Leonidas* and *Joven Guipuzcoana* there to swap goods with the *rancheros*. While aboard, Machado encountered a new supercargo in charge of trading and sales. After selecting some merchandise, the question of Don Agustin's ability to pay for these supplies was raised by the novice. Indignant over this challenge to his purse, the irate *ranchero* swiftly plucked a hair from his swarthy beard, handed it to the stupified supercargo, and told him to give it to Aguirre who would certainly honor his credit. Later, embarrassed over his supercargo's breach of traditional etti-

164
 Ag. de Machado et al
 Machado
 Exp. de Machado et al
 Machado et al

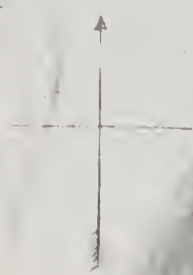
Rancho.
 del paso de las carretas
 (Machado et al)

(Exp. de Machado et al)

de Machado et al
 de Machado et al

de Machado et al
 de Machado et al

de Machado et al



de Machado et al

de Machado et al

Escala de 3 millas.

DISEÑO OF RANCHO DEL PASO DE LAS CARRETAS
 more familiarly known as Rancho Ballona of the Machados.



RANCHO BALLONA IN 1950

All the buildings that were left at that time.



RANCH HOUSE OF RANCHO BALLONA IN 1950

After the old adobe had disappeared.

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quette, Aguirre in 1850 sent his brother-in-law, José M. Estudillo, to collect the \$4,000 which Machado owed him. The latter arrived at *La Ballona* when the ranchhouse was filled with festive guests. He was received as one of them. After acquiring Machado's payment, upon departure for Los Angeles, Estudillo found the old gentleman too proud to accept a receipt. Machado stated that he knew Aguirre would never collect the same bill twice.⁶

An indication of the type of trading that went on at *La Ballona* in the 1840's is the following excerpt from a letter written by Henry Delano Fitch to his trading partner, James McKinlay, while Fitch was at San Pedro trading with the southern *ranchero*:

"I have an invoice from Machado of three thousand, one hundred and seventy-three dollars and ninety-seven cents (\$3,173.97) which is all that that I would compromise myself for. This invoice is to be paid for this season in tallow, beaver skins, dried beef. Likewise included, if they can be had, 40 fans (*fanegas*) of beans, 40 of peas, 20 of *garbanza*, and the same of *lenteja*, say about 1,000 a. (*arrobas*) of dried beef. . . ."

In this trade with Machado and fellow *rancheros* the competition was stiff. McKinlay, a wily Scot, used the *Primavera* to load the items which *La Ballona* traded for the manufactured goods which he and his partner, Fitch, brought in from Boston. In the letter referred to above Fitch scolded his partner for sending their vessel to Mazatlán under José María Andrade:

"He has given Machado an insight of the Coast of Cala. (California) trade and has now returned in the same vessel with me with \$6,000 of goods for Noriega, pretty much the articles that I have bought and I believe that Machado intends keeping him up (furnishing him) with an assortment (of goods), so as to send him beef and tallow, etc. I hope you will reserve all the beaver for Machado."⁸

It is obvious that these two professional traders, then in company with William Heath Davis and Captain John Paty, feared Machado as a prospective coastal trader.

Actually, *La Ballona*'s owners only dabbled in the coastal trade

which was a successor to the earlier hide and tallow traffic. The gold rush and the complications which followed in its wake kept them busy protecting their *rancho* against the flood of immigrants that deluged the state. By 1851, like other traditional land holders in California, *La Ballona's* owners were required to produce evidence before the California Land Commission that they possessed original ownership. That body, created by an impersonal Act of Congress, was organized to examine the validity of land titles under American law. This laborious, expensive undertaking required the preparation of legal documents which only costly *Yanqui* lawyers could process. The *Californios* were too long accustomed to their own Spanish system of laws. In addition to such records as they possessed, the Machados and Talamantes produced verbal testimony from Los Angeles' largest landholder. Don Abel Stearns, affectionately known as "horseface" *cara de caballo*, testified for the claimants on November 11, 1852. Stating that he was then fifty-two years old and had lived in California for thirty-three years, he swore that as early as 1832 the "present claimants were living on the land — they had two or three houses — had land under cultivation, and had stocks of cattle and horses." Stearns estimated the size of the *rancho* as between two and three square leagues and testified that Agustin Machado sometimes lived in Los Angeles proper.⁹ That same year Machado, like Stearns, was appearing on behalf of his neighbors before Land Commissioner Miland Hall. Machado was his neighbor's witness regarding their ownership of adjoining terrain. For Manuel Dominguez he testified that he was present in 1817 when the boundaries of *Rancho San Pedro* were staked out. Machado had helped survey San Pedro with Alcalde Anastacio Abila.¹⁰

Fortunately the Commission upheld the title of *La Ballona* in 1854. Nevertheless, like the Mexican authorities some twenty years earlier, the Commission was forced to describe the *rancho's* boundaries in excessively general terms:

"Commencing at a cottonwood tree in which cuts of a hatchet were made, and running East seven thousand, eight hundred and thirty-five

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varas to a little pole bridge, thence running south nine thousand, eight hundred *varas* to the mouth of a creek, thence along the seacoast in a western direction seven thousand, three hundred *varas* to a point called the deep gullies, thence north in a direction to strike the said cottonwood tree, seven thousand, eight hundred *varas* to the place of the beginning.¹¹

However fortunate the Machados and Talamantes were in obtaining approval of their title from the California Land Commissioners, there was one bogey which was to plague both of them and every subsequent owner of the *rancho*. This liability was the indefiniteness of its boundaries. An opportunity to quibble about this matter presented itself when the *rancho* acquired more owners than the original foursome. Tomás Talamantes made this possible in 1854. He borrowed \$1,500 from Benjamin D. Wilson and William T. Sanford. When Wilson, familiarly called Don Benito, requested repayment, with five percent interest monthly, without result, he decided to recover his loan in court. He entered a judgement against Don Tomás for over \$2,000. Like other Spanish-Californians, Talamantes could offer Don Benito no other means of repayment than his land. Thus, in 1857, Don Benito became another of the *rancho's* owners. Even before that time, Felipe Talamantes' death had further complicated *La Ballona's* title. He left his portion to no less than twenty-five heirs.¹²

There was some bad news for Wagon Pass Rancho's owners in 1860. That year the General Land Office in Washington disapproved the latest survey (1858) of *La Ballona*. J. W. Mandeville, United States Surveyor General at San Francisco, had given previous approbation to this survey. Now it was remanded to Mandeville for re-examination. Finally, after an investigation of the claims of various other appellants, the Surveyor General was authorized to publish tentative results. This he did on September 27, 1860, in the *Los Angeles Star* and other California newspapers. This re-survey generally favored the Machado-Talamantes claim. Meanwhile, however, like other native *Californios*, they and their fellow-owners were obliged to spend large amounts for legal fees to protect the many challenges to their titles. Such difficulties again were pri-

marily due to the indistinct, original boundary descriptions of their land. This worked an inordinate hardship upon a people who had long been accustomed to thinking in terms of *poco más ó menos*. Only with difficulty could such a people understand the Yankee's ravenousness for their lands.¹³

Even after the death of Agustin Machado in 1865, litigation continued to rage over the *rancho's* boundaries. On November 19, 1868, United States Secretary of the Interior O. H. Browning, wrote to the General Land Commissioner that he did not believe the boundary issue could ever be settled until the "proper" California courts made their decision. This was according to a law of 1859 which required that a survey of a *rancho* be submitted to a district court. Its decision was subject to appeal to the Supreme Court. Many decisions of the California district courts were later challenged by claimants who took their cases to the United States Supreme Court.¹⁴

By December, 1873, it appeared that the final patent to *La Ballona* would be issued by the General Land Office in Washington. A battle had long been shaping up over who would receive this patent, however. That year the United States Government credited the owners or their heirs with still controlling some 14,000 acres. Weary of the litigation in which he had figured, Ygnacio Machado, eighty years old by 1870, had deeded most of his interest in *La Ballona* to relatives. This virtually insured the inevitable disintegration of the *rancho*. The allotment of parcels in 1868 to twenty-three more heirs revealed how fast *La Ballona* had withered away.¹⁵

By, 1870 Tomás Talamantes was also approaching the age of eighty, but he continued to battle those who wanted to capture the *rancho's* title. By then an indescribable confusion was inextricably enmeshed in the problem of *La Ballona's* boundaries. Prominent in this altercation were J. Howard Thompson, who had a hand in the most recent survey, and Colonel Charles H. Larrabee, attorney for the litigants. J. R. Hardenburgh, by 1873, Surveyor General at San Francisco, received complaints from José Dolores Sepulveda and one S. Haley. Both claimed that certain portions of *La Ballona*

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impinged upon the lands of *Rancho San Vicente y Santa Monica*. Personal testimony of early *Californios* regarding the locations of such land features as cottonwoods near salt marshes and lagoons along the sea finally led to the upholding of the July, 1858, survey. This credited *La Ballona's* owners with 13,919 acres; but it was a diluted victory. By then the *rancho* had begun to lose its former identity. Much of the original tract had been sacrificed by mortgage or sold to meet heavy expenses of protracted litigation.¹⁶

When Wagon Pass Rancho's final patent was issued, its lands had become infested with that noxious malady of the seventies — squatterism. Although the recent history of *La Ballona* is not the major concern of this paper, a brief summary of activities there since 1873 should take notice of squatters like William Tell. While others were battling in the courts over who owned the spot, this land poacher settled at Del Rey Lagoon. There at the mouth of *La Ballona* Creek, he opened Will Tell's Sea Shore Retreat. He was joined by other squatters who preempted various sections of the *rancho* seashore. Once duck hunting clubs were formed in the marshlands, the pastoral quietness, broken only by the occasional creek of wagon wheels, or the thud of horses hooves on the *paso*, was no more. Now excited sportsmen blazed away at the sky with grape-shot and large gauge shotguns.

This era was supplanted by the subdivision mania of the 1880's which has not yet subsided. Out of Macedonio Aguilar's portion of *La Ballona's* 1868 partition was carved present-day Palms. Meanwhile, the real estate boom of the eighties transformed seaside *La Ballona*, near modern Playa del Rey, into a tourist haven. Port Ballona, advertised as a great harbor, was built and provided with a rail connection. After the boom failed, subdividers at Playa del Rey began a program of beach expansion that reached its height about 1902. This was the foundation of later subdivisions in the 1920's. All the construction was not on the seacoast, however. After 1913, Harry W. Culver, a live-wire promoter, founded Culver City. This high-pressure real estate experiment succeeded. Inter-urban electric car lines soon spun a web-work of rails from their

Los Angeles hub. Before long cinema companies, first attracted by La Ballona Creek's possibilities for floating Indian canoes, settled at Culver City. With the arrival of such pioneer movie moguls as D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett and Samuel Goldwyn, there descended upon Wagon Pass Rancho a host of producers, directors and actors. These were merged into the large Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation in 1924.¹⁷

The recent history of this *rancho* has seen its transformation from a weedy, neglected expanse of silt land and marshes into a dynamic metropolitan area. California's expansion of population has been largely responsible. Invaded in its later period by industrious Japanese truck farmers of the twenties and thirties, then by the real estate subdividers of World War II, the land has finally yielded to the pressure of settlers. These now arrive in steel covered wagons propelled by gasoline engines. Great waves of migration have changed the appearance of Wagon Pass Rancho. Yet, as in early years, its pleasant climate, and cool summer breezes continue to be the area's main attraction. World War II, with its emphasis upon recruiting labor for nearby ship yards at Wilmington, and workers for the Douglas, Hughes and North American aircraft companies, brought congestion to this fast-expanding area. The last remnants of a horseback era have been crowded out. The year 1950 saw the disappearance of the saddle from *La Ballona*. Near the original Machado ranch house such local riding stables as the Spence Training Ranch and the D Bar T and Iron Horse Stables were torn down to make room for subdivisions. New, low cost homes have literally forced their way to the very gates of the Anita Baldwin Estate, once on the edge of the wilderness. The brute force of population pressure makes the message clear: *A leisurely way of life has been displaced and another of California's great ranchos has withered away.*¹⁸

Wagon Pass Rancho Withers Away

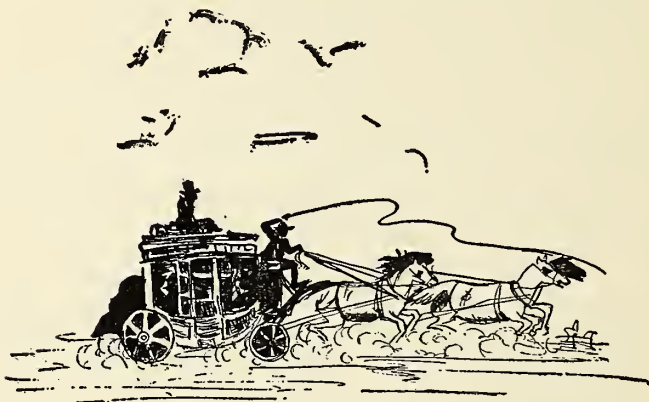
NOTES :

1. MS. *Expediente de Rancho La Ballona*, dated September 19, 1839, is in Records of of the General Land Office, *Expediente* File, No. 184, Natural Resources Branch, National Archives, Washington, D. C.
2. Records of General Land Office, Board of California Land Commissioners, Record Copies in Evidence, X, Case No. 369 (La Ballona), 516-527, Natural Resources Branch, National Archives, Washington, D. C.
3. Hubert H. Bancroft, *History of California* (7 vols., San Francisco, 1890), II, 349, 354, 526; III, 196, 207, 633, 636-639; IV, 633, 726-727; V, 626, 742; W. W. Robinson, *Culver City; A Calendar of Events* (Pasadena, 1939), 2, 6 and his *Land in California* (Berkeley, 1948), 27, 57-58.
4. *Ibid.*, 6-7, *Expediente*, *op. cit.*
5. *Ibid.*
6. H. H. Bancroft, *California Pastoral, 1769-1848* (San Francisco, 1883), 472-474; Z. B. Eldredge, *The Beginnings of San Francisco* (2 vols., San Francisco, 1912), I, 201.
7. Henry Delano Fitch to James McKinlay, San Pedro, June 9, 1842, Larkin Papers, Bancroft Library, University of California Library, Berkeley, California.
8. Henry Delano Fitch to James McKinlay, June 17, 1842, *Ibid.*
9. Record of Copies of Evidence, *op. cit.*, II, 269-270; According to *Annual Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1880* (Washington, 1881), 496, the Spanish area of La Ballona is listed in thousands as 184.1 *varas*.
10. Record Copies of Evidence, *op. cit.*, II, 142-143.
11. Records of General Land Office, Board of Land Commissioners, Record of Decisions, I, 522-523, Natural Resources Branch, National Archives, Washington, D. C.
12. Robinson, *op. cit.*, 10-11.
13. Records of the General Land Office, California Public Land Claim No. 90 (La Ballona), Natural Resources Branch, National Archives, Washington, D. C.; The best statement of the sufferings of the Californians due to squatterism and conflicting land problems is in Robert G. Cleland, *The Cattle on a Thousand Hills* (San Marino, 1951). Another excellent volume on the subject is *Land in California*, *op. cit.*
14. als O. H. Browning to Joseph S. Wilson, November 19, 1868, Records of the General Land Office, California Public Land Claim No. 90, *op. cit.*
15. Robinson, *Culver City*, *op. cit.*, 12.
16. Many Southern Californians such as Francisco and Fernando Sepulveda and José del Carmen Sepulveda took part in this dispute. Surveyor General Sherman Day had a large part in the final decision which is recorded in Land Claim No. 90, *op. cit.*; See also C. H. Larrabee, *Objections to the Survey of the Rancho San Vicente y Santa Monica as Made by George H. Thompson, Deputy U. S. Surveyor, in June and July, 1868* (San Francisco, 1870) and C. H. Larrabee, *Argument in*

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Favor of the Survey of the Rancho La Ballona as Made by Henry Hancock, Deputy U. S. Surveyor, in 1858 (San Francisco, 1870).


17. Robinson, *Culver City*, *op. cit.*, 13-22 is an account reprinted in the same author's *Ranchos Become Cities* (Pasadena, 1939), 103-128. See also Glenn S. Dumke, *The Boom of the 'Eighties in Southern California* (San Marino, 1944), 63-65.
18. The latest subdivision, east of Sepulveda Boulevard and below Jefferson, took place from 1949-1951. In 1950 this author was fortunate in having had a hand in naming a new school near Agustin Machado's old corral, *El Rincon*.



Medical Profession in the Early Days of Los Angeles

By Marco R. Newmark

PART II

N 1922, A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION, who some years previously had suffered a mental breakdown, claimed that if he were given a drop of a sick person's blood, he would be able to determine the nature of the disease and the religion of the patient. Some of his colleague's played on him an ill-advised, if indeed, not cruel practical joke. They sent him a drop of a dog's blood and he reported that the patient was an Episcopalian!

The following year, the association finally came to the conclusion that the physician should be expelled and accordingly his name was dropped from the roll.

The Medical Women's Society of Los Angeles County was organized in May, 1923. Its purposes are to promote professional and social contacts among women physicians of this community. It is a member of and co-operates with the Federation of Women's Club in matters of health, sanitation and legislation in the medical field; it promotes the activities of the American and International Women's Associations and also those of the Pan-American Women's Alliance.

In 1935, the Association became Branch 23 of the American Medical Women's Association, which was incorporated in 1923.

After World War I, it participated successfully in raising funds for the work in Europe of American Women's Hospitals, Inc.

The presidents of the Association have been:

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Etta Gray
Selma Bolstadt
Belle W. Comstock
Etta C. Jeancon
Elizabeth Mason-Hohl
Helen Preston
Margaret Farr-Hara
Gertrude Seabolt
Nadina Kavinsky
Marion Goldwasser

Mary E. Dennis
Grace L. Homman
Olga McNeill
Alice B. Ellsworth
Sylvia Kahlstrom
Mary V. Church
V. Cecille Chavannes
V. Blanche Slagerman
Dorothy J. Lyons

The Women's Auxiliary of the association, whose membership is made up of the wives of doctors, was organized in 1929, and the first meeting was held on February 26.

Its purposes are to encourage participation in all branches of preventive medicine and in public welfare work; to facilitate social and co-operative relations both within and without the profession, and to forward such constructive movements as may be endorsed by the medical profession.

The presidents of the auxiliary have been:

1929-1930—Mrs. James F. Percy	1942—Mrs. Franklin Farnum
1931-1932—Mrs. Philip T. Doane	1943—Mrs. Wm. R. Maloney, Jr.
1933—Mrs. Bennett Cook	1944—Mrs. L. K. Gundrum
1934-1935—Mrs. John V. Barrow	1945—Mrs. Newell Jones
1936—Mrs. Clifford A. Wright	1946—Mrs. Hubert Wilken
1937—Mrs. Eliot Alden	1947—Mrs. Ludwig Caston
1938—Mrs. William H. Leake	1948—Mrs. Edward Plumkin
1939—Mrs. Eric Larson	1949-1950—Mrs. Paul Blaisdell
1940—Mrs. Ralph B. Eusden	1951—Mrs. Ferris Arnold
1941—Mrs. William C. Beck	1952—Mrs. Arthur Hurd

In 1894, the county organization started a library with the status of institutional member. Its location was opposite the medical school of the University of Southern California on North Broadway. Here, it remained until 1934, in which year it occupied its own building at 634 South Westlake Avenue.

The library now has an extensive collection of books dealing with the science of medicine and also some interesting historical material, including a booklet published on the occasion of the

Medical Profession in the Early Days of Los Angeles

seventy-fifth anniversary of the association and from which I obtained much of the information used in this story.

Earlier in this article is a list of old-time physicians in Los Angeles. Among them are a number about whom no data is available, with the exception of public offices they held. These services have been mentioned parenthetically in connection with the listing of their names.

Many of the early physicians had careers of historic interest. Concerning these we present a series of brief biographical sketches, and will conclude the article with short accounts of the early hospitals.

James B. Winston received his M. D. degree from the medical department of the University of Virginia in 1839; and after practicing his profession for a decade in Virginia and then in Kentucky, came to Los Angeles in 1849.*

He served on the council, 1861-1862; on the board of health, 1862-1863; on the council again, 1863-1864, and as City Health Officer, 1879-1883.

For a period beginning in October, 1858, Dr. Winston and Marcus Flashner were proprietors of the Bella Union Hotel, which they conducted under the trade name of Winston and Flashner. During their management they made extensive improvements on the hotel, including a second floor and a balcony.

Dr. William B. Osborne came to California with Col. Jonathan D. Stevenson's regiment in 1847, and in 1850 established his residence in Los Angeles.

On August 9, 1851, he and Moses Searles made the first daguerreotypes in Los Angeles, eleven years after Louis J. M. Daguerre, a French photographer, discovered the process.

He served as postmaster, October 12, 1853 - November 1, 1855, and as Superintendent of Schools, 1855-1856.

Because of his various activities he frequently found it necessary to absent himself from the office, on which occasions he placed

* Unless otherwise stated, all physicians mentioned began their practice in Los Angeles during the year of their arrival.

the mail in a large compartmented box, and people came in and helped themselves without benefit of supervision.

He was also interested in politics and, in addition had partnerships in a flower shop, an auction business and a number of other enterprises.

In October, 1854, Dr. Osborne shipped from Los Angeles the first fresh grapes sent from this region to the East.

John S. Griffin received his M. D. degree from the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania in 1837. In 1840, he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army. He took this same position under Stephen W. Kearney when the latter took possession of New Mexico at the outbreak of the war with our southern neighbor.

After the capture of Santa Fe on August 18, 1846, Dr. Griffin accompanied the army on its expedition to California and was present at the decisive battle of San Pasqual on August 9, 1847.

He next took part in a campaign against the Yuma Indians.

In 1854, he resigned his commission and in the middle of May of that year came to Los Angeles.

In 1863, he purchased two thousand acres of land east of the river. Later, he subdivided this land and named the new settlement East Los Angeles.

He was Superintendent of Schools, 1856-1857; a councilman, 1858-1859, and a member of the Board of Health, 1867-1868.

Dr. Richard S. Den received his M. D. degree from the medical department of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1842. After his graduation he was engaged as surgeon on a ship which left England for America, and arrived in Santa Barbara on September 1, 1843.

Responding to a petition signed by leading citizens of Los Angeles he came here in the latter part of the same year for the purpose of performing some difficult operations.

He was chief physician and surgeon of the local Mexican forces during the war with that country. In 1848, he headed a prospecting party bound for Calaveras County, where he practiced for a short time. He then went to San Francisco but after a few months returned to Los Angeles.

Medical Profession in the Early Days of Los Angeles

In 1854, he again changed his residence, this time to Santa Barbara; and finally, in 1866, he came back to Los Angeles as a permanent resident.*

Henry S. Orme obtained his M. D. degree from the medical department of the University of New York in 1861. Following his graduation he enlisted in the Confederate army as a surgeon. He came to Los Angeles on July 4, 1868.

Dr. Orme served as president of the State Board of Health during the period of 1884 to 1891.

Dr. Joseph Kurtz studied medicine at the University of Giessen, Germany. After graduation he came to Los Angeles, arriving here on February 3, 1868.

At the time of the Chinese Massacre, it became his duty, in his capacity of county coroner, to preside at the inquest of the twenty-one victims of that infamous affair.

He served on the board of health, 1894-1895, and on the board of education, 1898-1899 and 1904-1905.

Perhaps, I may be pardoned a personal recollection of my boyhood days. In those far-off times we children sensed the panic into which a sore throat, a preliminary to the then almost always fatal disease, diphtheria, would throw our parents. One day, thinking to get a few days off from school, I complained to mother that when I swallowed, my throat hurt. She rushed me over to the doctor's office and said to him, "Doctor, Marco says that when he swallows, his throat hurts."

To this the doctor, whose experience had fully acquainted him with this ruse, replied, "Did I tell him to swallow?"

Eight year's before his death on June 22, 1924, he sent to the beneficiaries of his obstetrical skill a portrait of himself, inscribed, "To the babies whom I safely conducted into this world and who so kindly remembered me on January 24, 1916, the day of my Golden Wedding. — With love from Dr. Joseph Kurtz."

Following in his father's footsteps, Dr. Carl Kurtz also acquired distinction in the profession. He was born in Los Angeles on No-

* Dr. Den's story is related in *Medical Associates of My Early Days*, published by Dr. George L. Cole in 1930.

vember 12, 1868. He received his M. D. degree from Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1889, and after four years of study abroad, he returned to Los Angeles.

He served on the board of health, 1894-1895 and 1904-06, and on the board of education, 1898-1900.

William F. Edgar graduated from the medical department of the University of Louisville in 1848. In March, 1849, he was commissioned Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army. He served in the same capacity during the Civil War and after its end was sent to the Pacific Coast, and in 1868 he came to Los Angeles.

Joseph Pomeroy Widney matriculated in 1859 or 1860 in Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. Six months later he enlisted in the Northern Army. He continued in this service until 1862, when ill health compelled him to retire. Later, he registered in Toland Medical School, which in 1873 became the medical branch of the University of California.

After receiving his M. D. degree in 1866 he again joined the armed forces. Having finished his military duties in 1868 he came to Los Angeles. In 1871, he conceived the idea that an improvement in San Pedro Bay would be of great benefit to Southern California. He asked his brother, Judge Robert M. Widney to prepare a plan; the plan was sent to Washington and Congress voted an appropriation for the project. Dr. Widney, therefore, may, in a sense, be considered the father of the Port of Los Angeles.

Dr. Widney was president of the University of Southern California, 1892-1895. He served as a member of the board of education, 1873-1875 and 1878-1882 (president, 1879-1882).*

Frederick T. Bicknell was in the infantry during the Civil War. After it ended he enrolled in Rush Medical College, Chicago. He received his M. D. degree in 1870 and in 1874 came to Los Angeles.

Walter Lindley received his medical degree from Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, in 1875, and in the same year came to Los Angeles. He was City Health Officer, 1878-1879. During his term he introduced free vaccination in the public schools.

* EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Widney was co-author with John T. Warner and Benjamin Hayes of the first history of Los Angeles County, published in 1876 — known always as the "Centennial History." — J. G. L.

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He served as a member of the board of education, 1879-1882; as superintendent of the Los Angeles County Hospital, 1885-1886; on the public utilities commission, 1906-1910, and he was a member of the board of the public library, 1917-1923.

Dr. Lindley was the author of two books: *California of the South*, published in 1888, and *American Historical Sketch*, published in 1906.

Hubert Nadeau received his M. D. degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Montreal, in 1862, and in 1876 he came to Los Angeles. He served on the health investigation committee, 1876-1878, and on the board of health, 1892-1895.

William LeMoyne Wills received his M. D. degree from the University of Pennsylvania medical department in 1882, and in the following year came to Los Angeles. He served on the board of education, 1892-1896 and on the board of health, 1898-1900.

Granville MacGowan received his M. D. degree from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1879, and six years later came to Los Angeles. He was City Health Officer, 1889-1891, and a member of the board of health, 1892-1894.

David C. Barber graduated from the medical branch of the University of California in 1886, and in the same year came to Los Angeles. He was on the board of education, 1891-1893 and served as superintendent of the County Hospital, 1895-1899 and 1903-1906.

John H. Davisson received his M. D. degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, in 1876, and came to Los Angeles in 1886. He served as president of the State Board of Health, 1889-1892 and 1898-1902.

Rose Bullard received her M. D. degree from Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago, in 1886, and in the same year came to Los Angeles.

Her husband, Frank D. Bullard, graduated from the Medical School of the University of Southern California in 1888 and began the practice of his profession in 1889. He was the author of two books: *Aristopholon*, published in 1899, and *Cupid's Chalice*, published in 1901.

George L. Cole graduated from Bellevue Hospital Medical Col-

lege, New York, in 1886 and in 1887 he came to Los Angeles. He served on the board of health, 1909-1911.

Luther M. Powers received his M. D. degree from the Washington School of Medicine, Baltimore, 1877, and in 1887 came to Los Angeles. He was City Health Officer, 1892-1912 and member of the fire and police committee, 1913-1923.

John R. Haynes received his M. D. degree from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1874, and thirteen years later came to Los Angeles. He was on the Civil Service Commission, 1902-1915; a regent of the University of California, 1923 until his death on October 30, 1937. He served on the Public Service Commission from 1919-1925, and on its successor, the Water and Power Commission from 1925-1937; on the Metropolitan Water District from 1927-1931, and from 1935-1937.

He was elected an original director of the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California on December 29, 1928, the date of its organization, and served until February 4, 1930, when he resigned because of a recent ruling that a citizen could not serve on both the boards of the Commissions of the District.

In 1926, Dr. Haynes and his wife Dora (née Fellows) established the John Randolph Haynes and Dora Haynes Foundation, of which Dr. Francis H. Lindley, a son of Dr. Walter Lindley and a nephew of Dr. Haynes, is the president. The foundation has an extensive library, which has been built up from the doctor's private library as a nucleus. Every year it brings to Los Angeles nationally distinguished scholars to deliver a series of lectures which are published in pamphlet form.

The Haynes Foundation conducts a radio discussion of important current problems. It also conducts research concerning economic, industrial, governmental and sociological conditions, with special application to the Los Angeles area. It annually awards several fellowships of \$2,000.00 each to candidates for doctrinal degrees and grants-in-aid of \$2,500.00 each to young faculty members. Finally, it has distributed three books, which were published by the University of California Press, and has printed on its own Press six pamphlets, and ten books and monographs.



— Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Co.

OLD HOME OF DON CRISTOBAL AGUILAR
First Home of the Sisters' Hospital on old San Fernando Street (about 1895)



— Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Co.

1880 — THE LOS ANGELES INFIRMARY
The Beginnings of the Sisters' Hospital, built in the early 1860's.



— Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Co.

FIRST KASPAR COHN HOSPITAL
at 1440 Carroll Avenue, Los Angeles

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Henry G. Brainerd received his M. D. degree from Rush Medical College in 1878 and in 1887 he came to Los Angeles. He was superintendent of the Los Angeles County Hospital, 1887-1892, and served as Dean of the School of Medicine of the University of Southern California, 1897-1902.

Wesley W. Beckett graduated from the School of Medicine of the University of Southern California on April 11, 1888. He then went east but returned to Los Angeles the following year to practice his profession.

Josiah E. Cowles received his M. D. degree from the medical department of the University of Maryland in 1880 and in 1888 came to Los Angeles. He served on the board of health, 1896-1898, and on the playground commission, 1911-1923.

H. Bertrand Ellis graduated from the College of Medicine of the University of Southern California in 1888, and on April 1, 1889, opened an office. He served as president of the Board of Education 1902-1904.

Norman Bridge graduated from Northwestern University Medical College in 1868. He came to Sierra Madre in 1891; moved to Pasadena in 1894, and, finally, in 1910, to Los Angeles, where he had had his office from the beginning. He was the author of three books: *Rewards of Taste*, published in 1902; *House Health*, published in 1907, and *Penalties of Taste*, published in 1920.

John W. Trueworthy received his M. D. degree from Rush Medical College in 1865, and in 1892 he came to Los Angeles. He served as a member of the library board, 1900-1909.

David W. Edelman was born in Los Angeles on January 29, 1869. He received his M. D. degree from Bellevue Medical College in 1889, and after four years of post-graduate study in the East, he returned to Los Angeles. He was a member of the library board, 1900-1901, and of the civil service commission, 1902-1908.

Millbank Johnson graduated from the medical school of the University of Southern California in 1890. He then enrolled in Northwestern University Medical School, receiving his M. D. degree in 1893, in which year he came to Los Angeles.

Dr. Johnson took an active part in many medical, public wel-

fare and business institutions. Indeed, for one period of four years, he abandoned his profession in order to devote his entire time to these activities. He was one of the organizers of the Automobile Club of Southern California in 1900, and served as its president from 1903 to 1905.

He was a member of the board of health, 1902-1904 and president of the California Association for Social Welfare in 1916.

Ralph Hagan received his M. D. degree from Northwestern University Medical School in 1893, and two years later came to Los Angeles. He was City Police Surgeon, 1897-1901, and a member of the Board of Police Commissioners, 1904-1906.

W. Jarvis Barlow received his M. D. degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, in 1892. Shortly after his graduation he developed tuberculosis, and in 1895 he came to San Diego with the hope that the climate of Southern California would prove beneficial. The hope was realized, and in 1897, having completely recovered, he came to Los Angeles. In 1902, inspired by gratitude for his cure, he established the Barlow Sanatorium for the care of needy victims of tuberculosis.*

Edward M. Pallette received his M.D. degree from the school of Medicine of the University of Southern California in 1898, and in the same year opened an office. He served on the Los Angeles County Board of Education, 1898-1900, and on the city board of health, 1904-1906.

Francis M. Pottenger received his M. D. degree from the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery in 1894. In the same year he came to Monrovia, where he remained until 1901, when he came to Los Angeles. In that year his wife fell victim to tuberculosis, a tragedy which prompted him in 1903, to found the Pottenger Sanatorium in Monrovia for the care of sufferers from diseases of the lungs and throat.

In 1903, Dr. Pottenger founded the Southern California Anti-Tuberculosis League which he served as President, 1903-1906, and again, 1939-1941. (On April 1, 1944, this organization merged

* EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Barlow built and presented the architecturally perfect Barlow Medical Library at 742 North Broadway to the University of California. — J. G. L.

Medical Profession in the Early Days of Los Angeles

with the Los Angeles County Tuberculosis and Health Association, whose jurisdiction covers the entire county except Pasadena and Long Beach, which have their own associations).

The doctor has served as president of the following organizations; American Therapeutic Society, 1914-1915; Los Angeles Clinical and Pathological Society, 1923; American Sanatorium Society, 1924-1925; California Tuberculosis Association, 1931; Association for the study of Internal Secretions, 1935-1937.

He was the author of seven medical books. Their titles and years of publication are: *Pulmonary Tuberculosis*, 1908; *Muscle Spasm and Degeneration in Introthoracic Inflammation and Light Touch Palpitation*, 1912; *Tuberculosis in Diagnosis and Treatment*, 1913; *Clinical Tuberculosis* (two volumes), 1917; *Symptoms of Visceral Disease*, 1919; *Tuberculosis and how to combat it*, 1921; *Tuberculosis in the Child and Adult*, 1934.

Dr. George H. Kress, who is Historian of the California Medical Association and Honorary Historian of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, received his M.D. degree from the Medical College of Ohio (University of Cincinnati) in 1899. After his graduation he did post-graduate work in several different cities, and in 1903 he came to Los Angeles. He served on the city board of health, 1906-1909.

In 1914, Dr. Kress was Senior Surgeon for the United States Student Army Training Corps at the University of Southern California. He was Dean of the Los Angeles Medical Department of the University of California, 1914-1938. He was a member of the State Board of Health, 1930-September, 1939.

In 1938, he took up his residence in San Francisco, when he was elected secretary-treasurer of the California Medical Association. When he retired from this position in 1946 to return to Los Angeles, he also resigned from the editorship of *California and Western Medicine*, the official journal of the California Medical Association, to which he had been appointed on March 19, 1927.

He has contributed to various medical journals and since 1948 has been editor of *The Journal of Phi Rho Sigma Medical Fraternity*. In addition, he is the author of *Manual of Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

(fraternity) published in 1903 and *History of the Medical Profession of Southern California*, published in 1911.

THE EARLY HOSPITALS

It may be stated in advance that all the hospitals we will consider, including those which are conducted under the auspices of religious denominations, are non-sectarian as far as their admission policies are concerned.

St. Vincent's Hospital

On January 6, 1856, the Sisters of Charity-Ana (for whom Ann Street was named) Clara, Francisca, Angela, Maria Corzina and Maria Scholastica opened the Los Angeles Infirmary under the superintendence of Sister Ana.

The first location was in the former adobe house of Don Cristobal Aguilar at 658 N. Spring St. Shortly it was moved to Alameda and Macy Streets; in 1860, to Ann and Upper Main Streets; in 1884, to the corner of Sunset and Beaudry Avenue, at which time the name was changed to St. Vincent's Hospital, and finally on November 27, 1928, to the northwest corner of Alvarado and Third Streets.

The French Hospital

On March 1, 1860, under the leadership of Jacob A. Moerenhaut, the French Consular Agent in Los Angeles, thirty-three members of the local French colony organized *La Société Française de Bienfaisance* (French Benevolent Society).

After some years, the society projected a hospital and on October 4, 1869, the cornerstone was laid. However, financial difficulties intervened and it was not until some time later that the building was completed and opened, Monsieur Sarlange being installed as superintendent. The location of the hospital was (and still is) 531 College Street.* In 1916, the first building was razed and the present one erected. The superintendent is Andre Rouseyrol.

* EDITOR'S NOTE: The site of the old Bull Fight Arena until 1860. — J. G. L.

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The Los Angeles County General Hospital

In 1878, the county built the Los Angeles County Hospital (on May 21, 1923, changed to Los Angeles County General Hospital) at 1100 Mission Road. The superintendent was James Hannon.

During the period between 1878 and World War I the building was torn down and a new one erected in its place. Here, the hospital remained until the present structure at 1200 State Street was built in 1930. The director is Leroy Bruce.

Hospital of the Good Samaritan

1500 OLIVE ST
In 1885, Sister Mary of the Episcopal Church built and maintained, at her expense, the Los Angeles Hospital and Home for Invalids. She financed it until 1887, in which year it was incorporated and renamed St. Paul's Hospital.

On February 10, 1896, at the suggestion of Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, who, the previous year, had been elected Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Los Angeles, the name was again changed to Hospital of the Good Samaritan; and in 1927, its present home at 1212 Shatto Street was erected. The Administrator is Miss Margaret Wherry.

California Hospital

In 1887, the Drs. Walter Lindley, Joseph Kurtz, John R. Haynes and a number of their professional associates opened the California Hospital at the corner of Sixth and Hill Streets, electing Dr. Lindley as superintendent.

In 1897, a new home was built at 1414 South Hope Street, and in 1907 another structure known as the Bicknell Building, and still in use, was constructed on the lot to its rear. Finally, in 1925, the present main building, which was given the street number 1414, was built a few feet south of the 1907 building, the dedication taking place on May 12, 1926. Access back and forth between the two structures is provided by an overhead board walk. The superintendent of the hospital is Ritz Herman.

The Children's Hospital

On April 10, 1901, the Children's Hospital was opened at the corner of Alpine and Castelar Streets. The ladies who started it were inspired by a high ideal — to give free treatment to children under fifteen years of age. The beginning was a humble one — a little cottage — but it was destined to grow into one of the largest institutions in its field in the country.

The founders were: Mrs. Jennie Horrell, Mrs. E. A. Williams, Mrs. G. W. Smith, Mrs. W. P. Lewis, Mrs. Henry Brainerd, Miss M. F. Wills, Mrs. W. L. Williams, Mrs. Amelia Smead, Mrs. Frederick W. Wood, Mrs. Jacob Baruch and Mrs. John R. Newberry. The matron was Miss Elizabeth Weber.

The founders were shortly joined by Mrs. Albert (Kate) Crutcher and Mrs. Oscar (Hilda) Lawler, both of whom it is most gratifying to record, are still active. When the hospital was incorporated in 1907, Mrs. Crutcher was elected president and so served until 1945, when she was given the well-earned honor of being made President Emeritus. In 1948, she wrote a brief history of the hospital entitled: *WHAT KATY DID — (And What Katy Didn't)*.

In 1912, the hospital received from Mrs. William Phillips three acres of land at the corner of Vermont Avenue and Sunset Boulevard. On this land a nineteen-room structure was erected and, thanks to the generosity of interested friends, was fully equipped.

Historically interesting is the fact that when the building was completed President Woodrow Wilson, in the White House, pressed the button which turned on the electric lights.

In 1927, a large structure was added to the older one and the hospital now was two hundred beds. A valuable adjunct of the hospital is the salvage shop, which adjoins the present institution on Vermont Avenue. Conducted by Mrs. Temple Ashbrook, who is assisted by volunteer workers, most of whom give a full day a week, the shop receives contributions of clothes, shoes, bric-a-brac, toys household equipment and small furniture. It sells these items to families of limited income and gives the proceeds to the hospital and to the convalescent home, which was founded in 1919 and is located

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at 1153 North Westmoreland Avenue. It should be added that there are three other salvage shops connected with the hospital: one at 115 South Western Avenue, known as Kate Crutcher Workers; a second in Eagle Rock, and a third in Hermosa Beach.

Cedars of Lebanon Hospital

In 1901, Jacob Schlesinger recognized the need, in this vicinity, for a hospital for victims of tuberculosis. When he proposed that such an institution be established he met with opposition; but in 1902 he convinced Kaspere Cohn to his view and, as a result, Mr. Cohn offered to the Hebrew Benevolent Society, of which Schlesinger was president, a two-story frame building at 1143 Carroll Avenue to be used for that purpose. The offer was accepted, money for equipment was raised and the Kaspere Cohn Hospital, as it was named, was dedicated on September 21, 1902, with Dr. Sarah Vasen as superintendent.

About seven years later, the neighbors began to object to the presence of a tuberculosis hospital in the city, and in consequence the council passed an ordinance forbidding the treatment of consumptives within the city limits. The society then purchased land on Whittier Boulevard beyond the city limits. On this land a new hospital was built and dedicated in 1910. Both consumptives and patients suffering from other diseases were accepted but the former were housed in a separate building. By 1924 the need for a larger hospital having become evident, land was purchased and the first unit of the new hospital, the name of which, at the request of Kaspere Cohn's family, was changed on August 4, 1929, to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, was dedicated on May 10, 1930, the location being 4833 Fountain Avenue. The superintendent is Emanuel Weisberger.

(None of the hospitals in the city will accept victims of communicable diseases except the Los Angeles County Hospital, which houses them in a separate building. There are, however, a number of tuberculosis hospitals in the county outside the city — the Barlow and Pottenger Sanitoriums, previously mentioned, the Long Beach

General Hospital, the Los Angeles County Harbor General Hospital in Torrance, the Olive View Sanatorium and a sanatorium started in Duarte by a group of Jewish people in 1913. It was originally known as the Jewish Consumptive Relief Association, but in 1946, symbolic of the startling decrease in mortality caused by tuberculosis in the last forty years, and the far greater expectation of complete cure, the name was changed to City of Hope.)




From Boulder to the Gulf

By Margaret Romer, M. A.

(Continued from the QUARTERLY for March)

Chapter VII

COLONISTS ON THE MARCH

 HE STEADY TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP of horses' feet. Riding, riding, always on the move. Saddle-sore, cramped, weary, often hungry, more often thirsty, sometimes sunshine and sometimes snow, occasional laughter and dancing, but more often tears and pain, new lives brought into the world and a few departing from it; but always the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of horses on the march. Thus the colonists destined to found the City of San Francisco moved over the 1,575 tedious miles from Horcasitas in Sonora to Monterey in California.

In November and December of 1774, Anza and Viceroy Bucareli had planned the journey, the major purpose of which was to establish a settlement on San Francisco Bay and thereby place Alta California on a sound and permanent basis.⁹⁰

According to the plans, the company gathered at Horcasitas, and in October of 1775, moved northward to Anza's *presidio* at Tubac.⁹¹ Captain Anza now bore the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

At Tubac, Anza took command and arranged the order of march. What a procession it was! Two hundred forty persons and more than 1,000 animals. Besides the leader, Anza, there were three priests: Fathers Garcés, Font and Eixarch; the purveyor, Mari-

ano Vidal; Lieutenant José Joaquín Moraga, Sergeant Juan Pablo Grijalva, the soldiers, colonists, wives, children, muleteers, cattle herders, servants and Indian interpreters. Everyone was mounted, small children riding with their parents. Pack animals carried the equipment and supplies and the beef cattle trailed along.⁹²

On October 23, the caravan started northward down the Santa Cruz Valley, through Tucson, and on past *Casa Grande* to the Gila River. Plans called for the Gila route to Yuma instead of the route by Caborca which the expedition of 1774 had followed. They preferred to take the risk of Apache raids, to the known terrors of the almost waterless *El Camino del Diablo*.

The Pima Indians irrigated their lands and raised large crops of wheat, corn, calabashes and cotton. The latter they wove into blankets which they wore as a protection from cold. They showed a keen interest in the religion of which the priests told them, and they feasted and feted the travelers all the way through the Pima country.

At a lagoon (no longer in existence) near the present town of Sacaton on the Gila River, the company remained in camp three days, due to the illness of Father Font and three of the women. So they called the camp *Laguna del Hospital*.

At this place, they left the river and cut southwest across the desert to avoid the great bend of the Gila, meeting the river again at Gila Bend. From *Laguna del Hospital* to the Colorado, there was much sickness both among the people and the animals. This was due to the bad water. Three horses died and others were abandoned because they were too sick to go on. The caravan moved slowly, occasionally losing a day altogether.

The travelers were now in the territory of the Maricopa tribe who received them quite as well as the Pimas, but were less eager for the Christian teachings of the *padres*.⁹³

Just below the Painted Rock Mountains, the caravan forded the

From Boulder to the Gulf

Gila to the north bank. This was at Oatman Flats where, some years later, was to be staged the horrible Oatman Massacre.

At Agua Caliente, the party stopped for a day so the families could avail themselves of the hot water of the springs to do a much needed washing.⁹⁴

Just above the gap where the Gila flows between the Mohawk and Castle Dome Mountain Ranges, the troop crossed the river again, finishing the march to Yuma along the south bank.

The good *padres* were continually preaching peace among the tribes. They claim credit for making peace between the Yumas and Maricopas, and between the Yumas and Halchidhomas.⁹⁵ Possibly this teaching was one-third for the benefit of the Indians, and two-thirds for the Spaniards. At any rate, the results were most satisfactory.

On this section of the trail a halt was made while a little stranger joined the party — one of the eight babies born on the journey. One of the mothers was left behind under the Arizona soil.

A little further on, Chiefs Palma and Pablo and some thirty men, all unarmed, came to greet the expedition and welcome the travelers to the Yuma country. Palma seemed especially happy to see his Spanish friends again, and embraced every man, woman and child in the party by way of showing his joy at meeting them.⁹⁶ Furthermore, he made them a gift of some beans. A big *ramada* was built, scores of Indians gathered, and a great celebration was held.

Palma hoped that these people were the colonists for the Spanish settlement that had been promised them at Yuma, and was disappointed to learn that they were going on to California. He had kept peace with the neighboring tribes, he said, in the hope of winning a Spanish mission in his country, as he was anxious to have his people Christianized. He then agreed to go with Anza, on his return, to Mexico City and there plead with Buccareli himself for the establishment of a mission.

At this celebration, also, Anza presented Chief Palma with a suit of Spanish gentleman's clothing, of which the chief of the Yuma's was very proud. "It consisted of shirt, trousers, jacket with yellow front and some decorations, a cape or *cabriole* of blue cloth decorated with gold braid, and a cap of black velvet adorned with imitation jewels and a crest like a palm."

Moving down the Gila to a point just above its confluence with the Colorado, the caravan re-crossed and made camp at the junction of the rivers. The natives made a special bower of branches for Anza and the priests.

At this camp, another great celebration was held. The wives of the chiefs spread a bountiful feast for all, which included some 3000 watermelons. These were cut out of season, but had been preserved by burying in dry sand. This feast was a gala event both for the trail-weary colonists and for the natives. To do honor to the occasion, the soldiers fired several volleys of musketry which delighted the Indians.

But the crossing of the great river presented a graver problem than Anza had anticipated, since the water was higher than it had been on his visit the year before. A suitable place for crossing was found, and by a combination of wading and swimming and carrying only half packs, the expedition got across without fatalities and with but one mishap.

Padres Garcés and Eixarch were to remain among the Yumas until Anza returned from Monterey, in order to convert to Christianity and otherwise prepare them for the coming of the promised colony. To this end, a hut was built for the priests near the house of Chief Palma. Six other men and a boy remained with the priests as servants and interpreters. Also, provisions to last four months were left for the nine.

On December 4, the caravan again went forward. Two days later, they made camp at the beautiful *Laguna Santa Olaya* in the country of the Kohuanas⁹⁷ where they enjoyed another rest with its feasting, gaiety and dancing.

From Boulder to the Gulf

Now the expedition faced the hardest part of the entire journey — the trek across the Colorado Desert. In order to insure sufficient water from the few meager springs along the way, Anza divided the company into four sections. He led the first himself, and Father Font traveled with him. The second section was in command of Sergeant Grijalva, and the third was led by Lieutenant Moraga, while four soldiers escorted the cattle herders and their animals. This last section took the practically waterless short cut by which Garcés and Anza had returned on the previous trip. The men carried water in skin bags; the animals would have to go without water on the desert march.

The first three divisions went by way of El Carrizal, Las Angustias, and Santa Rosa (Yuha Well), to San Sebastian. Everyone was required to carry a bottle of water for himself and a portion of corn and a bundle of grass for his animal.

Contrary to the usual traditions of desert temperature, the colonists suffered intensely from the cold. For that year a snow-storm swept the whole region from the Colorado River to the California mountains, and caught the expedition in the hardest part of its march.⁹⁸ Their hardest day's ride was between Las Angustias and Santa Rosa, taking eleven continuous hours in the saddle to cover the thirty-five miles of cold, wintry trail.

At San Sebastian⁹⁹ was mesquite and some grass for the animals and water for all; so the Anza division went into camp to await the others. The cattle division was the first to arrive, having left eleven behind on the trail, dead. The next morning, eight more of the weakened creatures and one mule were found frozen to death. This day, also, Grijalva's division came in with all its human members, but minus several riding animals. Lieutenant Moraga's division fared worst of all. He came in two days behind schedule, having been forced to make camp to save the lives of some of his human charges. Fifteen animals in his division gave up their lives to the cause.

The eminent historian, Bolton says, "In after years, the trail

could be followed by the skeletons of horses, mules and cattle along the way."¹⁰⁰

But when the sun shines again, troubles are soon forgotten. So the re-united company held a *fandango* to celebrate the safe arrival of all its human members.

After a brief rest, the expedition again moved forward, out of the valley of the great Colorado River, and up the slopes of the California mountains toward San Gabriel, and eventually arrived at Monterey on Sunday, March 10, 1776. Later, these same brave, hardy people founded the first Spanish settlement on the San Francisco peninsula.

Meanwhile, back at the junction of the Gila with the Colorado, the restless Garcés had packed his bundle and started on another of his preaching and exploring expeditions. He was accompanied by Sebastian Tarabel and two other Indians. Traveling generally south of the west side of the river, he wandered from tribe to tribe, well received by all. Reaching the head of the Gulf, Garcés saw the great tidal bore and described it exactly as the previous explorers had depicted it.¹⁰¹

Turning northwest from Antelope Slough, the explorer-priest entered the Pattie Basin from the southeast and observed that it was an overflow basin for both the Gulf and the River in times of high water.¹⁰²

Returning to the Yumas, Garcés examined the vicinity of Chief Pablo's village just below Pilot Knob, with reference to its possibilities as a mission site, and made his recommendations for the establishment of a settlement there.¹⁰³

In February, Garcés went up the river to the Mojaves. From there, he undertook an extended journey westward out of the Colorado River country. He went first to San Gabriel, then up the San Fernando Valley, northwest of Los Angeles, and over the mountains. April and May found him exploring the Tulare Lake region in the south end of the great San Joaquin Valley, returning to the Yumas in the late spring.

From Boulder to the Gulf

His wanderlust still unsatisfied, Garcés started again in June and traveled to the Moqui country in northeastern Arizona. While this tribe made no move to harm the kindly priest, neither would its members accept his gifts, open their homes to him, nor have anything to do with his religion. Discouraged with his efforts there, Garcés again returned to his friendly Yumas.

While the wandering *padre* was away, Anza, Padre Font, and the soldiers returned from Monterey. Padre Eixarch and his household packed up their belongings and prepared for the homeward journey. Chief Palma and three other Yuman braves joined the expedition, too. Along *El Camino del Diablo* they rode to Sonoita, and then to Caborca, and Tubac.

Chief Palma and the other Yumas finally reached Mexico City where they themselves laid their plea for missions on the Colorado River before the great Buccareli.

But . . .

(To be continued in September issue.)

NOTES :

90. Chapman, *History of California*, p. 304.
91. In Southern Arizona, just north of Nogales.
92. Chapman, *History of California*, p. 304.
93. Coues, *The Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, Vol. I, p. 122.
94. Bolton, *Outpost of Empire*, p. 177.
95. Garcés called them Jalchedunes. They were a Yuman tribe on the Colorado River between the Yuma nation and the Mojave nation.
96. Coues, *The Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, Vol. I, p. 132.
97. Cagces and Anza called them Cajuenches. A Yuman tribe related to the Cocopas and located between the Yuma nation and the Cocopa nation.
98. Bolton, *Outpost of Empire*, p. 204.
99. Harper's Well, four miles west of Kane Springs on the Indio to Brawley highway.
100. Bolton, *Outpost of Empire*, p. 204.
101. Coues, *The Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, Vol. I, p. 192.
102. *Ibid.*, p. 194.
103. *Ibid.*, p. 212.

Book Reviews

By J. Gregg Layne

THE CALIFORNIA PROGRESSIVES. By George E. Mowry. University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1951. Pp. xi, 349; Index; Ports. 8vo. \$6.00.

The sixth volume of the *Chronicles of California Series* of the University of California Press, covers one of the most critical periods of California history.

George E. Mowry, in his **THE CALIFORNIA PROGRESSIVES** tells the history of the Progressive Party, its beginnings by two young newspapermen, Chester Rowell and Edward A. Dickson, who were disgusted with the graft and political bossism that had all but smothered the economy and clean politics of the state, and of the party's spread throughout the country. He tells how these two men turned a tide of corruption into a flood that carried Hiram Johnson into the governorship of California, the first governor that California had had for many years that had not been placed in the chair by the Southern Pacific Company.

Professor Mowry tells of the formation of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League and later of the Progressive Republican Party throughout the country, and how Theodore Roosevelt was persuaded to emerge from retirement and run again for the presidency, but not to victory, with Hiram Johnson as a running mate.

The first decade and a half of the present century saw the once proud "Golden State" of California hopelessly under the control both economically and politically of the "Octopus" — the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, aided and abetted by graft in the saddle in the political heart of the state, San Francisco.

The book gives a detailed story of the success of the graft pro-

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secution in San Francisco, and of the rise and decline of the Progressive Party from its emergence from the Republican Party back to its later return to the fold. It tells of its accomplishments in a most readable style, with intimate sketches of its leaders and organizers.

THE CALIFORNIA PROGRESSIVES is well written and well printed, but it is illustrated with rather poor reproductions of portraits of the leaders of the movement, and though poor, the illustration of the now famous "Shame of California" group, showing California's governor, James N. Gillett standing behind the infamous San Francisco boss, Abe Ruef, with his hand resting affectionately upon Ruef's shoulder. This illustration alone, now saved from oblivion, is worth reproducing, to show to what level our leaders had fallen.

The book is supplied with an adequate index, a thing that is most necessary in a work of the kind to make it a tool for the student.

BOSS RUEF'S SAN FRANCISCO. *The Story of the Union Labor Party, Big Business and the Graft Prosecution.* By Walton Bean. University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1952. Pp. xii, 333; Ports. 8vo. \$5.00.

Here is a great contribution to the literature of California history, though it may be sordid. BOSS RUEF'S SAN FRANCISCO gives the whole story of the Union Labor Party, the honest businessmen, and the graft prosecution they carried to a successful end in the city beside the Golden Gate.

Walton Bean has told the story more fully than it has ever been told before, and he doesn't call his punches.

Until one reads BOSS RUEF'S SAN FRANCISCO it is hard for him to understand how a frail young attorney could attain the power attained by Abe Ruef in such a short period of time.

Professor Bean shows unusual fairness in all his statements, but he paints a never-to-be-forgotten picture in the mind of the reader, of the corruption and graft that held a stranglehold on San Francisco for so many years, and until freed by those intrepid crusaders, Rudolph Spreckels, James D. Phelan, Hiram Johnson, Francis Heney and Fremont Older, aided by Detective William J. Burns.

On the dark side of the picture Abe Ruef, himself, William F. Herrin, the S. P.'s attorney, P.(in) H.(ead) McCarthy, San Fran-

cisco's labor leader, and Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz and other prominent characters come in for their full share of the story, in a way never before told.

The book is a contribution to the literature of California, filling a place, until now empty, on the shelves of California libraries. It has a good bibliography making it a fine source book, aside from its being a book of such interest as to coax the reader to read long into the night.

The fine series of portraits used to illustrate the book gives the reader a more graphic idea of its characters.

BOSS RUEF's SAN FRANCISCO, with Professor Mowry's recent book, THE CALIFORNIA PROGRESSIVES, give a full understanding of the corrupt politics that dominated the state of California at the beginning of the century.

LAND OF FICTION. *Thirty-two novels and stories about Southern California from "Ramona" to "The Loved One."* By Lawrence Clark Powell. Los Angeles, 1952, Glen Dawson. Pp. xiv, 50; 12mo. \$5.00.

Glen Dawson has added a sixth volume to his *Early California Travel Series*, LAND OF FICTION: *A Bibliographical Essay*. By Dr. Lawrence Clark Powell, the dynamic Librarian of the University of California at Los Angeles.

Dr. Powell has included thirty-two novels of Southern California, of all types, from "*Ramona*" to "*The Loved One*," and has written a critical paragraph or two on each story he lists. He has also written a preface which is an interesting essay in itself.

I have always felt that well-written fiction, based on historic fact, is the best way to impress history on the mind of a reader, and Dr. Powell has chosen well by including in his list of representative fiction such books as "*Ramona*" by Helen Hunt Jackson; "*The Rose Dawn*" by Stewart Edward White; "*Hill of the Hawk*" by Scott O'Dell; "*The Winning of Barbara Worth*" by Harold Bell Wright; and "*Fig Tree John*" by Edwin Corle, which portray so well California's Mexican period; the breaking up of the *ranchos* in the Santa Barbara district; early life in Pomona Valley; the Imperial Valley, and, in "*Fig Tree John*," the Salton Sea and Coachella Valley country. He has chosen two books to bring back memories of a

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once aristocratic residential section of Los Angeles, the now almost tawdry Bunker Hill, in "*Angel's Flight*," by Don Ryan, and "*Ask the Dust*," by John Fante.

Lawrence Clark Powell is fast becoming an essayist of international repute and there is no doubt this little bibliography, his latest effort, will create considerable interest among readers and collectors of California fiction.

There have been but 325 copies of the book printed in a beautiful format by Grant Dahlstrom of the Ampersand Press at Pasadena.

A HISTORY OF PHELPS DODGE, 1834-1950. By Robert Glass Cleland. New York, 1952, Alfred A. Knopf. Pp. xiv, 307, xxii; Index; Ports., Ills., Map. 8vo. \$4.00.

One of the most interesting histories of an industry, among the many that have appeared during the past few years, is Dr. Robert Glass Cleland's A HISTORY OF PHELPS DODGE, that great copper mining and smelting corporation which has been a factor in the economy of the nation for more than a century.

Beginning with a merchandising business, which is still carried on by the corporation in many of the mining camps it controls, the Phelps Dodge company became a power in the banking and railroad world and then went into copper mining and smelting, an industry in which they have become one of the world's "greats."

Dr. Cleland has written a book, not only of great interest, but of highest value, and shows his versatile ability here, as in every other branch of history in which he has written.

To your reviewer, A HISTORY OF PHELPS DODGE is most interesting for it takes him back over old stamping grounds. For more than twenty years he called twice a year upon every smelter and mine office of the Phelps Dodge organization in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

In the HISTORY OF PHELPS DODGE he can now travel with "Bob" Cleland the paths he knew so well, from El Paso to Tyrone, to Clifton and up the mountain to that sky city, Morenci, then down to Douglas and up through Warren and Bisbee and then up through Tucson and across the great Papago Indian reservation to Ajo, and then backtrack up through Phoenix and Prescott to Jerome, another

"sky city," and to Clarkdale, where Phelps Dodge took over the great United Verde interests. Truly a journey through a copper empire controlled by the great corporation. In the early days he can remember traveling on Phelps Dodge's own railroad, the El Paso and Southwestern, from El Paso to Douglas. That line now is the property of the Southern Pacific.

The book is a beautiful one — a true Alfred Knopf product, fine typography, excellent portraits and illustrations, a good index and sound history that all tend to make this a great book. It is a fine piece of Southwestern history.

THE IRVINE RANCH OF ORANGE COUNTY, 1810-1950. By Robert Glass Cleland. The Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif., 1952. Pp. viii 163; Ports. Map, Ills. \$3.50.

Now Dr. Cleland steps from copper mining to agriculture and writes a history of a great California ranch — one of the largest in the state — the Irvine ranch of Orange County.

The author traces the development of this vast tract of land from 1810 to the present time, giving in his history a resume of the Spanish and Mexican Land Grant System and tells the history of the old Mexican grants that made up the present great Irvine ranch, the *San Joaquin*, the *Bolsa de San Joaquin*, the *Niguel* and the *Santiago de Santa Ana*.

Dr. Cleland includes the history of the Irvine family in the ranch history and tells, as well, the story of the old Spanish-Californios who played their part in the area, as well as the early *bandidos*. telling of the ambush of Sheriff Barton, in 1857, by Juan Flores band. The book is packed with early Mexican-California history. It is one of the fine contributions to the local history of the state.

The book was designed and printed by the Ward Ritchie Press, which alone is a guarantee for fine appearance, for the Huntington Library.

MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS, or *Recollections of a Burnt Journal*. By Frank Marryat with illustrations by the author. Reprinted in facsimile from the first American Edition of 1855, with an Introduction and Notes by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur. Stanford University Press. Pp. xiv, 393, xxxiii. \$5.00.

The Stanford University Press has brought out another of its facsimile reproductions of early Californiana in Frank Marryat's

Book Reviews

MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS, a book that has always been considered one of the outstanding books of the Gold Rush.

MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS gives one of the best descriptions, in print, of life at the mines in the 1850's and conditions in San Francisco and on the *ranchos*. The author's illustrations are many, though he claims to have lost them by fire.

The book was first published in 1855 at both London and New York. The present reprint being made from the latter. This edition of the Stanford Press has an introduction and notes by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur, which adds another fine piece of work to her already fine list of Californiana. She has also added an index, an important adjunct omitted in the original editions.

Stanford University Press has made available at a modest price a book that has become almost unobtainable in its early editions. Both the London and the New York editions have long since become collectors' items.

CAPE HORN TO THE PACIFIC. *The Rise and Decline of an Ocean Highway*. By Raymond A. Rydell. University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1952. Pp. xi, 213; Index; Map. 8vo. \$4.00.

Raymond A. Rydell, Associate Professor of History at Los Angeles State College, has written a saga of American adventure that will ever be of interest to the student of our history in his fine new book, CAPE HORN TO THE PACIFIC.

He has covered his subject in a manner that holds the reader's attention and aids the student in his research. Step-by-step from the early explorers through the old China trade, the Boston ships' trade in tallow and hides — the barter for the wares they brought to California, the adventures and misadventures of the 'Forty-niners on the old sailing ships, to the Clipper-ship-days where seamanship in sailing vessels reached its highest peak, does the author take the reader.

Professor Rydell has interspersed comedy through the pages of his book, giving color and excitement to its content. It is one of the few to deal wholly with the perilous trip "round the horn" in its every detail. Its excellent bibliography and its fine index and notes

make it a book of permanent value to the student. This is a scholarly piece of work.

The University of California Press may well be proud of this fine example of the bookmaker's art, designed by that master of art, Ward Ritchie.

THE STORY OF TULARE COUNTY AND VISALIA, 1852-1952. By W. W. Robinson. Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles, 1952. Thirty-six pages with illustrated cover, Maps and illustrations.

W. W. Robinson, vice-president in charge of publications for the Title Insurance and Trust Company at Los Angeles, has written many reliable books on California history. Particularly valuable have been the little booklets, published by the Title company, on the various communities of Southern California.

Not the least of these is THE STORY OF TULARE COUNTY AND VISALIA, his latest. This little book is in many ways unique among the others since the author has used old lithographic plates from one of the earliest Tulare County histories, *Thompson's Historical Atlas*, published in 1892. There are four views and two maps taken from the old history besides a two-page colored map of the County of Tulare by Cliff Wrigley.

Extremely interesting is the historical material given by Mr. Robinson on Visalia, the oldest town in the lower San Joaquin valley, and an early map of Visalia is also reproduced.

Californians who are interested in their state, and especially those to whom local history appeals, owe much to Will Robinson for the many fine books he has written. Among them are: "*The Story of Pershing Square*," "*Ranchos Become Cities*," "*The Island of Santa Catalina*," "*What They Say About the Angels*," "*The Forest and the People*," "*Land in California*" and "*The Old Spanish and Mexican Ranchos of Orange County*," besides the many little booklets on Pasadena, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Whittier, Glendale, Monrovia, Pomona, San Pedro and Wilmington, Inglewood, Beverly Hills, San Fernando Valley and Culver City.

W. W. Robinson has been a prolific writer, and best of all his writings are as nearly free from error as any this reviewer has

Book Reviews

known. His wife, Irene Robinson, an artist of note, has illustrated many of his books. These two talented people have also written and published a series of beautiful children's books with full-page colored illustrations and interesting stories on "*The Zoo*," "*A Day at the Seashore*" and "*The Circus*."

Among the author's California books his "*Land in California*," "*Ranchos Become Cities*" and "*The Forest and the People*" — a story of the Angeles National Forest — are the best books that have been published on their subjects.

There has been a great demand for THE STORY OF TULARE COUNTY AND VISALIA, but there are still copies available for the asking from the Title Insurance and Trust Company at Los Angeles.



Activities of the Society

Listed by Ana Begue de Packman

MEETING OF APRIL 22, 1952

President John C. Austin called the meeting to order and made welcome all new members present. He then introduced the speaker, Professor Gustave O. Arlt, Associate Dean of the Graduate Division of the University of California at Los Angeles. Dr. Arlt was also Director of the California Literary Centennial in 1950.

Dr. Arlt gave a brilliant address commemorating the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Edwin Markham. His talk was illustrated with slides of portraits and the writings of this famous American poet who wrote "The Man With the Hoe," the poem that gained immortality for Markham over night.

After a most enjoyable evening, President Austin invited all present to retire to the candle lit refreshment room. Here, pouring at the urns were Mrs. John C. Austin and Mrs. Carmen Holliday.

* * *

MEETING OF MAY 27, 1952

President John C. Austin presided at an unusual and happy meeting of our Society when Mr. N. Lee Levering, Clerk of the California State Senate, and long one of our members, presented to the Society two portraits rendered in charcoal of the donor's parents, Judge and Mrs. Noah Levering. Judge Levering was the founder of the *Historical Society of Southern California*.

Activities of the Society

Following the presentation, the speaker of the evening, Mr. Sam Greene, was introduced by Program Chairman Frederick F. Houser, vice-president of the Society. Mr. Greene told the story of the historic Dan Freeman *adobe* at *Rancho Centinela*, now Inglewood. He told of how the *adobe* was built by Don Ygnacio Machado in 1822, after which he made a trade with Don Bruno Avila. He, in turn, sold to the Scot, Robert Burnett, who tired of California and sold it to the Pioneer Daniel Freeman, whose name it bears to the present day. In 1888, Freeman built a new home. From then on the Freeman *adobe* or *La Casa de la Centinela* became rental property and finally lost its grandeur. In recent years a small group of history-minded people have rescued the landmark, together with an acre of land, which they have restored and preserved for posterity.

Members and guests were invited to join together for a social hour around the big dining room table. Pouring at the urns were Mrs. John C. Austin and Mrs. Frederick F. Houser.

* * *

THE STORY OF PERSHING SQUARE

The *Historical Society of Southern California* placed an exhibit in the Tower of the City Hall, of treasured mementos dating back to early *pueblo* days, depicting the environs of the present Pershing Square.

Members of the Society were invited to the Preview on Tuesday, June 17, with Mayor Fletcher Bowron presiding as host. Rawhide *riatas*, horsehair *mecatas*, traffic bells from the hames of the Remi Nadeau freight train mules along with other equipment of horse days were on display from the Secretary of the Society's personal collection. Photographs illustrating scenes of the park covering the period from Central Park's days to Pershing Square were loaned by the Society. Newer scenes of Pershing Square as a parking unit were shown by the Municipal Park Commission under the direction of M. Kenneth Ross. Among other organizations showing views were the Title Insurance and Trust Company, and the Security-First National Bank.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1952

The *Historical Society of Southern California*, traveling by Tanner Motor Coaches, left the Headquarters at 9:00 a. m. sharp. The Pilgrims journeyed west on Wilshire Boulevard, following the trail Portola covered in 1769, then crossed the Santa Monica Mountains along the old Indian trail of the Comihabit Indians, now Sepulveda Boulevard.

The following historic landmarks were passed and noted: *Rancho La Brea*, the site of La Brea Pits, first recorded by Father Juan Crespi, the diarist of the Portola Expedition; *Rancho San José de Buenos Ayres*, now the site of the University of California at Los Angeles. From the heights of the present campus, Portola sighted the Indian villages below and his scouts, who met the Indians, learned that there was no trail northward along the shore and that the party must cross the mountains by the Indian trail; *Rancho de los Encinos*, where the party was met by Clyde Strickler, assistant Ranger, at the State Monument; El Triunfo Peak, overlooking the Conejo grade, the barrier that protected the *rancheros* from marauding Indians. Then at Ventura County *Rancho Calleguas* of the Camarillos was passed. Our first stop was at Camarillo Community Center where we were welcomed by our member, Richard Bard, and Judge David Flynn.

Our party then crossed *Rancho El Rio de Santa Clara ó Colonia*, originally mission lands, watered by the Santa Clara River. Along its southern banks, Portola followed it to the sea in 1769. The town and port of Hueneme are now located on these lands, once the home of Senator Thomas R. Bard, who founded the town in 1871 and built the first wharf. We sighted *Rancho San Miguel*, which was granted to Raymundo Olivas, whose grandson was our host, the president of the *Ventura County Pioneer Society*. The outstanding two-story *Olivas adobe*, purchased by the late Max Fleishmann still stands. *Rancho Canada Larga*, home of Mme. Edward Canet, also was observed by the Pilgrims.

Foster Memorial Park was our next stop where we were the

Activities of the Society

guests of the *Ventura County Pioneer Society*, and here the two Societies joined for a picnic luncheon. This beautiful park was presented to Ventura County by Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Foster, parents of our Miss Orpha Foster, in memory of their only son, Eugene F. Foster. Ceremonies were then conducted by the Pioneer Society's incoming president, Judge Charles Blackstock. In turn, our president, John C. Austin, introduced the speaker of the day, J. Gregg Layne, who gave a short resumé of the long existing amenities between Ventura and Los Angeles Counties, and then told of the various early day *bandidos* that infested both counties in common. After the address each of the directors of the Historical Society present was introduced and our first vice-president, Judge Frederick F. Houser, talked briefly on some of the early legal lights of Ventura County.

We next visited the Ventura County Pioneer Museum where we were conducted by the curator, J. H. Morrison, who is also our member. After a thorough tour of this interesting museum, with its many rare historical objects, forming a high-light of the pilgrimage, we boarded the buses and arrived in Los Angeles in time for a belated dinner.



Gifts to the Society

In each issue of THE QUARTERLY there appears a list of the donors and gifts made currently to the Society.

The Society is making an especial effort to build up its collection of historic materials, such as diaries, letters, account books, early newspapers, theatre and other programs, pictures of early-day life in California and costumes. We need your help.

Every member of the Society has some historic article that would be welcomed, and THE QUARTERLY sincerely hopes that the names of all our members will be recorded from time to time in the gift column.

MARCO R. NEWMARK,
Chairman, Committee on Gifts and Bequests

* * *

MRS. ALICE CATT ARMSTRONG: Book: WHO'S WHO IN LOS ANGELES COUNTY; a beautiful copy, bound in full leather, giving portraits and biographical sketches of more than 1,400 men and women of Los Angeles County.

EDMUND F. DUCOMMUN: (1) Court Case No. 7 — Eulogio de Celis vs. Albert Packard. This document under date of 1879 contributes to the history of early California families. Among those mentioned are George S. Patton, J. J. Warner and others. (2) An illuminated map of *Rancho Cucamonga* as recorded in the Book of Maps of San Bernardino County. Here again are references to early families. Among those mentioned are I. W. Hellman, Meyerberg *et al*; Executors O. W. Childs, J. Downey Harvey; Surveyors George W. Hanson and Alfred Solano.

MRS. VIRGINIA EDEN (of the *Los Angeles Times* public relations department): Book: HISTORY OF THE LOS ANGELES TIMES NEWSPAPER.

JOHN FARQUHAR: A set of twelve family portraits of Senator and Mrs.

Gifts to the Society

J. P. Jones, founder of the Los Angeles and Independent Railway. This little single track railroad traveled from Los Angeles to Santa Monica.

MRS. JOHN RUSSELL HASTINGS: A photograph by Juley, of the donor's late husband, from a portrait painted by the well-known American artist, Luis Mora. The artist was a brother of the late Jo Mora, sculptor of California historical figures whose home was in Carmel.

MRS. KARL KUHLMAN: Book: *THE MARCH OF EMPIRE* by Averam B. Bender.

J. GREGG LAYNE: Book: *MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS* by Frank Marryat. The Gold Rush and the mines of the 1850's.

N. L. LEVERING: Two framed portraits of his parents the late Judge and Mrs. Noah Levering. These add much to our collection since Judge Levering was, in 1883, the founder of the *Historical Society of Southern California*.

ROSCOE L. MCCREA: Photographs by Godfrey (1870) of the first engine of the San Pedro and Los Angeles Railway, which was owned by Phineas Banning. His associate and paymaster was Mr. John McCrea, the donor's father. Historic clipping of the residence of Mr. Thomas P. McCrea, secretary of the Gas and Electric Company. This home in 1888 stood on the corner of Eighth Street and Broadway.

MARCO R. NEWMARK: A brochure of the Banning home and park at Wilmington, California. A brochure written in appreciation of Caroline M. Severance, an outstanding club woman of 1925, by Mary A. Gibson; and three copies of the *Pony Express* newspaper.

MRS. ANA BEGUE DE PACKMAN: Historic object: Old miner's candle holder, wrought of iron and fashioned with a hook and spike so that it could be hung or stuck into a convenient spot.

MRS. J. W. PHELPS: Book: *THE TRIBUNE ANNUAL*, January 1, 1890. Historical, financial, commercial and agricultural facts of California and its Southern Counties. Undated clipping, "about 1890" advertising cutrate round-trip tickets from eastern points to California by the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe Railroads. Three rare old Los Angeles photographs (1892), showing the *Plaza*, the first high school and the red stone court house. Book: *ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE POMONA FIRE DEPARTMENT*.

CHARLES PUCK: A collection of twenty photographic prints of California landmarks and Los Angeles scenes. One manuscript telling of the various locations of the Los Angeles post office and the postmasters from 1850 to 1945.

MRS. LUCY GAGE RAND: A copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the *Society of California Pioneers*, organized in 1850, revised, 1900.

MR. AND MRS. FREDERIC C. RIPLEY: Book, containing the colorful story of the old San Fernando Pass, first traveled by the Indians, later by the Spanish Californians, and then traversed by the stage line to and from the north.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

W. W. ROBINSON: Eight maps showing *rancho* land grants, subdivisions, roads and streams of Ventura County.

FLOYD C. SHOEMAKER: Book: MISSOURI DAY BY DAY, Volume 1. This edition tells the activities of many early traders and trappers who came into California.

G. HEALY TONDEL: Golden Jubilee Edition of the *Santa Barbara News Press*, Sunday, March 30, 1952. Pictorial edition of the *Westwood Hills Press*, 25th Anniversary Edition.



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FOUNDED 1883



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.



Address articles, stories, books for review, and all material to appear in the *QUARTERLY*, and general Society correspondence to:

The Secretary,
The Historical Society of Southern California
2425 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles 5, California

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY



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The
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QUARTERLY

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The HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY, official publication of the *Historical Society of Southern California*, 2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California, is issued four times each year during the months of March, June, September and December. Subscription price: to members of the Society, \$6.00 per year, \$2.00 per single copy; to non-members of the Society, \$8.00 per year, \$3.00 per single copy. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles, Calif.

The Historical Society of Southern California

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883

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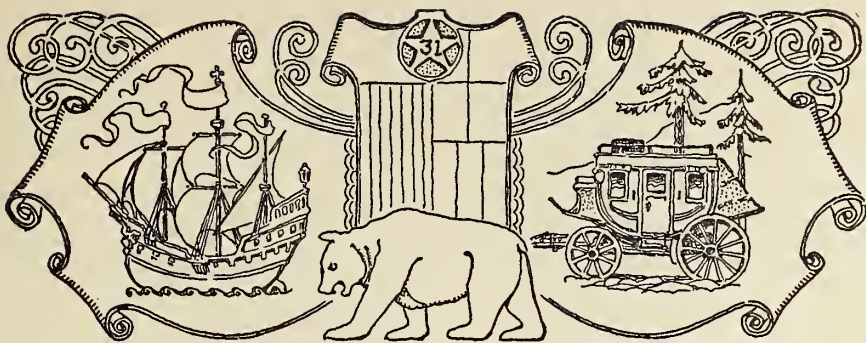
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The Historical Society of Southern California QUARTERLY for September, 1952

Poet Laureate: Edwin Markham

By Dr. Gustave O. Arlt

Director of California's Literary Centennial in 1950



OF ALL GREAT LITERARY FIGURES of California's first century there is probably none as firmly entrenched in the hearts of his fellow citizens of the Golden State as the gentle, lovable Edwin Markham. His was not the early, rapid rise to fame of Mark Twain or Bret Harte. His was not the spectacular meteoric career of Joaquin Miller, tracing its brilliant course across four continents. His was a slow, almost plodding rise from a drab boyhood through an unpretentious youth and early manhood to a late florescence at an age when his colleagues had already attained worldwide fame. He was twenty-eight years old when his first poem was published and forty-seven when his name suddenly flashed out of obscurity into the four ends of the civilized world. But then a kind Providence gave him another full forty years, almost a second lifetime, during which his literary powers steadily grew until, in his venerable eighties, he reached the zenith of a splendid career.

Edwin Markham came from a long line of dissenters, individualists, and pioneers. His ancestors on both sides of the family

came over from England and Holland with the early colonists, later descendants served in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 and then moved steadily westward. His parents, Elizabeth Winchell and Samuel Markham, had lived in Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois and moved to the Far West with the endless emigrant caravans in 1847. They did not stop until they reached Oregon City, almost within sight of the Pacific Ocean. It was here that young Edwin was born, the youngest of twelve children, on April 23, 1852.

Samuel and Elizabeth Markham established themselves in Oregon much as hundreds of other emigrant families had done. They took up a homestead, cleared land, raised cattle. The poet later in his autobiography tells us a great deal about his mother, very little about his father, except that he was not a good provider. His mother, he says, had brought apple seeds along from Michigan and planted trees, thus becoming one of the first apple growers in the Northwest, an area now famous for its fruit. She opened a general store which flourished with the new community and supplied necessities to both settlers and Indians. Moreover she was a woman of literary gifts and wrote verses about all the memorable events, like the arrival of ships or of pack trains, births, marriages, or deaths among the scattered neighbors. Edwin Markham speaks of her respectfully as the "poet laureate of the new settlement."

His father died while Edwin was still very young, but the exact date is somewhat obscure. The poet writes: "My father died in Oregon when I was about seven years of age." That would make the year 1859. But it is fairly certain that Elizabeth Markham moved her family to the Suisun Hills in Eldorado County, California, in 1857, and it is unlikely that she left her husband in Oregon to die there two years later. On the contrary, most biographers agree that the elder Markham died when Edwin was little more than four years old and that his death prompted the mother to sell her store and orchard in Oregon and move her numerous brood to California. We are told that she was attracted by the stories of sudden wealth in the gold fields. That may be true, but there is no record that she or any of her older children staked out any

mining claims or took part in mining activities. Instead she acquired a fairly large farm where she raised cattle, sheep, wheat and barley.

Young Edwin grew up as the hand for the general farm work. He plowed the fields for the grain and harvested it, he tended the sheep and rode the range in roundup time. "I was the young *vaquero* of my mother's cattle range," he writes in *A Mendocino Memory*. But not all his time was given to manual labor; he was a regular and diligent attendant at "The Old Black School," as he called it, for three months in the year until he was seventeen. In this pitifully short session of formal education Edwin acquired a remarkable amount of learning and a great love of literature, especially of poetry. When he was fourteen years old he earned his first money — twenty dollars — by doing chores on a neighboring farm through the summer. He wanted to give this money to his mother to help with the household expenses, but when she refused to accept it he made his first major purchase: a Webster's unabridged dictionary and sets of the complete works of Scott, Tennyson, and Byron. (It is remarkable what an important role Byron played in the early development of all the California poets of the nineteenth century.) From this time on young Edwin dreamed only one dream, had only one ambition: to go away to college and to acquire a real education.

When he was seventeen he ran away from home not, like Joaquin Miller, to hunt gold and adventure, but to find a college that would admit him. He had no idea where he was going and so he turned the head of his buckskin pony westward toward the hazy sky-line of the Coast Range. Through trackless forests and hills he plodded, until one evening he met Black Bart, the notorious bearded bandit who haunted the Central Valley. Bart took him back to his camp as a prisoner and kept him there for many weeks. He apparently became fond of the quiet, intelligent boy and tried to prevail upon him to join his outlaw band. But young Edwin told him of his burning desire to go to college and finally prevailed upon the hairy bandit to let him go his way.

After several weeks of aimless wandering, during which Edwin Markham did not get much closer to the urban center he was seek-

ing, he finally came to a ranch and stopped for food and rest. He had just about decided to give up his quest for education and to settle down here as a ranch hand when his mother unexpectedly arrived. She had been trailing him for months in an old buckboard, picking up his track here, losing it there, but never giving up until she had found him. She told him that she would yield to his insistent wish to go to college but that she first wanted him to come home with her and save enough money so that he could go properly.

A few weeks after his return to the Suisun Hills a miracle happened to Edwin Markham that helped him to realize his ambition. He was digging under a rock for soap root when his pick struck metal. He dug further and pulled out a canvas bag filled with five, ten, and twenty-dollar gold pieces, totalling more than nine hundred dollars—an immense fortune for a boy who was scraping nickels and dimes toward his schooling. Markham always believed that the money had been buried there by his bandit friend, Black Bart, for him to find. It hardly seems likely that this notorious outlaw should suddenly have turned philanthropist, but at any rate, no one ever turned up to claim the treasure.

Next year, in the fall of 1870, Edwin, accompanied by his mother, set out for San José and entered the San José Normal School. He studied hard and worked in his spare hours in a blacksmith shop. In 1872 he graduated and took a position as teacher in a country school at San Luis Obispo. Here he found nine pupils but no school building. But Markham and his pupils ingeniously solved their problem. They cut saplings and built a stockade around a huge oak tree, whose overlapping branches and foliage were dense enough to serve as a practically rain proof roof. In this enclosure they built nine tables and benches for the pupils and one for the teacher, and within a few days the young schoolmaster began to teach the Three Rs, but mostly he read his favorite poetry to the pupils.

At the end of a few years Edwin Markham left his idyllic schoolhouse under the spreading oak tree and his little flock of eager pupils, not without a tinge of regret, to complete his college education. This time he entered the Christian College at Santa Rosa,

Luther Burbank's home town. In two years he acquired the Bachelor of Arts degree and followed it, in accordance with the custom of his time, with a short law course. He did not, during this period of schooling, lose touch with the working world, but earned his tuition and keep by hard manual labor in shops and on farms around Sonoma County. There was, in fact, never a time in Edwin Markham's youth and young manhood when he did not know the privations of poverty and the necessity for eking out a precarious livelihood. This closeness to the problems of the poor, more than anything else, developed his understanding and sympathy for the underprivileged and inspired the social poetry that later made him the voice of America's social conscience.

When he had completed his law course Markham did not, as he intended, take up the practice of law, but returned instead to teaching. He was about twenty-eight years old when he went back to the scenes of his boyhood in Eldorado County in the foothills of the Sierras to teach in a district school much like the one he himself had attended. He was a good teacher, enjoyed the respect and affection of his pupils, influential with the elders of his community. And his work afforded him enough leisure to read, to think, and to dream. He had already begun to write poetry years before but had never submitted anything for publication. Now, when he was twenty-eight years old, his first verses were printed. They made no great impression. They were no better and no worse than hundreds of other verses by hundreds of other young men who had a vague yearning to express their thoughts on life and death in rhymed lines. But in the next few years *Scribner's* and *Atlantic Monthly* and *Century* and other magazines bought some of the countless poems he wrote and kept the spark of his literary ambitions alive.

His reading during these years became more and more concentrated on the subject of social problems. Horace Greeley, Albert Brisbane, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and other social reformers held his attention and directed his thoughts toward the plight of the underprivileged classes of society. It probably never occurred to him that he was himself one of these underprivileged unfortunates and that he only slightly improved his lot by

unrelenting industry, energy, and determination. One April afternoon in 1886—Markham later said that he never forgot the day and hour—a young artist friend of his named Melville Upton brought him a copy of *Scribner's Magazine* containing a black-and-white illustration of Millet's famous painting "The Man With the Hoe." As he looked at the picture of that pathetic stooped figure with the grief-lined features, all his reading and thinking of the past six years was suddenly focussed upon that mean magazine print and in a blinding flash it came to him that this was the man at the bottom of the human ladder, the man he had been reading and thinking about.

"Yes," he said to Melville Upton, "That's the man! His problem must be solved or humanity's problem will never be solved."

And within the hour he jotted down in an old black, cloth-covered notebook four lines of the verse that later, much later, were to become immortal:

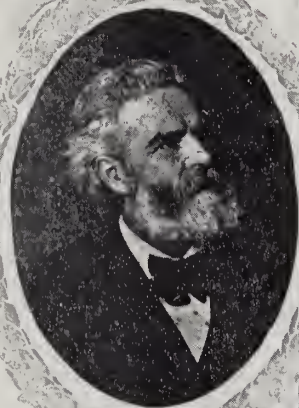
*Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages on his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.*

That was all. There the Muse left him. Try as he might, Edwin Markham could not find the words to go on, to express his ineffable sympathy with the poor, subhuman creature that Millet had so cruelly exposed on his canvas. He laid the notebook aside, put the unfinished lines away with the countless other finished and unfinished, unpublished efforts of these years. He continued with his work as a teacher, continued to sell an occasional poem to the magazines, continued on the prosy rounds of his daily life.

Gradually Edwin Markham began to make something of a name for himself in California—not as a poet, but as a teacher. His teaching methods began to attract favorable attention and he was soon in considerable demand as a speaker at teachers' conferences and institutes. Inevitably the University of California became interested in him and he was repeatedly invited to lecture at Berkeley. In 1898—he was already forty-five years old—he married a young

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

BY
**EDWIN
MARKHAM**



BY REASON OF
**UNIVERSAL
DEMAND.**

*SUPPLEMENT TO THE
SUNDAY EXAMINER.
Copyright 1899 by W R HEARST*



Original in Huntington Library

March 25, 1926.

My dear Fred Lockley:

I know your interest in things literary; and as I am sending you a copy of my Poem, the one that won the international prize offered by the English Poetry Review.

After a long study of Poe's genius and career, I am convinced that, since his death, he has suffered under a burden of unjustifiable detraction. He may have taken "a drop too much" now and then; but that was a common failing in those days.

Leaving this question on the side, I am convinced that Poe had high — even noble — qualities of character; and he fell to these qualities while struggling under evil fortunes — illness, poverty and all the rest.

I must not forget to tell you that my son Virgil has blossomed suddenly

into a novelist. His first story, The Scamp, founded on 18th century adventure, will be brought out by Macmillans in April. They are asking him to send them all his future work in this line. My scintillate.

I am asking the publishers to send you a review copy. If you can't handle it, will you please pass it on to the right person for publicity, asking him to have the kindness to send us a copy of his comment?

I remember you most pleasantly, and I trust that Fortune is not forgetting you.

Sincerely yours:

Edwin Markham

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colleague of his profession, Anna Catherina Murphy, a lady who shared his ideals and who was gifted much as he was. She was even then a successful poet and developed her talents so that later she was made poetry editor of the *Literary Digest*. And in the same year Markham was called to Oakland as head of the University of California's Observation School. A new career and a new era began for him whose years until now had been spent in the bucolic surroundings of the Sierra foothills of Eldorado County.

A Saturday afternoon in December 1898, was the most fateful hour in Edwin Markham's life. He had heard that Mrs. William Crocker, who owned the original Millet painting of "The Man With the Hoe" had opened her home to visitors to see her art treasures. He went across the bay to San Francisco and walked through the gallery straight to the painting of which he had seen a poor copy thirteen years earlier. For two full hours, until the gallery closed, he sat before it, as in a trance, lost to the world. He never knew how he made his way back home to Oakland. He found the old black notebook in which he had jotted down four lines many years before, and now the unformed thoughts took form in his mind and the unspoken words poured from his pen. Within an hour the first and second stanzas were finished:

*Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packed with danger to the universe.*

The pen faltered. The dynamic rush of ideas and words stopped. For another hour the poet wrestled with himself. Then, exhausted he gave it up. That night he slept fitfully. All the next day, Sunday, he brooded over the third stanza. He walked about as though in a trance, scarcely eating, scarcely noting the anxious looks of his young wife. All through Sunday night he dreamed of the man with the hollow cheeks and the lifeless eyes. Then, on Monday morning, just before dawn, he leaped from his bed in a frenzy of creative passion. By the gray light that filtered uncertainly through the eucalyptus trees on the Oakland hills he wrote these lines:

*What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
 Through his dread shape the suffering ages look;
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
 Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
 Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
 Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
 A protest that is also prophecy.*

Again the flow of inspired words ceased. Again the poet laid the empty pen aside. But not for long. With the preternatural clarity of a poet's vision, his hurrying hand soon had completed the fourth and fifth stanzas. At last it was finished — that anguished cry that was the voice of mute millions.

Edwin Markham knew that he had composed an epoch-making poem, one that would arouse controversy and stir up violent animosities. But not even he — or perhaps he, least of all — was prepared for the cataclysmic eruption it was to produce. Having completed it he laid it aside, showed it to no one. A little later he spent a brief holiday with his mother in San José and he filed and polished his poem into final form.

A few days later Markham was a guest at a gathering of literary men at the home of Carroll Carrington, a young San Fran-

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cisco newspaperman. The host called on each of the guests to entertain the company with some original contribution. When it came Markham's turn he followed a sudden impulse, took the manuscript of his poem from his pocket, and with a few preliminary words of apologetic explanation, read it to the assembly. Gradually the hilarious crowd grew quiet and when Markham finished there was a long, stunned silence. Heads were bowed, eyes stared unseeingly at the figures in the carpet. Then Bailey Millard, Sunday editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, himself a prominent figure in California's literary hall of fame, came across the room.

"Mr. Markham," he said, "that poem will go down through the centuries. I would like to have the honor of printing it in the *Examiner*."

The poet agreed and "The Trumpet Blast of the Coming Century," as it was soon called, appeared on January 15, 1899, in the center of the magazine section, along with a full color illustration of the painting that inspired it and a portrait of Markham.

(Strangely, the poet's own account of the genesis of his greatest poem differs in some details from the authentic record. He says that after the completion of the first draft during the Christmas holidays of 1898, he carried it with him for months and rewrote it some eight or nine times. He recalls the party at the home of Carrington, where he read the poem aloud to the assembled guests, as having occurred in the fall of 1899. And he says emphatically that it appeared in print for the first time on December 28, 1899, "on the eve of the twentieth century." Of course, nothing is easier to check than a newspaper file, and it proves the poet's memory to be at fault. The date of first publication is definitely January 15, 1899.)

Almost immediately the storm broke. Newspapers up and down the coast began to copy the poem. As fast as the mails and wire services could carry it, it was reprinted in the Middle West, the East, Canada, Europe. In the course of two years it was reproduced in newspapers, magazines, and books more than twelve thousand times. Wherever it appeared it stirred up unprecedented controversy. Every newspaper that printed the poem received bales

of letters from its readers, attacking it from every conceivable angle or rising militantly to its defense. For a solid year all the San Francisco papers ran daily full columns of letters about it. Then, for another six months, the *Examiner* expanded its column to a daily full page with the heading "The Persistent Discussion of the Man With the Hoe." Dr. David Starr Jordan, the eminent president of Stanford University, toured the country with a lecture on the poem, which he delivered more than two hundred times. He used the theme to bolster his well known pacifistic views with the argument that wars caused race degeneration by killing off the elite of young manhood, leaving only the inferior types that produced the Hoe-Man.

A few months after the first publication of the verse, Collis P. Huntington, the builder of the Southern Pacific Railroad, offered a prize of Two Thousand Dollars for the best reply to the controversial poem. The contest was placed in the charge of the *New York Sun*, and the famous critic Thomas Bailey Aldrich was named chairman of a distinguished jury of scholars and writers. More than five thousand answers poured in during the contest period, which ran for a year. The lucrative prize was won by a writer who also occupies a fair page in the history of California's literature, John Vance Cheney. In his poem of reply, which has a definite Nietzschean—today we would say "fascist"—ring, Cheney develops the idea that God made the Hoe-Man as an inferior type to serve as slaves for the more fortunate, more ruthless humans. Markham conceded that the poem had literary merit but added that it was the most un-American and un-Christian sentiment he had ever read. Cheney's poem is only a literary curio today, Markham's lives forever. Cheney received two thousand dollars for his, Markham received forty dollars — exactly the same sum that John Milton had received for *Paradise Lost*.

The controversy ran on for years. More than four thousand parodies on the poem were published and no one knows how many uncounted thousands were written and not printed. Cartoons showed the American farmer as a happy Hoe-Man with such titles as "The Man With the Dough." Clergymen all over the country

preached sermons on the poem and one enterprising minister in St. Louis published a whole book of his sermons about it. The *San Francisco Bulletin*, loosing circulation to the rival *Examiner*, published a little feature story pointing out that a certain Miss Chase had previously published a poem entitled "A Man With a Hoe." Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—the story carried a caption "Is 'The Man With the Hoe' a Plagiarism?" Immediately the storm broke out anew. Scores of newspapers copied the story and many of them, less careful than the *Bulletin*, bluntly said it was a plagiarism.

Fremont Older, editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, somewhat abashed at the confusion he had caused, wrote an editorial, demanding that all of the papers that had called the poem a plagiarism publish retractions and apologies to Edwin Markham. Then, however, he proceeded to profit by the new controversy and ran a daily column for many months on the question of the plagiarism. Hundreds of letters were printed, many of them from the leading literary figures of the day, but the most concise and striking answer came from the great Ambrose Bierce who wrote:

"There is no similarity whatsoever, for Miss Chase's poem is a dainty sentimentalism, while Markham's manuscript has the power of a terrific protest."

Very few writers, no matter how great they may be, have the experience of causing a world upheaval with a single publication. Goethe had the experience when he wrote *The Sufferings of Young Werther* and was catapulted into world renown at the age of twenty-three. But here was a poet approaching middle age, whose work up to that time had found little appreciation and little more than regional notice, and who now suddenly found the glare of worldwide attention focussed upon himself. One day he was a modest and unassuming teacher in the Teacher's College at Oakland; the next, a national figure whom writers and critics alike called "the greatest living poet" or even "the greatest poet of the century." Soon he was deluged by flattering offers of various positions in the east, and a few months later he left the Oakland hills for New York to assume the editorship of a great national magazine. Like many another California writer before him, he had to give ear to the lure of the

world east of the Sierras, and from 1899 to the end of his long life in 1940, he made his home on the eastern seaboard. Unlike Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and his other predecessors, however, he never quite severed the ties that bound him to the Pacific shores. He was always a frequent visitor to San Francisco as well as Los Angeles, and he always maintained contact with his friends here.

Edwin Markham had scarcely established himself in his modest home in Brooklyn when the opportunity presented itself to repeat the triumph of his "Man With the Hoe." A committee of the Union League Club of New York waited upon him with the request that he write a poem on Abraham Lincoln to be read at the first Lincoln birthday anniversary of the twentieth century. With characteristic modesty Markham replied: "I would be glad to pay my homage to Lincoln's greatness. I will wait patiently upon the Muse: if she gives the poem to me, I will give the poem to you. I cannot promise with certainty."

Two weeks later, returning from a lecture tour, Markham retired to his study to seek inspiration for the poem. Nothing came. Days and nights dragged on until February 10th. He sat up all that night, but no thoughts came. February 11th must have been a day of torture for the poet. Again he sat and dreamed, far into the night, and at last—at two o'clock in the morning of February 12th—the creative idea flashed upon him. With flying fingers he wrote line after line, stanza after stanza. By five o'clock the first draft was finished. In the following three hours he rewrote the poem three times and an hour later the finished verses were on their way to the copyright office. Markham fell into an exhausted slumber and at six-thirty that evening rose in his place at Delmonico's famous restaurant and read his *Lincoln — The Man of the People*. Twenty-two years later he read it once more at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C., and today it stands engraved for all time on the walls of the Lincoln Shrine over the Great Emancipator's birthplace at Hodgenville, Kentucky.

From the beginning of the twentieth century to his death four decades later, Edwin Markham occupied a unique position in American letters. Never before had a writer who limited himself almost

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completely to poetry so thoroughly captivated the hearts of the public. The harshest literary critics paid tribute to his verse in language that sometimes appears extravagant. Joyce Kilmer, William Dean Howell, and many others called him "our greatest living poet." Robert Underwood Johnson wrote, "A poem by Markham is a national event." Ella Wheeler Wilcox named him "the greatest poet of the century." Thomas Marshall, vice-president of the United States, said, "We and all our works will vanish, but the name of Edwin Markham will echo down the centuries."

More and more he became a figure of national renown and gradually he took on the character of national poet laureate. The boy who had ridden the range to round up his mother's cattle in the Suisun hills, the modest little schoolmaster from Eldorado County, had become a revered central figure at every national commemorative event, seated on the speaker's rostrum or in the reviewing stand with the nation's leaders. He was selected by the City of Boston to write an ode in honor of the city's three hundredth birthday, and he delivered it on the Boston Common. In 1922, a Congressional Committee, headed by Chief Justice Taft, unanimously chose him to read his Lincoln poem at the dedication of the Memorial in Washington. In 1932, it was Markham who was designated, again by a Committee of Congress, to write the poem commemorating the bicentennial of George Washington's birth. In 1925, he won the International Poetry Prize for his tribute to Edgar Allen Poe, *Our Israfel*.

To the very end of his life, his creative powers grew rather than diminished. Critics agree that his last large collection of verse, *Eighty Songs at Eighty*, includes some of his very best work. Nature was kind to him for, having given him a late start in life at an age when other poets have long since reached the zenith of their careers, she granted him another full forty years of health in body and in mind. Many of us, even the younger among us, remember him well with his flowing white beard, his bushy mane barely contained beneath the broad-brimmed Stetson, his twinkling, kindly sloe-black eyes, his booming voice commanding attention everywhere. And those who had the privilege of shaking his hand can never

forget the warm, cordial, Western clasp of that huge, firm fist. So he went about the country with open eye and heart, beloved by all who knew him, revered by all who read or heard him.

When he died in 1940 in his New York home, his passing was that of a great national figure, of a man who had become a myth, a legend, even during his lifetime. No epitaph can more eloquently describe the momentous passing of a great man than the deathless words with which he himself had concluded his tribute to *Lincoln* — *the Man of the People*:

*“And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.”*



California Mountain Men of Another Breed

By Rockwell D. Hunt

Historian, College of the Pacific



WHEN THE HISTORIAN of the American West writes of the "Mountain Men" he refers to a type of rugged individualist that broke trails through the Rocky Mountain region and on to the Pacific Ocean. The subject was usually a trapper, with beaver pelts as the chief object of his quest. He it was who, by his unflinching courage and dare-devil spirit of adventure, opened paths to the Far West for the waves of home-seekers and settlers who were soon to follow.

LeRoy Hafen finds George Frederick Ruxton, a man who combined "the passion for rugged adventure, the hardihood to survive it, and the literary ability to portray it vividly, the first to use the Mountain Man as literary material."¹ Ruxton had few successors.

These old mountain men — Jedediah Smith, Ewing Young, Jim Bridger, Joe Walker, Thomas Fitzpatrick, and the others — have won an enviable place in our history, which doubtless would have seemed incredible to themselves. They fellowshipped with the mountains, by no means insensitive to their beauty and sublimity. By virtue of their knowledge, some of them proved excellent guides to the adventuring settlers. They were effective stimulators of enthusiastic interest for the augmenting trains of the westward immigrants with faces set toward the setting sun. Most mountain men, like the typical cowboy of a later period, have won popular interest because they possessed two prerequisite qualities—personal prowess and original cleverness. They were men of stamina to a high degree,

1. Hafen (ed.). *LIFE IN THE FAR WEST*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1951.

fearing neither man nor beast, delighting themselves in their unhampered freedom.

They have their place of honor, their need of praise. Let us never begrudge them their well-deserved recognition.

But California boasts another type of mountain men, men of a later generation, upstanding men who have matched our mountains, whose lives have been an open book, helping to restore our sense of values by their emphasis on the love of beauty and sublimity, to promote true conservation of our marvelous natural resources and to develop an unexcelled system of National Parks and Forests, greatly to enrich the field of our western art and literature, and to exalt the virtues of the clean and wholesome life. The mountain men of more recent years revealed the wonders of our great ranges for the enjoyment and uplifting of tens of thousands of our more sophisticated city-dwellers. The reckless breed of mountain men of the early wilderness devoid of book learning, employed a picturesque jargon scarcely intelligible to any outside the clan; the mountain-matching men whose praises I now sing were men of culture, whose speech was chaste, whose writing has become classic. These men were at home with the best refinements of an age of enlightenment but could not abide the veneer of superficial conventionalities and loathed insincere flattering and effusive adulation.

Is it not time for someone to direct our attention more specifically to this type of California mountain men and endeavor to pay just tribute to them, also, as men who represent California at her best, who deserve well of the commonwealth and of posterity?

* * *

With not a moment's hesitation I nominate John Muir the Master Mountaineer of California. To Muir, Christianity and mountainty were "streams from the same fountain." Linnie Marsh Wolfe calls him *Son of the Wilderness* in her authoritative study; the reviewer refers to him as "Dweller at the Heart of the World." To Bailey Millard he was simply "Gentle John Muir."

California Mountain Men of Another Breed

He was but a lad of eleven when the family left his native Scotland to come to America; and it was not until 1868, the year of the founding of the *Overland Monthly* with Bret Harte as editor, that he arrived in California. As to his appearance Millard's characterization will suffice: "He was a slim, wild-haired, wild-bearded craggy man, always with a far-off expression." In his time he traveled over much of the world, his admiring friends were of the innermost circle of the elite from many lands; yet, he remained always the shy, simple, unaffected, consecrated apostle of Nature, and at length died — still learning.

John Muir is not literally a part of the Yosemite landscape, but the atmosphere of that breath-taking park will forever retain something of the Muirian fragrance. If judged by the company he kept, he ranks the peer of the best. When in 1871 he was host to Emerson, then sixty-eight, in Yosemite, he was thirty-three. Few indeed of his life experiences were more memorable. Referring to the prospect of a night on the mountain, Muir said to the Sage of Concord: "Stay up here with your big brothers, for you are the Sequoia of the human race." Muir found a kindred spirit in John Bidwell, father of Chico, another understanding lover of the mountains. He delighted distinguished visiting botanists, like Asa Gray, Sir Joseph Hooker, and John Bradford Torrey. Following the death of Charles E. Parry he remarked that it would seem easy to die "when such souls go before." Muir referred to Louis Agassiz as one of the best of God's nobles, confessing his strong influence upon his own life.

This is not the place to present a catalogue of the friends of John Muir. What scientist—whether botanist, geologist, or naturalist of any sort—could be other than friend to "John of the Mountain?" What artist would not be inspired by his company? What writer of prose or poetry would fail to be enriched by his perfect diction and matchless imagery?

Muir did not marry until 1880, when Louise Strentzel became his wife. They established a home on the ranch near Martinez, where many happy hours were spent. But his master passion was

for nature—the forests, the mountains and all that in them is. He did practically no farming, leaving the ranch to the tenants. Still less did he like the crowded artificial city as a dwelling place. He invited his inmost friends to go with him up into Nature's heights, where they might "receive baptism and absolution from civilized sin." Still more often he went entirely alone. But if he was allergic to the city he was forever and incurably smitten with the mountains. His lessons and his delights were in the simple rocks and living waters—he found a sermon on every mount. He communed with his favorite pine (*Pinus Lambertiana*); every plant in its place was his teacher; the sprightly water-ousel was his playmate along the rocks and swirling waters of the musical mountain brook. It was while he was in the heart of the Sierra, perhaps without a human companion, for a fortnight at a time, with no food but flour or uncooked oatmeal, with a skimpy store of tea and possibly a piece of dried beef, and a little sugar that he experienced the exhilaration of the very essence of freedom. In one of his letters he declares that he had never found a person as free as himself.

Others have appraised Muir's practical services in the interest of the conservation of our natural resources, development of our unrivalled National Park system, and appreciation of our abounding wild life. Muir Glacier of Alaska, Muir Trail of the high Sierra, Muir Woods north of San Francisco to which seventy acres have but recently been added, numerous John Muir schools here and there over the state—these are among the perpetual reminders of what California's Master Mountaineer has done in the realms of science, living in the upper currents, and common education.

Fortunate are we in that this princely man of all nature, whom we proudly claim as Californian, has left for grateful posterity so much of himself in his own never-to-be surpassed writings. Our literature has been immeasurably enriched by his chaste essays, his published books about the mountains he loved, and—not least—by those letters that give us intimate glimpses into his inner life and motivating spirit. We are grateful for all this: it moves us to exhort, with Isaiah of old: "O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee

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up into the high mountain." We look beyond the foothills for needed strength. God stands above the hills and all storms—for up in the heights is the dwelling place of John Muir.

* * *

One of Muir's devoted friends, his chosen companion on a number of his exciting adventures in the haunts of Nature, has done in the realm of fine art what Muir did in literature for the mountains of California. It was none other than William Keith, "Master of California Landscapes." Ina Coolbrith called him "our wizard of the tinted brush"; Muir acclaimed his ability "to paint the poems of the mountains." How these men of the mountains, both Scots—supplemented each other, each appreciative of the contribution of the other, is suggestive of perfection among humans.

But may we claim Keith for California? Indeed, it is true! After a period of study and work in Europe he wrote a friend from Dusseldorf that he was "going to get rid of German-style of painting by the only possible way — that is by studying nature." Continuing, he proposed to study a year in Maine, then return to California, for he wrote, "I feel that is my home." Only free access to nature is needed by a man of such artistic instinct and the spirit of devoted work.

One thing about the friendship of Keith for Muir delights me—it was intimate enough for the artist to call the naturalist "Johnnie"; which was fully reciprocated by the naturalist's calling the artist "Willie." There is something about the kind of friendship suggestive of the relationship between two unspoiled chums—it is more than friendship, for it is of the essence of unvarnished affection. Another evidence of the bond existing between the artist and the naturalist—purely objective in character—is seen in the fact that in Brother Cornelius' beautiful book, KEITH, OLD MASTER OF CALIFORNIA, the index contains upwards of thirty references to Muir. Their devoted friendship began as early as 1872.

Keith accompanied Muir on several of his trips into the moun-

tains. He felt deeply that a man of his strong artistic instinct "needs only nature." As a perfect corollary he found the mountains an "inspiration of everything that is grand and lovely";—his zeal for the mountains knew no bounds, and Johnnie Muir an ideal companion. The artist, like the poet, must go to Nature's heart, not to be slave but by selection and combination to gather materials for the best in landscape painting. It was Keith's independence and industry, combined with his artistic genius and common sense, that made him "Old Master of California," and fountainhead of a renaissance in the art of the West.

His masterpieces were his children. His *California Alps* was presented in 1874; but it was not until the turn of the century that he reached his zenith. Among his subjects—his paintings and sketches numbered into the thousands — there were *Crown of the Sierras*, *Mount Lyell*, and *Mount Tamalpais*. It is said that every gallery of note in the land possesses at least one Keith. St. Mary's College is proud to have on its campus Keith Hall, built in California Mission style, with more than two score of Keith masterpieces.

Here was a California Mountain Man, of deeply religious nature, always reaching out for perfection in his art, with no time for social trivialities, but whose name stands, and must always stand, for grandeur, dignity, and inspiration in true art.

* * *

Enter now a trained scientist, university professor, to join the select company of California Mountain Men. The appearance of Joseph Le Conte explodes completely the time-worn fallacy of the dictum of the inevitable dullness of the academician. In this the California scientist deserves an honored place with that noble trio of fine tradition — Mark Hopkins, Louis Agassiz and David Starr Jordan.

Why are we so slow to recognize that the ideal professor is he who, while teaching, is himself continuing his quest for new knowl-

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edge by research, and adventure, creating in his students feelings of affection for their instructor and inspiring them with an undying desire for real learning?

When at the age of forty-six Joseph Le Conte was appointed to a professorship at the newly founded University of California, a new period of his life was begun. To his students he became "Professor Joe." Fortunate are we to have *A Journal of Ramblings Through the High Sierra of California*, first published in 1875. The ramblings of the inspiring teacher and his enthusiastic disciples, a party of ten, had occupied more than a month of the summer of 1870.

Le Conte described himself as "long and lantern-jawed," and "in search of romantic adventure," sometimes called "Don Quixote." He was deeply impressed by the Mariposa Big Trees, "giants among giants," most profoundly by old Grizzly Giant — the hugeness of its trunk seemed over-powering. His description of sunrise from Glacier Point would do credit to Muir himself. His rapturous gaze revealed "rosy-fingered Aurora," the "bald, awful head of Half Dome," the ever-rippling, ever-swaying gauzy veil of the Yosemite Falls," and the valley's floor, "like a garden." Much as he had heard and read, he had never "imagined the grandeur of the reality." The whole of a beautiful Sunday morning was spent in the presence of the "grand mountains, yawning chasms, and magnificent falls," uplifted by their speechless sermons. Even more beautiful—if possible—is his description of the panorama spread out from his stand at the top of Vernal Falls, "Oh, the glory of the view!"

It was on his first visit to Yosemite that Le Conte met John Muir, "in rough miller's garb, whose intelligent face and earnest, clear blue eyes," excited his interest. He found the California naturalist "a gentleman of rare intelligence, of much knowledge of science, particularly of botany . . . thoroughly acquainted with the mountains in the vicinity." Between these two princely mountain men there was to be much in common. More than one interesting mountain section was examined by them together in happy companionship.

Along with Muir, Warren Olney, William D. Armes and a few others, Le Conte was a charter member of the Sierra Club, a chief objective of which has been, from the beginning, in 1892, the maintenance of an organization of men and women who were lovers of our mountains, who delighted themselves in mountaineering. Muir was fittingly made first president, and only death removed him from the office twenty-two years later.

This is no place for a critical appraisal of Le Conte's actual contributions to science. He accepted Muir's theory regarding glaciers in California, though such acceptance involved him in stubborn dispute with Professor Josiah Whitney. More significant to us now is the fact that he found one thing even nobler than the grandeur of the Sierra — Home and Love. "A loving human heart," he wrote, "is greater and nobler than the grand scenery of Yosemite." The high place in his hierarchy of values was accorded to "the priceless value of loving hearts."

Le Conte was a scientist of high rank, making noteworthy contributions in several different fields, more especially in geology and chemistry. His last published paper, "*What is Life?*" appeared in 1901. But I like to think of him as a passionate lover of the great outdoors—and what could have been a more appropriate time and place for his final leave-taking than on a trip with the Sierra Club into the Yosemite? As an educator he was greatly admired; as a teacher he held the real affection of his students; as a mountain man of nobler breed he was the peer of his distinguished contemporaries. He was deeply religious — a humble worshiper of the God of Nature. To him holiness was the end of human life. "Science is come *not to destroy*, but, aided by a rational philosophy, *to fulfill* all the noblest aspirations, the most glorious hopes of our race."

* * *

There was a memorable botanical tour to the Mt. Shasta region in 1877, the party including John Muir, Sir Joseph Hooker and Professor Asa Gray. This distinguished group was sponsored

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and conducted by General John Bidwell, "Father of Chico." When the trip was concluded Muir remained as guest at the Bidwell mansion for an extended visit. While there the idea seized him that he would enjoy descending the Sacramento, "River of Gold," alone in a small boat. With characteristic indulgence the kindly Bidwell forthwith had the ranch carpenter build a little skiff; and on the second of October, the naturalist launched forth on his flagship *Spoonbill*, at Bidwell Landing, on his unique voyage, happy as a young boy with a new toy.

One of Muir's most entertaining letters, addressed to the Bidwells and Mrs. Bidwell's sister, Sallie Kennedy, describes the happenings during "one glorious strip of enjoyment, five days to Sacramento — sunrise to sunset — rowing a third of the time, paddling another third, drifting with the current the final third, in restful comfort, landing now and then to examine a section of the bank or some bush or tree." He was profuse in his thanks "for the thousand kind things" the Bidwells had done and said.

And thus John Bidwell, Prince of California pioneers, is introduced into the select company of our Mountain Men. Indeed, he was a man of so many parts that perhaps he has scarcely been thought of as a mountain man at all. But, truth to tell, he possessed special and exceptional qualifications.

Bidwell was a pioneer of 1841, his own fascinating account of "*The First Emigrant Train to California*" having now long been regarded a classic. This was years before the coming of Frémont, antedating by far Marshall's discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, personal witness of the days of Gertrude Atherton's *Splendid Idle Forties*, contemporary in fact of the original mountain men of the western wilderness. Indeed, he had all the prerequisites for matriculation along with Jim Bridger, Joe Walker, "Broken Hand," and Kit Carson. But he was home-seeker and not a trapper or guide: he did not remain at a way-station, but on and on he went showing himself a Mountain Man of Another Breed fully worthy of a place among his honored contemporaries. To be sure, he became California's leading agriculturist, he had an interesting political

career, he was known and loved for his many philanthropies. But through it all he was a passionate lover of California. "If there is a spot on earth where I prefer to live," he declared, "it is California." And in the land of his choice he delighted to explore the mountains—their deep canyons, their rugged heights—and to enjoy their wild life and wealth of wild flowers. He found pleasure in learning the botanical names of all the plants that grew on his great *rancho*. Always he was a man learning.

If the company a man keeps is any criterion of his character, then on that score Bidwell deserves a high rating. Among the many visitors and guests at *Rancho Chico* were included such botanists as Sir Joseph Hooker, Professor Asa Gray and C. C. Parry, intellectual luminaries like David Starr Jordan, Joseph Le Conte, and Albert Winship; among Christian leaders Dr. Samuel H. Willey, Martin C. Briggs, Edward Howard Griggs; men in public life—President Rutherford B. Hayes, General William T. Sherman, Senator Leland Stanford. The General and his charming wife Annie were host and hostess to hundreds of guests of distinction, coming from all walks of life: those of low estate were no less welcome than the élite. None was held in more affectionate regard than John Muir. Bidwell made no pretension at being a botanist, or a geologist, or a scholar, or a statesman — he was too modest to profess any such claim — but he was always learning — learning from every visiting scientist, every guest, humble or distinguished. And he was never happier than when entertaining those from whom he could gladly learn, whether around his sumptuous dinner table, or on the lovely drives of the *Rancho*, or in the mountain camp.

Perhaps nothing in his wonderful life serves to mark John Bidwell as a Mountain Man of Another Breed more strikingly than his activity on the day of his death. Road building in the mountains had become with him a grand obsession—he found happiness in straightening irregular curves and reducing heavy grades—all in the public interest. On the fourth of April, 1900, at the age of eighty, he proceeded, as was his wont, to a place to build a new

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road. His strong heart suddenly gave way — that afternoon he joined the everlasting hills.

* * *

One of the most satisfying autobiographies in all Western literature is the two-volume *DAYS OF A MAN*, by David Starr Jordan. Early in this monumental work Jordan confesses that terrestrial geography was his "main passion in life," and around it, he continues, "all my scientific work has built itself up." Passionate interest in the geography of mother earth puts one well on the way to being a mountain man. But add to this Jordan's love for trees and his passion for flowers, the fact that he had enjoyed special privileges as a student of Louis Agassiz, apostle of beauty and the out-of-doors, then that he took to himself friends like John Muir and John Bidwell—he has met all requirements for full membership in the fraternity.

Jordan was forty when he became president at Stanford. He was not long in becoming a real Californian—of the best sort. "What he was," writes Dr. Robert Swain in the *Stanford Alumni Review*, "must take first place over what he did." Within him was the pioneer. He loved the rivers and the woods and the flowers—with restraint he tolerated the city. Though he had little opportunity for leisurely exploration or adventure in the California mountains, as did Muir and Le Conte, he was happy to claim the Sierra Nevada as a part of his rich heritage. His ascent of the Matterhorn in 1881, years before he came to the Golden State, was a real achievement, winning for him an enviable reputation as an intrepid mountain climber, and incidentally furnishing him a topic for perhaps his most frequently repeated popular lecture. When one imaginative listener wished to know why he should want to climb to the top, his sufficient reply was: "that mountain hung over our heads and dared us to come."

Muir drew more attention to the "wee dear ouzel, one of the most complete of God's small darlings," than any previous writer. Many years after his touching experience while exploring the icy

fjords of the Alaskan coast, Dr. Jordan bestowed the name Ouzel Basin on the glacier channel in the far north where Muir wrote his *BIOGRAPHY OF A WATER OUZEL*. It is recorded that on one occasion, not long after Jordan had been introduced to Muir, both were at one of James Whitcomb Riley's lectures in San Francisco. When at the conclusion Muir somewhat bashfully presented himself to Riley, Jordan quickly took in the situation and said to the lecturer, "Mr. Riley, this man is the author of the Muir Glacier." Never did his quiet sense of humor—which some of his professors never even discovered — fail him; just as he never lost his love for the good American game of baseball.

David Starr Jordan was like the granite heart of his Sierra Nevada. He belong to that noble company, says Swain, "who reach the mountain tops of achievement." His written prose shows the influence of Thoreau; his surprisingly beautiful poetry reveals the soul of the man. Supreme lover of peace, arch-enemy of war, he enlisted in the struggle against evil, for the clean life, a challenger of wrong, a champion of right.

* * *

And there you have the nucleus of my first team of California Mountain Men of Another Breed. Look at the superb quintet! Not a shredded man among them! No two of them alike, yet every one of them a true Californian! All know the signals perfectly. Others may pick other material; but I have made my choice. Oh yes, many more have earned places on the squad, as auxiliaries and reserves—these must never be overlooked.

Among them all James Mason Hutchings deserves a place as a veteran mountain man and writer of mountain lore. He first visited Yosemite in 1854, when that wonderland was still new to civilized eyes. It is not strange that he came to be called "The Father of Yosemite," for he probably did more than any other to make it known and loved. It was his home for many years; for a term he was guardian of the Park. Visitors of distinction were entertained by

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him. Much of his time was devoted to writing and talking about Yosemite. Hutchings' *California Magazine* made its appearance in 1856. Two years later it became his *Illustrated California Magazine*, continuing for three years more. The first number contains the story of the Yosemite trip in 1855, with four engravings from original sketches by Thomas Ayers. Its most widely quoted feature was Editor Hutchings' *The Miners' Ten Commandments*, first published in 1853, and quickly followed by scores of thousands of copies, so great was the demand. He was certainly one of the first of an illustrious line of California nature lovers, and his favorite theme, as illustrated by *In the Heart of the Sierras*, was always the glorious Yosemite, with its perennial beauty, its grandeur and sublimity. His *Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California*, first published in 1860, appeared in numerous editions.

* * *

Clarence King shared the belief of his chief, Dr. Josiah Whitney, in the cataclysmic origin of Yosemite Valley, refusing to accept the theory of living glaciers. On the 19th of September, 1873, he climbed Mt. Whitney, leaving on the summit this note in a yeast-powder can: "This peak, Mt. Whitney, was this day climbed by Clarence King, U.S. Geologist, and Frank F. Knowles, of Tule River."

King was not only a mountain climber—he had unusual facility in telling about it, in casual conversation and around the camp fire. He made himself famous, as John Caughey has reported, "as an incomparable raconteur of mountaineering adventures." The pity is that he left us but one complete book, *MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA*. This, however, is regarded as a model.

Galen Clark, long known as "Yosemite Pioneer," discoverer of the Mariposa Grove, was one-time owner of Wawona: it was there that he once regaled the hungry Muir party with a generous piece of bear meat. As guardian of the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, on the occasion of Emerson's visit in 1871, Clark selected the finest of the unnamed trees and requested the sage to name it. Emerson

called it Samoset, after the New England sachem. He was himself an authority on the Indians of that locale. Robert Cowan calls his *INDIANS OF THE YOSMITE VALLEY AND VICINITY*, one of the best sources relating to the life and legends of these fast disappearing aboriginal inhabitants. *THE YOSEMITE VALLEY*, which appeared later, has won wide recognition. Naturally the Big Trees proved a favorite theme with the "Yosemite Pioneer."

Clark was as much at home in his mountains as if he himself had sprung from the great trees about him. Muir referred to him as, "the best mountaineer I ever met," "the sincerest tree lover I know." For years he earned his livelihood as versatile guide, showing visitors about the ever-marvelous Yosemite and its environs, though he would never have made his mark as a business man. He liked nothing better than fighting his way to a difficult summit, alone, and there just "looking off." As one of nature's gentlemen he would sometimes be gone a week, or even a fortnight, in tranquil enjoyment.

Clark was proud to number among his intimate friends, men of eminence like Joseph Le Conte, John Burroughs, and John Muir. Before coming to California he had suffered from pulmonary trouble—his doctor had given him but a few months to live. His manner of life in the mountains, among the tall trees, enabled him to reach the age of ninety-six, leaving behind, as one writer expressed it, "a great record of kindly deeds, of useful achievements, and a multitude of sincere friends, who loved him."

* * *

My task is almost completed. Mountain-matching men of California have been brought to view—men who demand—

"Room! room to turn round in, to breathe and be free."

The stories of still others of them would have to be told in any full record of the breed. But here only a word of mention can be made of men like John Swett, nature-loving champion of our free school system; Franklin K. Lane, high-ranking American con-

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servationist; Charles Keeler, lover of birds and of beauty; Willis Jepson, who enriched the life of many by his happy blending of esthetics and botanical science; Charles Parry, eminent botanist, authority on the flora of Mexico; Charles Shinn, whose study of the mining camp brought also the feel of the mountains; Joaquin Miller, "poet of the Sierras," who in extolling the virtues of the Men of '49 saw beyond the camp, even beyond the mountains, when he sang:

*Yon bannered snow-peaks point and plead
God's upward path, God's upward plan
Of peace, God's everlasting creed
Of love and brotherhood of man.
Thou mantled magistrates in white,
Give us His light! Give us His light.*

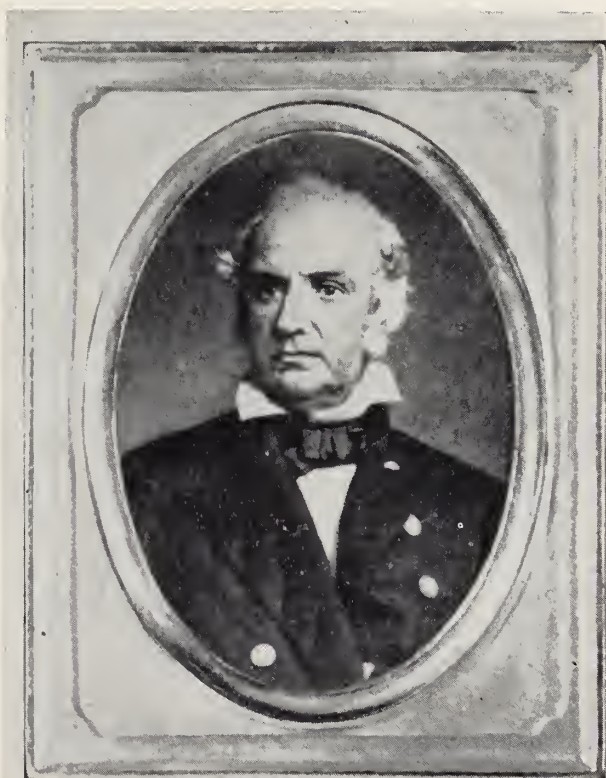
During the period of which I write, eminent men of science and of letters, as well as men of affairs, who also knew the joy of the mountains, honored both California and themselves by their visits to "California, Geologic Wonderland." Here are some of them: Ralph Waldo Emerson, David Douglas, Louis Agassiz, Sir Joseph Hooker, Asa Gray, Josiah Whitney, Charles Gilbert and Theodore Roosevelt. The stimulating influence of such leaders upon California mountain men is ungrudgingly acknowledged.

Mountain Men of the old time broke paths for thousands of settlers and immigrants, a very potent factor in what was called "Manifest Destiny." Mountain Men of the newer type have revealed the wonders of our matchless ranges for the enjoyment of an endless procession of nature lovers, to the enrichment of the lives of multitudes. In striking contrast to their prototypes, these were at home with the refinements of an age of enlightenment, while reveling in the simplicity and integrity of nature. Many and fruitful were the contributions to science, fine art, literature, and the philosophy of living. They abominated superficial conventionalities, loathed hypocritical flattery and gushing fountains of insincere adulation. Well did they understand the outward graces of society; but theirs was a passionate love for the ways of nature. They were

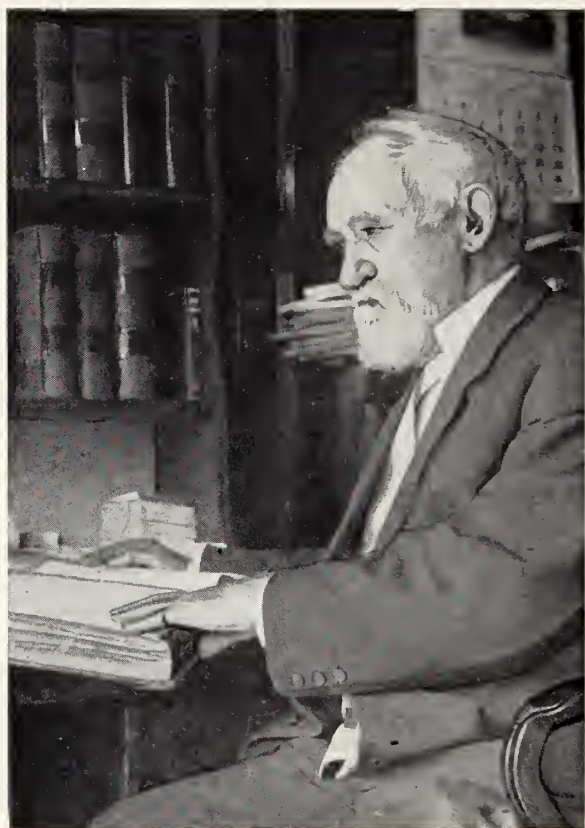
the revealers of the secrets of the marvelous resources hidden from the uninitiated in the depths of the mountains—whether in the realm of science, or esthetics, or humanity itself.

The lordly mountains impart strength—strength with humility and gentleness. California Mountain Men of Another Breed vindicate man's noblest prerogative that exalts gentleness and kindness at length to a place of higher potency than all material power. Of all God's creatures man alone has discovered real beauty. Our mountains are stepping-stones to divinity.





COLONEL E. D. BAKER



U. S. SENATOR CORNELIUS COLE

*He and Edward D. Baker were responsible for the
formation of the Republican Party in 1856.*

LINCOLN AND BAKER:

The Story of a Great Friendship

By Edward A. Dickson

Former Publisher, Los Angeles Express



ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LIFE WAS his great friendship for Edward Dickinson Baker—*Colonel Baker*, if we choose to think of him as a soldier; *Senator Baker*, if we recall his stirring speeches in the country's hour of peril; or "*California's Baker*" — the strong bond that connected Lincoln with California.

As a warrior, Edward Baker served his country *first* in the Black Hawk War; *then*, in the war between the United States and Mexico; and *finally* in the Civil War, where he was mortally wounded in battle while leading his heroic California battalion.

As a statesman, Baker served in the Illinois Legislature, then in the lower house of Congress; then in the United States Senate — always defending with his matchless eloquence the integrity of the nation.

BAKER IN CALIFORNIA

It is no exaggeration to say that no man exercised a greater influence on the political life of California than Edward Baker. Thomas Starr King contributed mightily to the Union cause, but his was a brief service. King did not arrive in California until the middle of 1860—just a few months before Lincoln's election; and he died four years later. Baker, on the other hand, came to California in 1852. He travelled over the state from one end to the other, everywhere pleading the cause of the Union. It was Baker who for nearly a decade fought incessantly against the powerful

forces that were striving desperately to drag California into the whirlpool of secession.

Yet, the name of Edward Baker today is almost unknown—all but erased by the unchecked erosion of time. One writer a year or so ago, referred to Baker as "Lincoln's forgotten friend."

A number of years ago, I had an interesting talk about Edward Baker with California's honored patriarch, Cornelius Cole. Senator Cole, himself, was a highly interesting character; and, of course, an authority of early California. Born in 1822, he lived a rugged and useful life for 102 years, passing away in Los Angeles in 1924. It is interesting to reflect that while he was our own contemporary, he had lived during the life-time of every President of the United States with the exception of George Washington. Presidents Adams and Jefferson died in 1826, so Cole had lived for four years during their lifetime.

Cole had come to know Baker intimately, and Baker told him of his frequent letters to and from Lincoln — and of Lincoln's grave concern about the two Pacific states, California and Oregon. The venerable senator described Baker to me as the man who had contributed most to the anti-slavery movement in California; the man to whom the Republican party in California owed its origin.

"Baker," Senator Cole told me, "was really the father of the Republican party in this state."

TWO YOUNG LAWYERS

But — back to the Lincoln-Baker friendship. To trace that friendship, let us go back to the year 1836, when young Lincoln, then 27 years of age, and leading a lonely life at New Salem, tucked his treasured copy of Blackstone into a saddlebag, which contained his few worldly possessions, and set out for Springfield—there to begin his career as a lawyer.

A few days after his arrival in Springfield, an advertisement appeared in the local newspaper, announcing the formation of a new law firm—that of "Stuart and Lincoln."

Curiously enough, the same newspaper carried another law advertisement—the card of the law firm of "Logan and Baker."

Lincoln and Baker: The Story of a Great Friendship

Those two advertisements tell an interesting story. Both Lincoln and Baker were junior members of their respective firms in this midwestern village, and each was just entering upon a career at the bar that was destined to lead to national greatness—one to the United States Senate; the other to the Presidency.

Baker was two years younger than Lincoln, with great promise because of his rare command of oratory and his distinguished personal appearance. The two young Springfield lawyers early became warm friends, although on one occasion they were competitors for the Whig nomination to Congress — and Baker won.

On another occasion, when the new state capitol at Springfield was to be dedicated, a citizens committee canvassed a list of local speakers from which to select the orator of the day. Among the names considered were those of Stephen A. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln, Judge Logan and Baker. Baker was the unanimous choice.

When the firm of "Stuart and Lincoln" was dissolved some four years later, Lincoln was invited by Judge Logan to become his junior associate, young Baker having withdrawn to practice independently. The firm's name was changed from "Logan and Baker" to "Logan and Lincoln," an association that was to continue until Lincoln began his partnership with Herndon several years later.

Both Lincoln and Baker had been members of the Illinois Legislature, and both subsequently represented the Springfield district in Congress. Each was an active opponent of slavery. An evidence of their close friendship is the fact that Lincoln named his second son Edward Baker Lincoln.

BAKER GOES TO WAR

When the United States became involved in the war with Mexico in 1848, Congressman Baker promptly resigned his seat in Congress, volunteered his services with the armed forces, and made a record for gallant performance.

The war over, Baker returned to Springfield, where he and Lincoln followed with solicitude the efforts of California—acquired

as a result of the Mexican War — to secure admission into the Union as a free state.

There were at that time, it will be recalled, fifteen free states and fifteen slave states. California, as the thirty-first state, would upset the fifteen-fifteen balance.

So when California was admitted in 1850, with a constitution prohibiting slavery, there was general rejoicing throughout the North. Henceforth, so it was assumed, there would be sixteen "free" states.

Lincoln and Baker early discovered, however, that the victory for the North was a definitely hollow one. Of the two senators initially elected from California — one Frémont, was a Whig; the other, Gwin, a Southern pro-slavery Democrat. Then, Frémont, at the end of his short, two-year term, had not been re-elected, so his seat in the United States Senate was filled by another Democrat, in full sympathy with the Southern cause.

Thus, the so-called "free state" of California was actually represented at Washington by two pro-slavery senators. And to add to the chagrin of the Northerners, the two California Congressional Representatives were likewise Democrats — and pro-slavery.

FIGHT FOR CALIFORNIA

Lincoln and Baker realized only too clearly what had happened. California, for whose acquisition Baker had fought valiantly in the Mexican War, had become, in reality a strong addition to the pro-slavery South. Lincoln and Baker earnestly pondered this unhappy turn of affairs. They agreed that California must be won back. Baker felt that it could be, and proposed that he take up residence in the new state, with that end in view. Lincoln reluctantly agreed, and Baker soon left Springfield for California.

Baker arrived in San Francisco early in 1852. So this year we are observing the centennial of his arrival in California. Baker opened a law office in that frontier city, and was soon absorbed in the complex problems of the new state.

While the dominant sentiment in California was pro-slavery, Baker felt sure that the Democrats were not as numerous as their

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political superiority would seem to suggest. This had been indicated by the vote for governor at an election held the year before. Bigler, Democratic candidate for governor, had defeated his Whig opponent, Reading, by barely a thousand votes, out of a total of 44,000 votes cast.

What was lacking was leadership. Baker found that with the exception of a man named Cornelius Cole, editor of a small newspaper at Sacramento, there appeared to be a complete absence of leadership in California to voice the views of the anti-slavery minority. So Baker hunted up Cole, and from that alliance sprang the movement to organize the Republican party in California.

Cole had come to California two years before Baker. Born in New York, he had studied law in the office of William H. Seward, one of the outstanding national anti-slavery leaders, and later Lincoln's rival for the presidential nomination. From Seward, Cole had acquired a deep-seated abhorrance of the evils of slavery.

REPUBLICAN PARTY FORMED

At Baker's suggestion, Cole undertook to assemble a group of men at Sacramento, to organize the Republican party. On his printing press, Editor Cole set up a form of birth certificate for the new party. The date of organization, as shown on that certificate, was March 8th, 1856. Membership was not large, but it did contain the names of several men who later became illustrious in the history of California—Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins and Charles Crocker.

A month later, the first mass meeting of the Republicans was held at Sacramento. Menacing Democrats, and not a few rabid pro-slavery Whigs, intruded, and the meeting ended in an uproar. Attendance at such political gatherings called for physical courage. Despite threats of violence, however, Baker and Cole proceeded with their plans of organization. Accordingly, a Republican state convention assembled several days later in one of the Sacramento churches.

But only 125 delegates answered to the roll-call, sixty-five of

whom came from San Francisco. Only thirteen counties out of a total of forty had mustered enough enthusiasm or courage to send delegates.

Nevertheless, a resolution demanding prohibition of slavery in all Territories of the United States was adopted with vociferous applause. Delegates to the Republican party's first national convention were also selected. Included in that list were Crocker, Huntington, Hopkins and Cole.

Within a month, Baker and Cole had an active campaign in full swing. It was launched by a public debate at Sacramento between a leading Republican and a leading Democrat. The slavery element was again on hand to create a disturbance, and fights were numerous in an effort to break up the meeting. The Democrats gained control of the speakers' stand, assumed charge of the meeting, and proceeded to adopt a resolution declaring that the city had been outraged by "Black Republicans," and that the citizens of Sacramento would not again submit to a similar offense.

CAMPAIGNS WERE BITTER

Despite the bitterness of the opposition, Baker and Cole and their Republican cohorts again met, and decided to make a test of strength at the November election. Their convention ratified the nomination of Frémont, who had been named by the newly created national Republican party as its standard bearer. The convention adopted the slogan, "Freedom, Frémont and the Railroad."

A slight conception of the resentful feeling that existed may be gleaned from the following write-up of the state Republican convention, which appeared in the *Sacramento State Journal*:

"The convention of Nigger worshippers assembled yesterday in this city. *Ecce Signum!* This is the first time that this dangerous fanaticism has dared to bare its breast before the people of California. Heretofore, it has skulked in dark corners, denied its own identity, and kept in the background. It is high time that all national men should unite in saving California from the stain of abolitionism."

Baker and other able speakers campaigned actively for the

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new party's ticket, but at the general election in November, the Democratic ticket was victorious, as usual. For president, Buchanan, Democrat, carried California, with nearly as many votes as the combined vote cast for the American party candidate, Fillmore, and the Republican candidate, Frémont.

PLANNING FOR 1860

The next two years were gloomy ones for Baker and Cole. Nevertheless, in 1859, their Republican party nominated a full ticket for state offices, with Leland Stanford as their candidate for governor. Baker's own name had been presented as the nominee for governor, but he had withdrawn in favor of Stanford.

In the interim, a serious split had occurred within the Democratic party nationally, and this schism was at once reflected in California. President Buchanan headed the faction which resisted any compromise on the current slavery issue, while Senator Stephen A. Douglas, supported by Northern Democrats generally, led a stubborn opposition.

In California, Democratic leaders quickly took sides. Democratic Senator Gwin supported Buchanan, while Democrat David C. Broderick, recently elected senator, espoused the stand taken by Senator Douglas. In California, therefore, as throughout the nation, hostilities were precipitated between the administration Democrats and the Douglas Democrats.

Horace Greeley, who, as editor of the *New York Tribune*, was a formidable opponent of slavery, was warmly supporting Douglas, and urged Republicans throughout the nation to throw their strength to Douglas as a means of securing victory on the tempestuous slavery issue. Advised that a gubernatorial election was to be held in California, Greeley had come west, and addressed a gathering at Placerville. He pleaded for a merger between the Republicans and the Douglas Democrats in the pending state election.

There were three candidates in the contest for governor: Milton S. Latham, nominated by the Buchanan Democrats; John Cur-

rey, nominated by the Douglas Democrats; and Leland Stanford, nominated by the Republicans.

Greeley urged Stanford to withdraw in favor of Currey, the Douglas Democrat, but his plea was rejected. Stanford realized that a victory for the Republicans was hopeless, but he and his advisors felt that their party should be kept intact, so as to be ready for the big national election that was now looming for 1860.

A merger was effected, however, in the contest for Congress. California at that time had two members in the lower house, each elected by the voters of the entire state.

Greeley suggested to the Republicans that they draft Edward Baker for one of the two congressional positions, and unite behind a Douglas Democrat for the other, in return for the support of Baker by the Douglas Democrats.

DEFEATED FOR CONGRESS

Baker accepted the draft, and became the joint candidate of the Douglas Democrats and the Republicans.

As had been predicted, the administration Democratic ticket was successful, Latham winning over Currey and Stanford by a substantial majority.

Baker, however, while defeated, made a surprising showing. His vote was more than four times that cast for Stanford, head of the Republican ticket.

The result of the election, while again demonstrating the supremacy of the Buchanan Democrats, still further widened the breach between the two Democratic factions. Thus was paved the way for a Republican success in the presidential election the following year, as predicted by Stanford.

A tragic outcome of the bitter Democratic strife was the death of Senator Broderick, nine days after the 1859 election, when he was killed in a duel with Judge Terry. It was generally recognized that the killing of Senator Broderick was the direct result of his feud with the Buchanan-Gwin Democrats over the issue of slavery. His death had immediate national repercussions. Baker,

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chosen to deliver the funeral oration, rendered an inspired eulogy over the grave of the martyred senator. A year later, at Baker's suggestion, a large portrait of Broderick was hung at the rear of the stage in the Wigwam convention hall where Lincoln was nominated for President. It added a great solemnity to the proceedings.

ELECTED SENATOR

And now occurred a new chapter in the life of Edward Baker. Toward the end of 1859, he received a call from Oregon to come to that state, and become the Republican candidate for United States Senator.

Oregon, like California, was a Democratic stronghold. Nevertheless, Lincoln urged Baker to accept the challenge. He would have a slim chance, but the situation was crucial. Both Cole and Stanford likewise advised Baker to make the effort, unpromising as it was. The need for someone in the United States Senate to voice the views of the Pacific Coast was paramount. Baker finally yielded. He left for Oregon early in 1860, and after a short but electrifying campaign was, to the amazement of everyone, elected United States Senator.

In the interim, the California Republicans assembled at Sacramento for the purpose of selecting the California delegates to the 1860 Republican national convention. The great majority of the convention was for William H. Seward of New York for President, and a delegation enthusiastically pledged to him was chosen.

Seward's popularity with the California Republicans was due in large measure to the fact that Cornelius Cole had studied law in Seward's office. After coming to California, Cole had been in frequent correspondence with Seward, and kept him advised as to the political developments in this state. Naturally, Seward was Cole's choice for the presidential nomination.

Also, there were at least three other Republican leaders who hailed from Seward's native state of New York. These were Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker. It is easy to see how the resolution pledging California to Seward was adopted, supported as it was by

that strong group of former New Yorkers. Besides, Lincoln was little known in California, and Baker was unable to be present at the convention, due to his campaign in Oregon.

LINCOLN IS NOMINATED

The Republican national convention met at Chicago—May 17, 1860. To the shocked surprise of the California delegation, Abraham Lincoln of Illinois was chosen as the party's nominee for President on the third ballot. The collapse of the Seward boom was a severe disappointment to the California delegates, who persisted in voting for him on all three ballots.

When news of the nomination of Lincoln and Hamlin reached California, the Republicans assembled at Sacramento to ratify the party's choice. Harmony prevailed and the following resolution was adopted:

"Abraham Lincoln, of the great West, is the appropriate representative of the great principles of the Republican party, the fit opponent of the sectional, factional, dissonant, and disordered 'Democracy'. Known at home as 'Honest Old Abe' — the sturdy champion of freedom and justice — we commend him to the free voters of this state as a man possessing alike the genius to will and the courage and determination to maintain, at all hazards, the integrity of the Union, and the honor of the government."

The presidential campaign in California opened in a burst of fury and excitement. Four candidates were in the field—John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, candidate of the administration Democrats; Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, candidate of the Douglas Democrats; Abraham Lincoln, Republican party candidate; and John Bell of Tennessee, of the Union Constitutional party.

Chief interest, of course, centered on the race between Breckenridge, Douglas and Lincoln. Douglas supporters were particularly active, and "Little Giant Clubs" were organized all over the state. "Wide Awake Clubs" — in the interest of Lincoln — made up in energy for what they lacked in numbers. Torch-light processions were weekly manifestations of party spirit, and huge transparencies gave color to the marching supporters of the various party candidates.

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Some conception of the ferment at work can be gleaned from a speech delivered by Former Governor Weller, a supporter of Breckenridge, shortly before the end of the campaign. During the course of his vitriolic address, Weller said:

"I do not know whether Lincoln will be elected or not; but I do know that if he is elected, and attempts to carry out his doctrine, the South surely will withdraw from the Union, and I should consider them less than men if they did not."

At the state Democratic convention, one of the ultra-bellicose members, Edmund Randolph, denounced Lincoln and his policy of using force to suppress the rebellion; he ended his tirade with these words:

"To me it seems a waste of time to talk . . . for God's sake speed the ball; may the lead go quick to his heart, and may our country be free from this despot usurper that now claims the name of the President of the United States."

BAKER'S GREAT SPEECH

Several days before the close of the campaign, Baker, now senator-elect of Oregon, en route by steamer to assume his post at Washington, stopped off at San Francisco and was chief orator at the closing rally in support of Lincoln. He arrived in late October, and was welcomed with a salute of guns as his ship entered the harbor. An immense crowd had come to greet him, escorting the Senator in triumph to his hotel. Ardent Republicans came from Stockton, San José, Sacramento and Marysville to hear him. "Wide Awake" clubs paraded, cannon were fired, bands filled the air with stirring music. More than 4,000 filled the American theater to its very walls.

Senator-elect Baker was a man of commanding appearance. Prematurely grey and partially bald, he had a florid complexion, a pronounced roman nose and short side-whiskers. He was handsome and forceful, looking every inch the "the Grey Eagle," as he was affectionately called. His voice was magnetic and finely modulated.

Baker knew that in all probability a very few votes would determine the forthcoming election in California. He poured his whole soul into that closing appeal on behalf of Lincoln.

The speech he gave was brilliant, and his audience was aroused and thrilled by it.

One incident will illustrate—Bret Harte, then a young San Francisco reporter, had been sent to cover the meeting by a local paper. His emotions were so stirred by Baker's exhortation, that he rushed into the street, frantically waving his hat and shouting to everyone within earshot to hurry in to hear "the greatest orator in America."

California's historian, Hittell, declared Baker's speech the most eloquent ever delivered in California.

During the remaining eleven days before the election, Baker's magnificent speech was on everyone's lips. In the election that followed, Lincoln carried California, by a thin margin; that winning margin was easily accounted for by Baker's superb address.

LINCOLN WINS CALIFORNIA

Election day dawned—November 6, 1860—with all California tense with uncertainty. As returns began to come in, suspense increased hourly. In the South, Breckenridge's lead was so heavy that the rumor early spread that he had won California, and there was premature rejoicing among his supporters.

In the North, however, early returns showed Douglas leading — with corresponding elation on the part of his followers. But, gradually, Lincoln votes began to pile up, particularly as returns came in from San Francisco. So close was the vote among the three candidates in California that results could not be announced until the last returns were received from Southern California. With votes from all over the state counted, the results gave California's electoral vote to Lincoln.

Lincoln	38,733
Douglas	37,999
Breckenridge	33,969
Bell	9,111

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In Los Angeles county, Lincoln ran a poor third, the vote being—

Breckenridge	703
Douglas	494
Lincoln	356

Los Angeles was obviously Southern soil.

There was added rejoicing in California when word came down from the north that Oregon, too, had swung into the Lincoln column—though by an exceedingly close vote. The Lincoln victory there also was due almost entirely to Baker, who while conducting his own successful campaign for senator, had spread widely the fame of his honored personal friend, Abraham Lincoln.

The victory in Oregon was especially remarkable because of the fact that U. S. Senator Joseph Lane of Oregon was Breckenridge's running mate for vice-president. Lane lost his home state, due to Baker's amazing campaign.

And as California and Oregon went, so went the nation. Lincoln was elected president.

INTRODUCES LINCOLN AT INAUGURAL

At Washington, on March 4, 1861, a vast throng assembled to greet the newly chosen head of the nation. In Lincoln's carriage, on its way up Pennsylvania avenue to the capitol, was Senator Baker, who sat facing the president-elect, smiling with deep emotion at the demonstration that marked Lincoln's hour of triumph. Then, at the inauguration ceremony, Senator Baker, at Lincoln's personal request, accompanied him to the platform, and presented Lincoln to the American people.

" . . . AND FELL IN BATTLE"

After having introduced President Lincoln at the inauguration, Baker proceeded to help President Lincoln win the war that was now inevitable. He laid aside his senatorial toga, took on the uniform of a soldier, headed a force known as the California Battalion,

led that battalion in a gallant charge at Ball's Bluff—and fell in battle. He gave the last full measure of devotion to his country.

Colonel Baker's body was brought back to California, which he loved so dearly, and was buried at Lone Mountain Cemetery in San Francisco.

Over his grave, Thomas Starr King spoke these closing words in tribute to Abraham Lincoln's closest friend—

“Warrior and statesman; wise in council . . . but nobler . . . in the devotion which prompted thee to give more than thy wisdom, more than the fervor of thy tongue . . . even the blood of thy indomitable heart when thy country called with a cry of peril.

“We receive thee with tears — and pride. We receive thee to reverence and gratitude, as we lay thee gently to thy sleep; and we pledge to thee not only a monument that shall hold thy name, but a memorial in the hearts of a grateful people so long as the Pacific moans near thy resting place.”




Reminiscences of Old Calico

By Herman F. Mellen

PART II

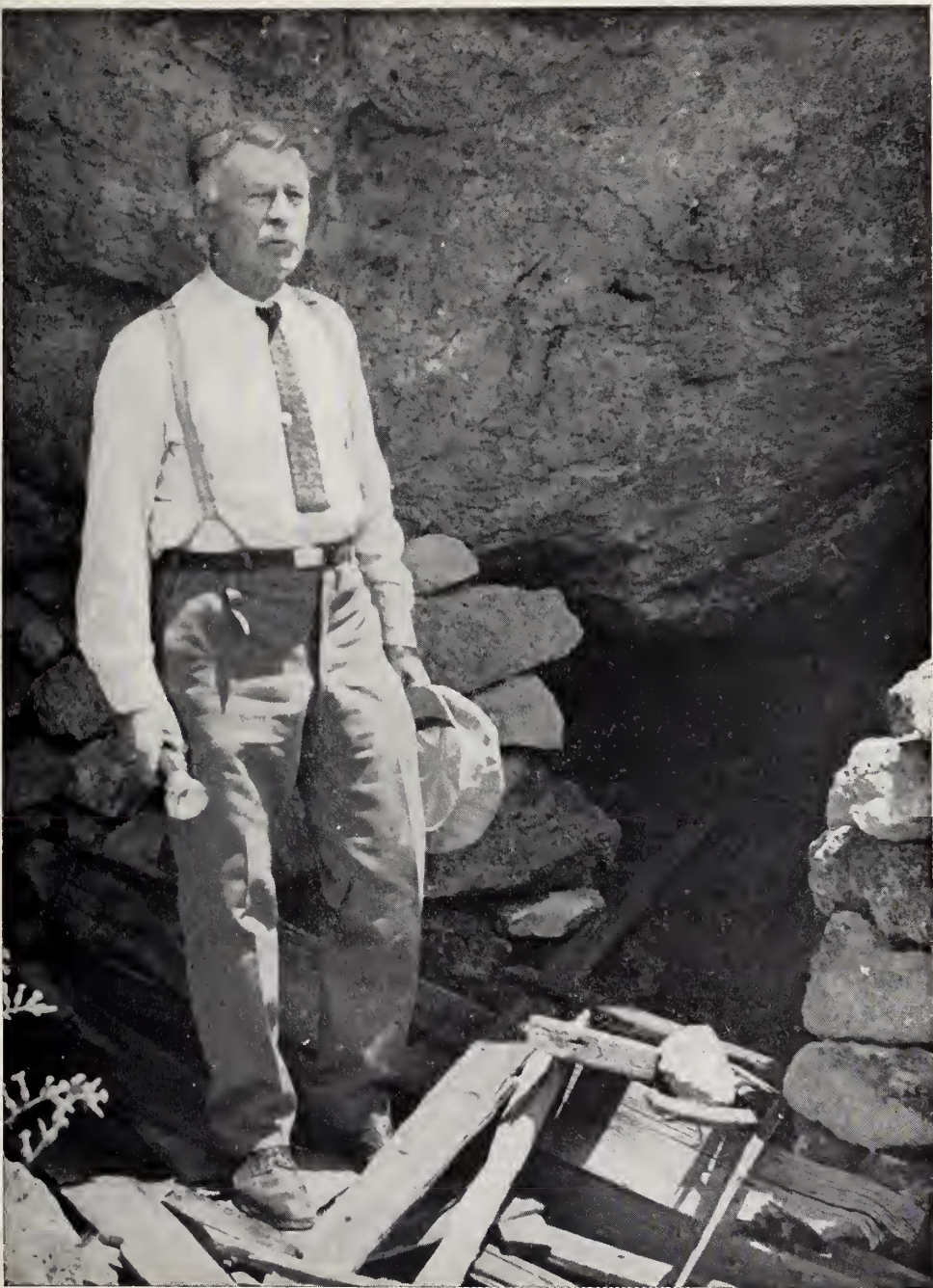
(Continued from the June issue of the QUARTERLY)

N THE EARLY SPRING our work on the Odessa Mine being finished, we moved about a half mile up the canyon to the Gobbler Mine which was bonded by the Odessa Company, and which later became the property outright of the company. The road in the canyon at this time was completed only as far as the Odessa Mine. A platform laid on the canyon floor at the ore bin was used as a turntable because the canyon was too narrow for turning a team. The method was to drive the wagon up on the platform, unhitch the string of mules, then hitch two mules to the rear of the wagon, two on the front, and start each team pulling in opposite directions. This slid the wagon around in a jiffy, pointing it down canyon. It was then hauled under the spouts of the bin, loaded, the team hooked up, and away it went. Incidentally the ore bin is still standing though the tramway up the mountain has been gone these many years.

Work on the extension of the road above the Odessa was being rushed at this time by the Odessa and Garfield Mining Companies. I believe no help was given by the county, and probably public aid had not been asked. Just think of it! But the government had not accepted the role of Santa Claus at that time. If you are one of the fortunate ones to drive through Odessa Canyon, just try to visualize a sixteen-mule team with wagon and trailer threading that gorge. Just above the Odessa ore bin there were falls of some fifty feet, which were being filled in at the time we moved up to the Gobbler.

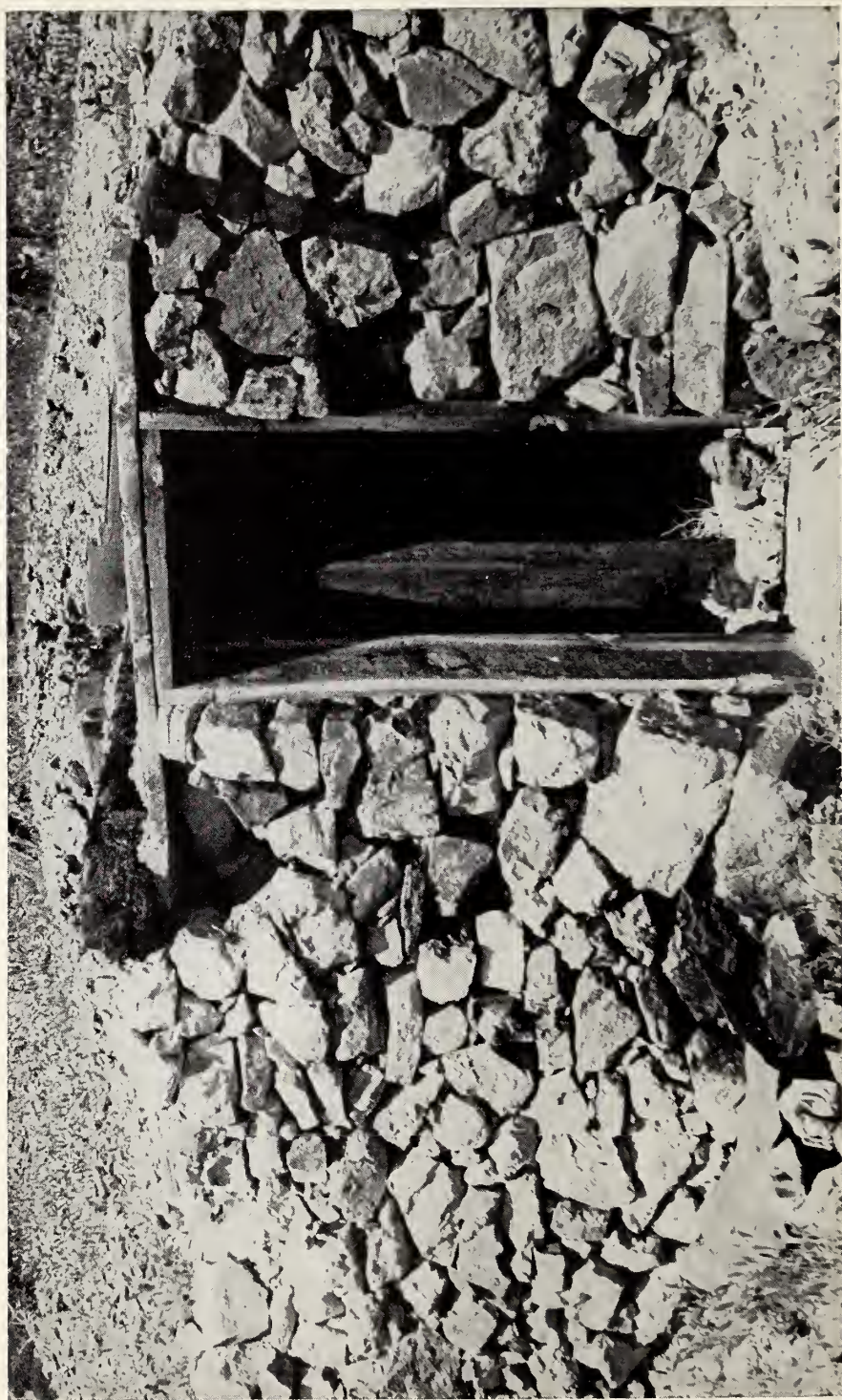
Our method of moving was quite simple. Our tent was stretched over a light frame, well braced; we tied the door flaps back, then four of the boys got inside (two at the open end and two at the rear), picked the tent up and amid much shouting and joking the tent began its trek. The contents were brought up by the burro pack train. The burro train as we called it was quite an institution and came pretty near being able to transport anything movable. It was quite a comical sight to see a diminutive burro packing four 2 x 12 timbers 16 feet in length, two on a side, or two pieces of 8 x 10 x 16. The method of packing these long pieces was to place timbers on each side of the burro crossing them above the burro's head with the rear ends dragging the ground. The burro co-operated nicely by keeping his nose close to the ground. Perhaps he was moved to do this to protect his long ears, as the species is quite sensitive regarding those ears!

We had suffered with the cold more than we liked while camping in the gorge but we had been rather free from the terrific winds which blow at intervals in this region. The Gobbler Mine, however, was located at a wide shallow bowl in the canyon where the wind had full swing. The contour of the hills surrounding this bowl gave the wind a whirling motion which made things interesting; sometimes a sudden gust would pick up 2 x 12 x 16 planks from the lumber pile and carry them in an almost complete circle of the bowl. The wind gave us some exciting moments, too, such as one day when we had the trestle work built out to a height of some twenty feet, a mighty blast started to tip the trestle over. It lifted the windward side of the trestle completely off the foundation. All hands on the carpenter gang threw themselves upon that side, where we hung suspended for a couple of minutes calling for help until some ten or more men came running from the mine. Our combined weight brought the trestle back to earth and sand bags were then hung upon it until we could get metal guys rigged to hold it down. After getting the trestle secured someone asked: "Mellen, where is your camp?" Looking where the tent had stood, we could see no signs of tent or furnishings, so we went down to where it had been



THE AUTHOR

*standing at entrance of walled-in cave where he lived in the spring of 1885.
Picture made in 1941.*



"COUSIN JACK" HOUSE
near the Gobbler Mine in Odessa Canyon.

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located and found the ground clean except for the shotgun which had been under the bed. Well! The camp belongings were scattered for three hundred yards down the canyon, so we spent the rest of the day gathering up what we could find, though some of the smaller articles never were found. That night we moved into a cave in the rock wall of the canyon where we were safe from wind for the rest of the spring.

While we were living in this cave an amusing thing happened. The former occupants of the cave had been a family of pack or trade-rats, and though we had destroyed their nest when we moved in, one refused to abdicate, and took refuge in a crevice in the rear of the cave, only to come out after we retired for the night. His idea of fun was to get on our sheet-iron camp stove where he danced most of the night. This naturally disturbed my father, so that he could not sleep. Vowing that he would stop Mr. Rat's fun, he loaded a shell for the gun with a light charge of shot, and rigged a reflector lantern from an empty fruit can and a candle (flashlights were unknown as yet). He gave me instructions to turn the light on the rat when he began his dance while he, Dad, would manage the gun. Well, it worked to a charm, Mr. Rat was blown to Kingdom Come, Dad was delighted, had a good hearty laugh and then a good night's sleep. But in the morning when he dressed he found that his nice new brogan shoes had been in the line of fire and one of them had had the whole forward top shot away clean! A shotgun at twelve-foot range is a terrible weapon, make no mistake! I went outside to do my laughing; it saved embarrassment all around.

While still working at the Gobbler another amusing and several tragic happenings took place. One day Mr. Joe Britten, the foreman, called "Time" at what he supposed was twelve o'clock. Since most of the men were husky young bucks, and the boarding house was at the Odessa, a quarter-mile down canyon, the boys as usual started for dinner like a herd of stampeded cattle. They had a good start when Joe discovered that his watch read eleven instead of twelve o'clock! He gave a pretty good imitation of an old hen with her brood of ducks taking to the water; his efforts were just

about as effective as the hen's, too. The result was that boys got a two-hour nooning that day.

Poor Joe! One day, a month later, he came out on the mine dump a minute or two before twelve, stood holding his watch and at twelve o'clock threw up his arm and yelled "Time." He fell dead as he yelled. It was indeed "Time" for him!

Another near tragedy, about this time, came to a man by the name of Doble. Doble was working underground where it was close and hot. He came for a drink at the water barrel which was kept in the tunnel about fifty feet from the entrance. It was directly under an air shaft which opened to the surface to insure a strong draft at all times, thus to keep the water about as cold as ice water. Doble drank a hearty draught of the water while standing in this draft. His throat closed instantly from the chill. He had just strength enough to run out of the tunnel to the dump, where he fell. We could hear his breathing at a distance of a hundred feet, so we ran to him and found him black in the face. His face and chest were covered with froth, while every breath sounded like a whistle. We called for some liquor but no one had any. I ran to our camp to get a bottle of pepper-sauce, a teaspoon of which seemed to have about the same effect as liquor would have had. In a few minutes he came around. Until he told us differently, we had supposed that he was suffering from some kind of fit. Twenty years later, I met Doble and he still thanked the pepper-sauce for saving his life.

After getting the ore bin and chute finished on the Gobbler, we were set to work building a track around the side of the mountain to bring ore to the Gobbler bin from a number of openings on the ore body. This was a job, as the mountainside was cliff-like in its abruptness. The company did not care to spend money making an expensive burro trail which would be useless as soon as the track was finished, so everything was transported by man power. Father was busy laying out the work and making the survey, so he put me in charge of getting the material on the ground, and the mine foreman detailed two Irishmen (miners) to help me. After a couple of hours of work, these men rebelled. One of them, electing himself

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spokesman, came to me with blood in his eye and the information that he was a miner and "No dom pack-ass be jabbers!" that I could tell the foreman as much, and as soon as I pleased. "And be dommed to the whole of yez!" To this I replied that the material had to be brought on the ground, so if they would not help, I guessed I would have to go it alone, whereupon I shouldered a plank and went to it. As I returned and loaded up a second time, the second man who had said nothing up to this time, spoke up, "For the love of God, Mike, are we rabbits and Chinamen, that we are going to let the lad put us to shame as he said he is? Or are we Irishmen and men? Come on!" Both fell to work, and I had no further trouble with them.

The big Cornishman, Jack Pascoe, who worked at one of the mines in Odessa Canyon where I was employed, was another interesting character. He was well over six feet in height, and like all his people, was of a religious turn of mind, though judged by his vocabulary, this might be hard to believe. At one time he was hired for a short time to work as a substitute for one of three partners who were doing four hundred feet of tunnel in the King Mine by contract. Jack was every inch a miner, and a great worker. Putting in every third shift in the tunnel, he raised its roof at every shift he worked by at least one and one-half feet to accommodate his great height. When remonstrated with by the annoyed contractors, his reply was: Damme, old son, you! Have to make place for my feet!" This wavy roof in the tunnel became known as Jack Pascoe's mark. Visiting the tunnel in 1940, I found the mark still there and could tell just the number of shifts Jack had worked.

Several months after this episode an evangelist came to Calico to hold nightly meetings. A number of the boys at our mine were interested, but for various reasons could not attend the opening meeting. Jack, however, had the evening off, so he was delegated to attend, listen to the evangelist, and report. The evangelist, according to reports had been a miner himself and also a gambler in his younger days, so the boys were more interested than common in what he would have to say. Jack fulfilled his mission faithfully to

the best of his ability. The following morning while we were all waiting for the foreman at the mine to call time, Jack was asked by one of his fellow Cornishmen to report. "Well, Jack, how go it the preacher fellow last night? Were he good? Tell we."

"Aye, good enough, he, but I no like his prayer, you."

"Why not?"

"Well, he maket long prayer and asket for *everything*, then at end tellet Lord to do just as He damn please about it, he don't care."

This was received with cries of "No, No! Jack! Preacher man no say *that*? No swear he!"

Further inquiry elicited the information that the preacher ended his prayer with the word, "Nevertheless, Lord, *Thy* will, not *mina*, be done!"

This, to friend Jack, seemed not only a waste of petition and time, but savored of indifference as well. He evidently had never heard that familiar phrase used before in closing prayer. I think he was of the same mind even after several of his fellows had labored to enlighten him, as he still looked unconvinced.

About this time a change in general superintendents took place: Mr. John Daggett replaced Mr. Hunt. One of the first moves Mr. Daggett made was to reduce wages of all hands except miners. He came to father and announced the reduction very abruptly in the following words: "Mellen, you are getting altogether too high pay! Why, damn it, you're getting more than ten dollars a day and that is more than a Congressman gets."

To which father replied, "Well, maybe I'm worth more than a Congressman."

Daggett laughed, saying, "I would not doubt that, but still eight dollars is going to be all we can pay from now on."

Well, eight dollars was still two dollars per day more than boss carpenters were getting as a rule, so the cut was taken in good grace.

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Mr. Daggett was a much pleasanter man to work under than Mr. Hunt so none of the men regretted the change in superintendents. Daggett was lieutenant-governor of the state at this time, and a very likeable man.

The Odessa Company now added the Dundenburg Mine, on the opposite side of the canyon from the Odessa and Gobbler claims. This work kept us busy until late in May, 1883, and as it was considered almost impossible to do outside work in summer on account of the heat, we left for Los Angeles, and home, the last of the month. Needless to say, the family was glad of the reunion, having been parted since September of 1882.

Returning the following September, we went to work at what was then known as the Oriental Mill near Daggett. This mill had been built by the Oriental Mining Company, a San Francisco firm, which owned the Oriental Mine adjoining the King on the east of Calico. The company for some reason did not make a success, so the Oro Grande Company bought the mill and at this time was adding five more stamps to the original ten. The company was also putting up several buildings to serve as offices, boarding house and bunk-house, hence our job turned out to be an all-winter job. This winter was even more interesting than the preceding one, and before it was finished I came near having an adventure of my own which I shall relate a little later.

As amusing and comical happenings have always made great and lasting impressions with me, I find them easy to recall; also they remain a source of constant pleasure to reconstruct. The first occurred soon after the mill got to work after its renovation. The tailings, or slum, which were about the consistency and color of red paint, were run into a pond, which, for lack of space, covered a section of the wagon road between Daggett and Calico. The road had to be diverted some distance to the east and was accomplished simply by driving around the pond, with no fence or sign put up to announce the change. About nine o'clock on a night that was "blacker than a stack of black cats," to quote an old saying, a lone foot trav-

eler, making his way from Calico to Daggett, quite naturally did not notice the new detour. Keeping on the old road, he walked into the pond, slipped in the gooey stuff, and fell full length. When he arose, he had no idea of direction, but floundered around knee-deep in the mud, the while he delivered himself of some of the most picturesque profanity it has ever been my fortune to hear. All was quiet this night, as the mill was shut down for clean-up, so we were not deprived of any of it. As one of the men started to light a lantern to go to the rescue, the unfortunate one seemed about to run out of unprintable words. However, his expletives continued until the lantern reached him, which he borrowed and then quietly proceeded along the road to Daggett.

Another amusing recollection which comes to me had to do with the hauling of ore to the mill at Daggett from the King Mine. The principal actors in this were the two drivers of the sixteen-mule teams which made the daily round trips from Daggett to the mill, and Mr. Lott (*Old Tornado*), who was superintendent for the Nadeau teaming interests at Daggett. Rain had turned to snow on this particular day, so that by the time the wagons were loaded, the snow was some six inches deep at the mine. The road from the mine led through the main street of Calico and was very steep for a half-mile or so. Though the drivers were both young and had had little experience with snow, they realized that if they attempted the descent and used their breaks, the wagons would act like sleds, and run over the teams. Further than that they did not consider, so to be on the safe side, they unhitched their teams, left the wagons, and started for home. When they were about half-way to the mill, Lott spied them, it being his daily custom to watch for the arrival at the mill. Seeing that they had no wagons, he climbed into his buckboard and hit the road hard enough to meet the teams and drivers at the mill. The following fifteen minutes were exciting to say the least, though a record of the language never could have passed through the U. S. Post Office.

The boys tried to explain about the snow, the steepness, and the propensity to sled, but Lott asked if the *mush-headed So-and-So's*

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had never heard of rough-locking a wagon down hill. The defense wanted to know where in Hades they were to get chains.

“Get chains? *Get chains!* Why in blazes didn’t you take the lead chains from your teams and come down with twelve mules, leading four? You cussed lunkheads, eight mules could pull those wagons to the foot of the hill! Here you are with no load, the mill with no ore for tomorrow, and Nadeau losing fifty dollars for each day of non-delivery of ore, while you two idiots stand there gibbering that you had no chains to use for rough-locking! Get the blazes to the corrals and feed the mules! Mebbe if you use some of the same rations yourselves, you’ll mebbe have as much sense as the mules, *just mebbe!* Furthermore, if you want to stay on the payroll, you’ll get up at 12:30 tonight, go up and bring those wagons in by noon tomorrow!”

Evidently the boys wanted to stay, as I can testify that the wagons were at the mill promptly at noon, the following day, and the small surplus of ore on hand at the mill, saved the day without a shutdown. I have always felt that the language used by Lott on this occasion would have entitled him to a championship at an old-time Western cussing tournament.

Another funny one occurred one day while the mill boss was showing a lady visitor from San Francisco over the mill. In due time they arrived at the dump where the ore was dropped from the wagons upon a platform from whence it went into bins under the platform, thence it was fed to the stamps. The ore at this mill contained red oxide of iron in such quantity that everyone and everything was coated blood-red from the dust.

As the lady and her guide were on the platform, the lady standing almost over a trap door, the guide noticed the trap door starting to lift. Knowing that the bin man was about to come through it, and it being impossible to make one’s voice heard above the roar of the fifteen 450-pound stamps doing their dance, the guide took the lady by the arm and drew her gently away from the trap door. It was only natural for her to turn and see why.

Framed in the opening, she beheld the bin man's head and torso, striped to the waist, coated thick with the red dust and with rivulets of sweat running through it. With a respirator (pig snout, we used to call it) and goggles, he was indeed a fearsome sight. The lady let out a series of shrieks, which could be heard above the roar of machinery, the while she clung to the guide with a death grip. She confessed later that she was sure she had seen the old devil himself. I feel such a surmise was quite understandable.

The winter of 1883-84 has taken its place in California history as the wettest one of which we have record. I can vouch for the fact that it was *wet*. The Mojave River runs between Daggett and Calico and the mill was on the Calico side of the river. In December, the river rose some, but still could be forded, then the water receded until February. Though we had a great deal more rain and snow than usual on the desert, no one seemed to attach any importance to the fact. Life went on about as usual. Early in February, after a couple of weeks of beautiful, clear weather, the river suddenly began to rise. Word came to Daggett from Waterman (now Barstow) that the railroad bridge there was out and the river was still rising. Upon receiving this news "Old Tornado," Mr. Lott, got into action in a hurry. Throwing several bales of hay and sacks of barley into a heavy ore wagon, the only one at hand, and hitched the only two available horses to it, they dashed into the river on a dead gallop. Too late! The river was already too high for fording, and the wagon stuck about midstream, careening almost on its side.

Mr. Lott had great difficulty in cutting the horses free and getting them ashore and the wagon was almost hidden from sight in the water. Being so heavy, it was kept from floating downstream. We were left with twenty-four mules on our side of the river and no feed for them. However, the Oro Grande Company had a light team at the mill with about one ton of hay on hand. They donated part of this hay for the good of the cause, thus tiding things over for a few days. By the following morning, the river had receded some and looked quite innocent.

As I was a good rider and we were keeping our mare, Kit, at

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the mill that winter instead of sending her up the river to pasture, I volunteered to ride over to Daggett to get some spikes that were needed to continue our carpenter work. Well, this is where I had an adventure all my own.

Mounting Kit, I rode down to the river, accompanied by half a dozen men from the mill, some of whom advised me not to try to cross. However, it didn't look so bad, the water was about one hundred feet across and running fast but smoothly as there were no rocks at that point. I ventured in, and though the current forced us downstream quite a bit and the water was belly-deep for my mount, I made the crossing successfully. Quite a crowd, including Mr. Lott, received me. He asked about the teams and said that he thought it might be possible to get some hay across later in the day if he could obtain a light wagon. I went to the store and got the spikes we needed.

Returning, I found that another rise had taken place in the forty-five minutes since I had crossed. I was advised by several not to try recrossing the river. However, boy fashion, I wanted to get home, and home just then was the mill, so in I went. The river was no longer smooth, but was jumping along with waves several feet high in mid-channel. When we reached this point, the mare was swept off her feet, thrown on her side with me underneath. The force of the water held us both down until I thought I would never breath again. Striking some obstruction, the mare was turned around, slid off my leg, and we both began to swim. I still had hold of the halter rope. We were headed for the Mojave River Sink at a grand pace, and could not get a foot on the bottom or get out of that swiftly flowing current in the middle of the river. Then suddenly we struck a cross-current caused by some obstruction in the channel and we were thrown toward the shore. The first thing I took note of was a man running along abreast of us, half undressed and frantically trying to remove his shoes as he ran. About this time, I got my feet on the bottom, Old Kit recovered her footing, too, and we made shore. We were pulled up the bank by Harry Strobel, a friend and fellow worker at the mill, who said, "Damnit, Kid, I

thought you were a goner sure! If I could have got these cussed shoes off. I'd have been in after you!"

By this time we had quite an audience wanting to know all about it. I was surprised to find that my clothes seemed to weigh me down so that it was almost impossible to walk. I found my pockets full of silt and every seam in my clothing was packed and plumped out with it. The water and silt together added many pounds to the weight of my clothes. After getting into dry clothes, I reported to Captain Johnson, who smiled and said, "Well, Herman, I expect that I will have to charge twenty-five pounds of spikes against your pay."

I was thankful to be alive, with nothing worse to remind me of the incident than the loss of a piece of skin, about the size of my hand, just above my right knee, and a sore leg for a week. The leg had acted as a skid while I was under the horse. Well, I came darn near having a final adventure that time, and have had no love for California rivers when in flood from that time to this.

The following day we were set to work building a boat for a ferry so that feed might be brought across the river for the mules. After the boat was built, we had quite a time getting the rope system for guiding the boat across the river set up. First we shot a small line across the river, and with it pulled a one-inch rope across. The large rope was stretched taut between two posts set deep in the ground on opposite banks. The nose of the boat was attached to a pulley running on this large rope. A small line parallel to the large one was also stretched across the river, and a man, sitting in the stern of the boat, held this line in such a manner to keep the boat at an angle to the river's current. The current did the rest, and did it right speedily. It was fun to see that boat shoot across. The first boat was a failure, however, as it was only ten feet in length, so that when loaded with a bale of hay and the ferryman, it shipped water, damaging the hay considerably and the temper of the ferryman more. The sixteen-foot boat we built a few days later worked to perfection.

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This ferry was the only means of crossing the river from early in February until March 17. On that date, an Irishman declared he would celebrate the day by wading the river or drowning, *begod!* He made the crossing but had quite a time doing so. None of the others cared to undertake the job until early in April, at which time the water fell so that teams could cross it, and shortly after that it was entirely dry.

Soon after building the larger boat, a small French-Canadian put in an appearance one morning at our terminal of the ferry, with a full camp outfit and two nice sharp axes. He wished to know who owned "*Le don bateau*," pointing to the little boat we had built first, and now laying bottom-up on the bank.

He told us that he had a contract to get out mesquite wood a couple of miles down the river, and wished to obtain the boat to make the trip. He was told that the company owned the boat and to go up to the mill and see the boss about it, but that he was crazy to attempt the trip. He ignored this last information, and went up to see the boss. Returning in a short time overjoyed to have been made a present of the boat, he proceeded to shape a paddle, load his outfit and himself into the boat. He pushed the boat off, heading at once for the middle of the river, where the waves were two or three feet high, singing some Canadian boating song at the top of his voice. He was one happy *Frenchy* and left no doubt in our minds that he knew his business. We heard a few weeks later that he had made the trip safely, was still all pepped up about the trip, and wished it could have lasted longer.

I doubt that this stretch of the Mojave River had ever been navigated before, and am quite certain it has not been done since. Our superintendent, Captain Johnson, recalled that he had read that General Ord, when making a survey of the Mojave Desert in the 1850's, had entered in his field notes that the Mojave River was a shallow, muddy stream, quite similar to the Missouri River, navigable for light draft, flat-bottom steamers. So the river must have been showing off at that time very much as it did in the winter of 1883-1884.

One more recollection of this flood:

It was one of Captain Johnson's duties to take the payroll to Los Angeles once a month, going by way of Oro Grande where the company was still working its mill, taking the payroll from there, and on the return trip bringing the men's checks out. He made this five-day round trip by buggy, driving a splendid team of blacks.

However, since the rise in the river he had been unable to make the trip by team. Five weeks had gone by with no pay for the men, so he decided to drive to Waterman (Barstow), take the train to Mojave, transfer there to a train that would take him to Los Angeles, by way of Soledad Canyon. Arriving at Mojave, he waited five days for the flooded-out railroad in Soledad Canyon to be repaired, but during that five days, a new storm again took out some of the road in the canyon. The railroad people now informed him that it would be a month at least before the road to Los Angeles would be open, but that he could reach San Francisco if he chose, as they could transfer passengers around the landslides in the Tehachapi Range, and the rest of the line to San Francisco was open. He could then take a steamer from San Francisco to Los Angeles. He decided to follow that plan.

The trip to Los Angeles took a little over two weeks, so we at the mill did not see him for nearly five weeks from the day that he left us. Incidentally, he returned by the first train through the Soledad, and it was the last one for some time as one flood succeeded another well up into May, and each took its toll of the repaired railroad. Yes, that was some winter!

The only family living at the mill during the time I worked there was the family of Tom McClellan. Besides himself, there were his wife and their five-year-old daughter, a mighty sweet and pretty child. At quitting time the little girl was always on the porch waiting for her daddy, and would wave and call "Hello" to each man as we passed. Her salutation to me was "Hello, Baby," which was a source of much amusement to the other men. Her mother did her best to correct her, but all to no purpose. I used to get great fun

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out of the situation by lifting my hat and addressing her as Miss McClellan, which seemed to please her immensely. Mr. and Mrs. McClellan were splendid people, whom I learned to respect and love greatly. I was greatly shocked and grieved to hear of Tom's death which occurred a few months after I left the mill. He was burned to death through the explosion of an engineer's torch which he was using while oiling bearings under the floor of the mill. I never saw Mrs. McClellan or the little girl again as they returned to Mrs. McClellan's family in Oakland.

One very disagreeable experience which I shared with three other men that winter still remains fresh in my memory. This was a very painful attack of what old desert men called alkali poisoning. It caused terrible water blisters on our feet, acting very much as does poison oak in severe cases. We could not wear shoes at all. With heavy bandages worn with loose carpet slippers, we managed to hobble around after a fashion, though it was very painful. Local doctors could seem to do nothing for our relief, so finally a teamster, George Lesier (I am not sure as to the spelling of his name) insisted that cow plaster would cure us. This remedy seemed revolting to each and everyone of us, but desperation won out over our qualms. The remedy worked to a charm, and George had our heartfelt thanks. The treatment rather overworked the one cow in camp, though!

One happening at Daggett during the winter made a terrible impression upon me: a murder and lynching. Of course, I read and heard of these, but they had always seemed more or less unreal and far away.

This murder had been done in the night, and the victim, a teamster, was found lying on the floor of a stable, his head beaten to a pulp. Lying asleep beside him was the supposed murderer with his hand upon the cart-stake that was the bloodstained evidence of the killing. These men had been drinking and quarreling during the early part of the night, but at the coroner's inquest, the accused denied all knowledge of the affair. However, the citizens were about

fed up on lawlessness, so they took the matter into their own hands by stringing up the accused on a high pole. Although several men expressed the opinion that they did not think the right man had been hanged, most of the citizens agreed that, if they did get the wrong man for this particular crime, he deserved what he got anyway because he was known as "a bad egg," quarrelsome, and doubtless deserved hanging for previous misdeeds. This latter view was quite a common philosophy among miners and frontiersmen in those days, and perhaps was not so far from wrong either.

Having finished our work at the mill early in May, we loaded up our camp outfit and took the road for Los Angeles. The rivers were still high and needless to say, I was not very enthusiastic at each crossing, having a vivid memory of my experience of a few months before. We made the crossing of the Mojave River at Roger's Station (now Victorville) safely, although it was a hard pull for Old Kit. The water was axle-deep, and some 300 feet wide with a soft, sandy bottom. We made camp on the west side of the river, and, with an early start the next morning, reached Lytle Creek just at dusk. Here I was destined to have a very unpleasant experience.

The weather being cold with the wind drawn down the canyon from the snow-capped mountains, I had become thoroughly chilled. To warm myself up, I got off the wagon to walk along behind for a while. I had fallen behind the wagon about a hundred feet when we approached the creek, which was in full flood. As I saw the water and heard its roar, I started on a run for the wagon, as I knew my father would not want to wait, since it was nearly dark and the first camping places were at least a mile beyond the creek. What was my surprise to see him whip up with every evidence of excitement, drive in and across without even looking back. As soon as the crossing was made, he stopped, and for the first time seemed to remember that I was not on the seat beside him. Here was a pretty pickle! Twenty-five feet of water two or more feet in depth between us, night coming, and no chance for turning around, as the reader will remember, except at the turnouts placed 300 feet apart.

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If father did come back across, he would have to repeat the maneuver at the first turnout on my side of the creek.

He shouted instructions to me and I replied, but neither of us could hear so we resorted to signs. I began to undress; he could understand that. I gathered that he did not approve, but I went right on. Making a bundle of my clothes, I waded in and that water was cold. The wind coming out of the north off the snow was even colder than the water. I had a hard time keeping on my feet as the bottom was all smooth boulders, the water waist-deep in mid-creek and running like a millrace. Well, I made it but was shivering so that I had a time getting dressed, even with dad's help.

I was glad to do some walking from there to camp, but being young and tough, I did not suffer any ill-effects. It did not please me though, when father admitted that he had entirely forgotten that I was walking, until he turned to tell me that we had made a lucky crossing and did not find me beside him on the seat. Things went pleasantly from this point until we reached the San Gabriel River at El Monte.

The San Gabriel River was running nearly a quarter of a mile wide, though only about a foot and one-half deep, but the bottom was sand and some of it quicksand. We were informed that it had not been crossed for two weeks until that morning "by two crazy young fools from the Monte," to use the words of our informant. Well, while we were debating, the two came along, having been to Pomona and they were now returning to Monte. They were driving a fine span of mules hitched to a farm wagon. Asked if it could be crossed, they replied, "Sure, just keep right behind us. Don't let your horse drift downstream, as there is only one place to get out on the other side. The rest of the bank is two to three feet straight up and down."

While we were talking an old gent in a light buggy came up. He was anxious to reach Los Angeles. He had been away from his wife for two weeks, having been snow-bound at San Bernardino and was very nervous. The boys told him the same as they had us, instructing him to keep in line at all times. We started, following

instructions very closely. When about half-way over, we heard great yelling behind us. Looking around, I saw the old gentleman standing up in his buggy, laying on the whip, and headed diagonally down the river and making bad weather of it.

Well, we got out easily, right behind our guides, while the old fellow came up to a two-foot cut bank a couple of hundred feet below. It took all of two hours to get him out of his predicament, even with the help of two mules and much shoveling. When asked why he had done such a fool thing, he replied that we were going too slow and he thought he might get stuck, so he wanted to pass us.

We felt pretty good to have the river behind us, knowing there were no more between us and home; more so, as the weather began to threaten to rain. We arrived home before dark, just ahead of the rain which fell in torrents all night long. Our home was in East Los Angeles, two blocks from the river, so when I awoke the next morning it was to the same music we had been listening to at Daggett for many weeks. The Los Angeles River was in full flood. I was hardly out bed when my next door neighbor and friend called to me that the river had wrecked the Downey Avenue bridge during the night, and that if I wanted a job, to see "Old Led" — Andrew Ledbetter — a contractor, for whom I had worked previously. Needless to say, I saw him at once, went to work the next day and continued working for him all summer. This was good fortune indeed for me, though coming from decidedly bad fortune for the city.

(To be continued in the next issue.)



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No. 6

RECEIVER'S CERTIFICATE.

Amount, \$ 2500

This Certifies, That **HERMAN SILVER**, as Receiver of the property, rights and franchises of the Los Angeles and Pacific Railway Company, duly appointed by an order of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, in a suit wherein the California Bank is plaintiff and the said Railway Company and others are defendants, is justly indebted to

Five hundred Dollars for work and labor done for the said Los Angeles and Pacific Railway Company since the 10th day of July, 1889.


This Certificate is a first lien upon all the property, rights and franchises of the said defendant railway company as situate and locate in the County of Los Angeles, in the State of California, and shall bear interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the date of its issue.

Witness the hand and seal of said **HERMAN SILVER**, as such Receiver, this *11th* day of *August* 188*9*

H. Silver
Receiver. [SEAL.]

The Los Angeles and Pacific Railway

By Franklyn Hoyt

N 1885 Dr. Sketchley built an ostrich farm along the banks of the Los Angeles River near where Griffith Park is now located. On Sunday and holidays, crowds of Angelenos rode the Temple Street cable cars to the end of the line, and then transferred to horse-drawn coaches which took them to see the strange birds. About a year later a group of property owners near the ostrich farm incorporated the Los Angeles Ostrich Farm Railway Company to take the place of the slow carriages. President and leading promoter of this railroad was Moses L. Wicks, a Los Angeles attorney who was speculating in real estate.¹

The Ostrich Farm Railway asked the Los Angeles City Council to grant a franchise allowing the railroad to operate from the neighborhood of Sisters' Hospital to the city limits. In November, 1886, permission was given to build a rail line from "a point in Bellevue avenue where it intersects with the west line of Upper Main street," north to the city limits.²

This ordinance specified that the cars were to be "run or propelled from the place of beginning to Elysian Park avenue by horses and electricity, two horses or two mules to each car;" the remainder of the way the cars were to be run by steam or electricity. The railroad was forbidden to charge more than five cents inside the city limits, and children under eighteen who were going or coming from school were to be charged half fare.³

Before the Ostrich Farm Railway was completed, it was absorbed by the Los Angeles County Railway Company; the exact date of this merger is not known. It must have been sometime before March 10, 1887, because an agreement recorded on that date mentions a railroad "then known as the Ostrich Farm Street Railway," and now owned by the Los Angeles County Railroad.

This agreement, between the Los Angeles County Railroad and sixteen property owners along the route of the Ostrich Farm Railway, provided:

that the railroad East and South of the junction or "Y" in the North-West corner of the City of Los Angeles, shall be used exclusively as a passenger railroad, and that no use of the same shall be inconsistent with its most efficient use as such street railway, and especially that no freight shall be carried over the said road other than such light freight as may be carried in the baggage cars attached to passenger cars, not to exceed one to each train.⁴

First president of the Los Angeles County Railroad was Moses L. Wicks; other directors of the company were R. C. Shaw, superintendent and one-fourth owner; S. P. Rees, secretary; I. S. Miller; S. W. Luitweiler, J. W. Wolfskill, E. C. Burlingame, F. C. Garbutt, and Ex-Senator Cole. Sometime during 1888 Wicks resigned, and E. E. Hall succeeded him as president; Luitweiler then became vice-president.⁵

The new company made plans to extend the Ostrich Farm Railway to Burbank, and build the Los Angeles County Railroad from its junction with the Burbank line westward to Santa Monica. Securing a right-of-way to Santa Monica was easy, because most of the land was still in large *ranchos*. Four deeds, recorded between August, 1887, and December, 1888, gave the railroad a continuous right-of-way from Los Angeles city limits to the ocean.

In August, 1887, the Santa Monica Land and Water Company gave the railroad a right-of-way through the town of Sunset. In June, 1888, John P. Jones and Arcadia Bandini de Baker donated a fifty-foot right-of-way through the 30,000-acre *Rancho San Vicente y Santa Monica*. Also in June, John Hancock sold a thirty-three-foot right-of-way through *Rancho La Brea* for \$200 per acre and construction of "a good and substantial fence" along the right-of-way. The following December, Henry Hammel and A. H. Denker gave the railroad a thirty-foot right-of-way over the *Rancho Rodeo de las Aguas*, in return for ten-year passes on the railroad and a promise to build a depot and two flag-stops on the ranch.⁶

Late in September, 1887, the *Tribune* wrote that the Los An-

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geles County Railroad would be completed to Santa Monica in about thirty days. Three months later this same newspaper said that work of grading a street car line on Bellevue Avenue was going ahead, and that soon a passenger would be able to leave the center of Los Angeles and by transferring go straight through to Santa Monica for one fare.⁷

On New Year's Day, 1888, the *Tribune* reported that on the previous day Superintendent Shaw had proudly

pulled open the throttle valve of the new 28-gauge locomotive upon its pioneer trip over the new broad gauge railroad which starts from the Sisters' Hospital and is now built to the ostrich farm, a distance of seven miles. The road is a private enterprise carried forward by the Los Angeles County Railroad Company. . . . From the Sisters' Hospital to the city limits the distance is about two miles. At this point the junction of the Santa Monica and Ostrich Farm roads is reached.

Nine months later the line to Santa Monica was still not completed, although the ostrich farm branch was in operation for "a distance of eight miles, and work is being actively pushed on the remaining portion." The first passenger train did not reach Santa Monica until the last of January, 1889. In the meantime the Los Angeles County Railroad had been absorbed by the Los Angeles and Pacific Railroad.⁸

In September, 1888, the Ostrich Farm Railroad and the Los Angeles County Railroad were consolidated under the name of the Los Angeles and Pacific Railway Company. The capital stock of this new company was set at \$2,160,000 "for the purpose of further extending the road from the ostrich farm and Burbank to Pasadena and Hueneme, and for the building of a belt line road west and south of Los Angeles."⁹

According to a report made to the California Railroad Commission, the railroad reached the ostrich farm September 24, 1888, was completed to Burbank May 31, 1889. Time tables announced that three trains would leave for Santa Monica on week days and five on Sundays. Five trains per day were operated over the "Burbank Division," and this was increased to six on Sundays. Three of the Sunday trains were special trains operating only to the ostrich

farm. At the bottom of the table there was a note stating that "all trains stop at Ostrich Farm and Soldiers' Home."¹⁰

The railroad was losing considerable revenue because its depot was four miles from the center of Los Angeles. In April, 1889, the *Express* said that the "present plan" was to extend the line down Bellevue Avenue from the Sisters' Hospital to the vicinity of the Plaza.¹¹ The following September, the City Council voted to grant the railroad a right-of-way which circled north of new Chinatown, then south along New High Street to Bellevue Avenue where a new depot was to be built about a quarter of a mile north of the Plaza. Only a week after this ordinance was passed by the City Council, the railroad was thrown into receivership and was never able to build into the center of Los Angeles.¹²

The Los Angeles and Pacific Railroad gambled its future on the real estate boom; when this bubble burst it was left with a poorly constructed railway serving the virtual ghost towns of Sunset, Burbank, Cahuenga, Ivanhoe, and Kenilworth.

In August, 1887, the railroad had completed a deal which made it a partner of the Santa Monica Land and Water Company, a company having extensive real estate holdings near where Beverly Hills and Hollywood were later built. The railroad agreed to build a railroad from Los Angeles to Santa Monica in return for eight hundred lots in the "Town of Sun Set," a right-of-way thirty feet wide across the *Rancho San José de Ayres*, and a one-hundred-foot right-of-way "through said Townsite as now surveyed." The railroad further agreed to "pay half of the expenses of grading streets, laying side walks, and piping water through the southerly 387 acres of the town site."¹³

One month later the Los Angeles County Railroad Company bought eighteen lots in the Johannsen tract, near the corner of Vermont Avenue and Beverly Boulevard, from Moses Wicks for \$4,677. This was slightly more than \$250 per lot, a bargain today, but probably ten times what they were worth three years later.¹⁴

The report made to the California Railroad Commission stated that the Los Angeles and Pacific Railroad Company had only twelve miles of railway in operation during 1888: the Los Angeles County

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Railroad from Los Angeles to the ostrich farm, eight miles; and the Los Angeles and Pacific Railway from the ostrich farm to Burbank, four miles. This same report revealed that the company had six employees: two engineers, two firemen, and two conductors. Twenty-one pieces of rolling stock were owned by the railroad, including four locomotives, twelve passenger cars, and five flat cars.

Gross earnings for the year were \$11,628, operating expenses were \$13,646, and the "interest and discount on floating debt" were an additional \$1,734. Net loss for the year was \$3,752. At the bottom of the report was a note stating that our business has been so small thus far that it has not justified the expenditure of any money for extra clerical labor in compiling statistics."¹⁵

During the spring of 1889, the railroad continued to lose money, and in March, R. R. Brown filed suit to collect money due him. During the next two years more than twenty suits were filed by various creditors. Typical of these suits was one for \$8,708 filed by the Black Diamond Coal Company of Los Angeles. Unable to pay cash for its coal, the railroad had signed notes bearing interest at the rate of one per cent a month, compounded monthly.¹⁶

In connection with this suit, the sheriff of Los Angeles County was ordered to make a detailed inventory of all property owned by the railroad. According to this inventory, the railway owned the following stock in August, 1889: four engines, six passenger coaches, two observation coaches, four flat cars, two combination coaches, two street cars "at Prospect Park," six hand cars, and five push cars. Four depots were listed: Los Angeles, Ivanhoe, Burbank and Santa Monica.¹⁷

On the same day that the Black Diamond Coal Company filed suit, the California Bank also sued the railroad. This suit charged that on August 9, 1887, the directors of the Los Angeles County Railroad Company had voted to purchase six first-class passenger cars and two combination passenger and baggage cars from Carter Brothers, car builders of San Francisco, for \$36,000. These cars had been delivered over the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad in September, 1888; the entire cost of the cars was paid by the California Bank, and not a penny had been repaid.¹⁸

The California Bank demanded the return of the railroad cars, which it claimed were legally owned by the bank, or payment of the money still due. In September, 1889, Judge Shaw ordered that three first-class cars and one combination car be returned to Carter Brothers. The remaining cars were leased from Carter Brothers for \$200 per month, but in December these were returned also.

In June, 1889, W. T. Spilman resigned his job as receiver, and Herman Silver was appointed in his place. Silver found that two months earlier there had been an accident on the Burbank branch in which the engine left the rails and "fell on its side. The fireman jumped from his station, but the engineer refused to leave his post until the engine tipped over. No one was hurt." The line to Burbank was in such poor condition "that it would not permit the passage of heavier engines owned by the company over it and that even the motor engines had to run with exceeding caution." This convinced Judge Shaw, and he allowed the receiver to abandon the Burbank Division.¹⁹

The railroad continued to operate between Los Angeles and Santa Monica until October 25, 1889, when heavy rains washed out the tracks in several places. Silver reported that the "damage was so great as to prevent any engines running over the same, and upon a careful estimate it was discovered that it would require from four to five thousand dollars to repair said road."

When the railroad suspended operations, all of the employees were discharged except an auditor and two watchmen. In November, 1889, the auditor and day watchman were discharged, because the receiver did not have money with which to pay his wages.²⁰

After the washouts in the fall of 1889, the railroad equipment deteriorated rapidly. Two years later Silver testified that he moved the railroad cars to a siding near the Sisters' Hospital and that they had remained there ever since. On cross examination, an attorney representing some creditors complained that Silver had done nothing to prevent the railroad cars from going to "rack and ruin; that some of them have stood out in the weather until they are worthless."

The Los Angeles and Pacific Railway

The judge commented that "I don't suppose he will deny that," and the cross examination continued as follows:

Q — Now, the tracks and road bed that you took charge of, what did you do?

A — I didn't do anything sir. I had a man in my employ for the purpose of taking care of the road according to the best of my judgment for about six months. . . . From that time I have requested a former employ of the road — told him I couldn't pay any more wages; that I haven't got anything to pay with; and I asked him to give it as much attention as he could; and if anything happens, to let me know.²¹

The railroad failed to report to the California Railroad Commission in January, 1891, but eight months later S. W. Luitwieler, president of the company, reported that the line had been in the hands of a receiver during the past year. "An adjustment of the debts of the company is being made at this date, and it is expected that the road will be operated in a short time."

His report revealed that the railroad had cost \$566,000 including \$8,000 for right-of-way, \$106,000 for rails, \$43,000 for ties, \$14,000 for locomotives and cars, and \$270,000 for having the road built by a contractor. The company was authorized to issue stock with a par value of \$2,160,000, but only 1,700 shares with a par value of \$173,000 had been sold. This stock was owned by twenty-eight people, most of them residents of Los Angeles.²²

Immediately after the washouts, Silver appointed a committee of creditors, with James G. Scarborough as chairman, to examine the railroad and make recommendations. This committee reported November 4, 1889, that the debts of the company were \$210,000, and estimated that the railroad could barely be sold for enough to pay the debts. The committee recommended that the washouts between Santa Monica and Los Angeles be repaired, and that the railroad begin operating on the first of January, 1890.²³

In an attempt to carry out the recommendations of this committee, the Board of Directors met January 9, 1890, at 44 North Spring Street, "the same being the place where the Board of Directors of said company usually hold their meeting." At this meet-

ing the directors voted to issue \$300,000 worth of first mortgage bonds. These were to bear six percent interest and were issued to the State Loan and Trust Company of Los Angeles.²⁴

In February, 1891, John Wolfskill secured a judgement against the Los Angeles and Santa Monica Land and Water Company and the Los Angeles and Pacific Railroad for \$293,000, due him on the 4,387-acre *Rancho San José de Buenos Ayres*. The entire ranch was returned to Wolfskill except for some lots in the town of Sunset which had been sold, and it was decreed that the railroad might use its thirty-foot right-of-way across the ranch provided trains were running on a permanent basis within two years.²⁵

Unable to put the railroad into operation, the stockholders voted in September, 1891, to transfer the railroad to "Moses N. Avery, his associates and assigns," for the sum of one dollar and "payment of certain costs, expenses, liens, claims and demands made and expended for and on account of the said railroad in a certain suit . . . now pending in the superior court." It was also understood that Avery would pay off all of the creditors at forty cents on the dollar.²⁶

The Los Angeles and Pacific Railway was never able to untangle its financial affairs sufficiently to repair the tracks and resume service. In 1894 what assets the railroad had left were sold to General M. H. Sherman and Eli P. Clark, two railroad building brothers-in-law who had recently completed the Los Angeles and Pasadena Railway.²⁷

In the spring of 1894, Sherman and Clark began securing their right-of-way; construction work was begun in 1895 and completed the following year. The roadbed was in such poor shape that it had to be entirely rebuilt, but the same rails were used. Newmark says that in 1896 "the old steam railroad — which about the late Eighties had run a year or so" — was equipped with electric power and again began operating between Los Angeles, Colegrove, South Hollywood, and North Beach.²⁸

Sherman and Clark sold out to E. H. Harriman a few years later, and the Los Angeles and Pacific Railway eventually became

The Los Angeles and Pacific Railway

part of the mushrooming Pacific Electric System. After years of bankruptcy, the Los Angeles and Pacific at last became part of that "magnificent interurban electrical system" which the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce boasted was the best in the world.²⁹

NOTES :

1. William Andrew Spalding, *History and Reminiscences, Los Angeles City and County, California* (3 vols., Los Angeles, 1931), I, p. 262; Harris Newmark, *Sixty Years in Southern California* (New York, 1916), p. 547.
Wicks was one of the most active speculators in real estate during the great boom. He began investing in land near Glendale in 1883, and 1887 was promoting a short-lived railroad between Santa Monica and Ballona. Glen S. Dumke, *The Boom of the Eighties in Southern California* (Huntington Library, 1944), pp. 68, 94.
2. Los Angeles City Council *Records*, bk. 21, p. 428.
3. *Los Angeles Times*, November 16, 1886; Los Angeles City Council, *Records*, bk. 21, pp. 723-728.
4. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 312, pp. 297-299.
5. *Los Angeles Tribune*, January 1, 1888; Luther A. Ingersoll, *Ingersoll's Century History, Santa Monica Bay Cities . . .* (Los Angeles, 1908), 175; California Railroad Commission, *Annual Report, 1889* (Sacramento, 1879-1912), p. 107.
6. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 288, pp. 227-235; bk. 426, pp. 275-276; bk. 452, pp. 178-179; bk. 602, 9-12.
7. *Los Angeles Tribune*, September 25, 1887, January 1, 1888.
8. *Los Angeles Times*, September 17, 1888; Ingersoll, op. cit., 175.
9. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1889), 107, 111. The *Los Angeles Times*, July 4, 1889, said that the railroad would eventually connect Pasadena and Santa Monica.
10. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1889), 107, 111, 112; Spalding op cit., 283; *Los Angeles Express*, March 28, 1889.
The Burbank depot was located on a four acre lot near the corner of Verdugo Avenue and Flower Street which was donated by the Providencia Land, Water and Development Company. The land company also granted the railway a right of way along Flower Street within the town of Burbank. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 484, pp. 75-77.
11. *Los Angeles Express*, April 26, 1889; Poor's *Manual of the Railroads of the United States, Street Railway and Traction Companies, Industrial and other Corporations . . .* (57 vols., New York, 1868-1924), XXXIII, 1101. Poor's says that "to complete the line there remains to be done 3.6 miles to the new terminus in the centre of the city of Los Angeles."
12. Los Angeles City Council, *Records*, bk. 30, p. 52; Los Angeles City Council, *Ordinances*, bk. 1, pp. 520-523.
13. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 288, 227-235. "Sunset was situated northwest of the present town of Beverly. It was boomed by the location of the National Soldiers' Home. The boomers built a hotel and made other improvements, but they started too late, and in spite of their earnest efforts the town was a failure. The beautiful hotel was used to store hay until it burned down." Joseph Netz, "The Great Real estate Boom of 1887," Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications*, X (1915-1916), 63.
14. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds* bk. 334, pp. 217-218.
15. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1889), 107, 109, 111.
16. Los Angeles County Superior Court, case no. 11,385, *Black Diamond Coal Co. vs. Los Angeles and Pacific Railway Co.*
17. *Ibid.* This inventory was made August 10, 1889. It was very detailed; the list of real estate took five typed, legal size pages, and the inventory of other assets of the company covered thirteen pages of legal paper.
18. Los Angeles County Superior Court, case no. 11,386, *California Bank vs. Los Angeles and Pacific Railroad Company, et al.*

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19. *Ibid.*; *Los Angeles Express*, April 26, 1889. During April and May, 1889, the railroad had a gross income of only \$522, barely enough to pay the rent due the Carter Brothers for use of the passenger cars.
20. *California Bank vs. Los Angeles and Pacific Railroad.*
21. *Ibid.*
22. California Railroad Commission, *Report* (1891), 12, 200-201
23. "Report of Special Committee to receiver," *California Bank vs. Los Angeles and Pacific Railroad.*
24. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 647, pp. 189-193. When President Luitwieler reported to the Railroad Commission in August, 1891, he stated that only \$79,000 worth of six percent bonds were issued, and that these had been "used in payment of floating indebtedness." California Railroad Commission, *Report*, (1891), p. 201.
25. Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 710, pp. 260-265. Trains were not running in two years, and the right-of-way was apparently returned to Wolfskill in 1893. March 28, 1893, Judge Shaw signed an order returning the railroad right-of-way through *Rancho San Vicente y Santa Monica* to John P. Jones and Arcadia B. de Baker. A little later another order directed the receiver to remove all railroad property from the ranch by June 1, 1893. *California Bank vs. Los Angeles and Pacific Railroad.*
Litigation in the California Bank case dragged on for nearly five years. The file of this case in the Los Angeles County archives is nearly two feet high. One decision of Judge Shaw, changing the defendant from the California Bank to Grant, was reversed by the California Supreme Court.
26. *California Bank vs. Los Angeles and Pacific Railroad*, Los Angeles County Recorder, *Deeds*, bk. 744, pp. 307-308. The California Bank refused to become a party to this agreement.
27. Spalding, *op. cit.*, 313.
28. Los Angeles City Council, *Records*, bk. 40, p. 106; Dumke, *op. cit.*, p. 135; Spalding, *op. cit.*, p. 313; Newmark, *op. cit.*, p. 613. In the 1890's the Los Angeles and Pacific Railway was commonly called the "Balloon Route" because of its curving track.
29. Newmark, *op. cit.*, p. 612; Spalding, *op. cit.*, p. 313.



From Boulder to the Gulf

By Margaret Romer, M. A.

(Continued from the QUARTERLY for June)

CHAPTER VIII

THE YUMA SETTLEMENTS AND MASSACRE

IGNORANCE AND STUPIDITY are ever the causes of misery! No tragedy was ever more unnecessary than the Yuma massacre of 1781. The saddest part was that the innocent were victimized with the offenders. While the man on whose shoulders the responsibility for the disaster squarely rested, suffered not at all. Justice was on a vacation.

A hideous massacre, like a thunderclap, does not come out of a blue sky without warning. A massacre is not a situation in which a horde of demons with horns and pitchforks swoops suddenly upon a flock of spotless, white-winged angels and annihilates them.

When the kindly, friendly Yumas were incited to the point of killing even their beloved . . .

But we are getting ahead of our story. It all happened **this** way:

The great, good Padre Kino was the first of the Spaniards to tell the Yumans about the advantages of Spanish civilization as it would be brought to them by the missions. Their love for Kino is well known. He had promised them missions, and his promise to them was a bond. But the good priest died. The Indians then living told the story to their children, and a second generation came, and the story was handed down to them.

Then followed Garcés, another Spanish *padre* as kind as Kino had been. And he made the same promises. The result was an active revival of interest in the establishment of a mission.

Then came Anza with his generous gifts of tobacco, beads, cloth and other luxuries. The natives had visions of a profitable trade of food stuffs for the manufactured products of civilization. Christianity, for the most part, was just something that had to be accepted in order to get the things they wanted.

In 1774, Chief Palma braved the hardships of *El Camino del Diablo* to reach Altar to plead for missions for his country. Two years later, he and three other Yuman chiefs, with Anza, rode on horseback the long trail from the Colorado to Mexico City to lay his plea before Buccareli. There he was well received and entertained by the Viceroy, and definitely promised two missions with *padres* and a *presidio* and Spanish settlers for his country. So Palma returned to his people confident that the settlers would soon arrive.

The great viceroy was sincere when he gave his promise, for nothing in the affairs of New Spain interested him so much as the overland advance to Alta California.¹⁰⁴ If he had been free to carry out his plans, the Anza trail would have become a highway dotted its entire length with missions and *presidios*. But he did not then know how soon the administration of the frontier provinces was to be taken out of his hands.

Anza, too, had the judgment to see that the gratification of the Yuma's wishes for missions was the cheapest and most effective way of insuring the Colorado crossing. In his official diary he wrote, "On another occasion I have said that if the peoples who dwell along this great river are attached to us we shall effect its passage without excessive labor, and if they are not, it will be almost impossible to do so."¹⁰⁵ However, Anza also recommended the establishment of a strong *presidio* to guard each mission.¹⁰⁶

Padre Garcés, too, expressed the need in these words: "I am of the opinion that if the matter of missions on the Gila and Colorado is allowed to cool . . . there is danger that all will be lost and that the Yumas may be the first to enter a league."¹⁰⁷

Late in 1776, a change was made in the administration of the frontier provinces. The entire frontier from California to Texas was taken out of the Viceroyalty of New Spain (Mexico) and placed under an entirely separate government.

From Boulder to the Gulf

Theodora de Croix¹⁰⁸ was made Commandant-General. Now, de Croix was well-meaning, but somewhat of a stupid man. He was particularly interested in the advance toward Texas and so was unable to see the needs of other sections of his territory. In short, he pigeon-holed the entire plan of the overland advance to California. The new missions there would have to struggle along the best they could. He was deaf to the recommendations of Viceroy Buccarelli and the pleas of Lieutenant Colonel Anza, Padre Garcés and the other priests. It was three full years before the new commandant even visited Sonora, and he never did see the Colorado River or California. Yet, he was in supreme command of these regions.

However, two things should be said in defense of the well-meaning, though ineffective Commandante de Croix. He was always short of soldiers and could ill-afford the sixty that Anza recommended for the *presido* on the Colorado. Also, he suffered an illness which accounted for a few months of the delay.¹⁰⁹

Meanwhile, however, the enthusiasm of the Yumas was cooling. Promises, promises, nothing but promises. Is it any wonder that the Indians began to doubt? Where was all this great wealth the Spaniards had talked so much about? Four years had passed since Anza had taken the San Francisco colony through the Yuma country. Where was the colony that was coming to live among them? Where were the promised missions? All they had seen was the poor, ragged missionary, Garcés, and even now he came empty-handed.

The lesser Yuman chiefs began to taunt Palma for his credulity. They ridiculed him for allowing the Spaniards to make a dupe of him. His influence over his people was weakening rapidly.

In short, de Croix let the opportune time pass. The Spaniards lost first the confidence of the Yuman tribes, and then their friendship. Had de Croix taken advantage of the opportunity that the Spaniards had at the Yuma crossing in 1776 or '77, the whole history of California would have been different. California would have developed into a strong Spanish state that the United States could not so easily have taken in the Mexican War of 1848. Perhaps . . . but that thought is speculation; this narrative is history.

What actually happened was that, in the summer of 1779, the Padres Garcés and Diaz, accompanied by twelve soldiers, made their way through the Papaguaria toward the Colorado. It was an exceptionally dry year, making the trip especially difficult. *El Camino Diablo* was utterly impassible for fourteen men and the horses. Perhaps there would be enough water for three. So Garcés and two men pushed on from one inadequate waterhole to the next, reaching the Yumas exhausted and without supplies. But Garcés was their friend and they took him in.

Diaz and the other ten men remained at Sonoita with the equipment and meager provisions, waiting until the season when the rains would fill up the waterholes along the route. It was October before they joined Garcés at the junction.

So, without equipment and without supplies, the missionaries held on by the tenacity of their brave spirits and the charity and good-will of the Indians. They repeatedly sent word to their Government for help, but their Government was deaf and dumb — mostly *dumb*.

Early in the next year, Padre Diaz made the journey to Sonora to present a petition to the *Commandante*, who was by that time residing at the capital.¹¹⁰ After a month of discussion, a compromise plan was worked out. Two settlements were to be founded in the Yuman territory near the junction of the two rivers. Each settlement was to combine the features of a mission, a *pueblo* and a *presidio* in one. To people these settlements, de Croix agreed to send twenty-one soldiers, and thirty-two colonists with their wives and families. This population was to be divided equally between the two communities.¹¹¹ All temporal affairs were to be administered by the government. Priests were to have no authority except in religious matters, and they were allowed only a paltry two hundred *pesos* a year with which to carry on their Christian work.

The hopeless inadequacy of this sum becomes apparent when one considers the changed temper of the natives since the time of Anza's journey. Since then, the Yumas had become skeptical. They had been taught to expect cities with fine buildings, beautiful velvet clothes, plenty of horses and cattle, and so on. But what they re-

From Boulder to the Gulf

ceived were two small, poor, ragged colonies of low-class, ill-behaved settlers, and the priests offered them a few beads.!

Yet de Croix was priding himself on his economy in saving the expense of establishing a *presidio* at the crossing!¹¹²

At last, in the fall of 1870, the colonists arrived. But there were only sixteen settlers and their families instead of the promised thirty-two. The two additional priests who came were Padres Juan Barreneche and Martias Moreno. Alférez Santiago Islas was in command of the settlements.¹¹³

The natives welcomed the settlers kindly, but without the enthusiasm they had shown for the coming of Anza.

The first settlement was founded on the California side of the Colorado, just below the junction of the Gila, on the hill where the Yuma Indian School now stands. It was called *Pueblo La Purísima Concepcion*. Padres Garcés and Barreneche were stationed there.

Shortly thereafter, the second *pueblo* was established, also on the California side of the river below Pilot Knob, about where the village of Algodones now stands. This settlement was called *San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñer*. Padres Diaz and Moreno were its ministers.¹¹⁴

The Yuman lands were divided among the settlers with little or no regard for the rights of the natives. Their cattle ran loose to trample and destroy the crops of the Indians. The colonists, for the most part, lived lazy, shiftless lives on a low moral level; yet looked down upon the thriftier Yumas as social inferiors. The soldiers imprisoned, placed in stocks, and often brutally flogged the natives for trivial offenses. Yet the high and mighty "white men" ran rough shod over every right of the Indians.¹¹⁵

Garcés and the other priests saw all this injustice and pleaded with the soldiers and colonists, but they were adamant. The Indians were as the dirt under their feet.

Soon the settlements ran out of food. But the Yumas were short of provisions, too; partly because it was a dry year, and partly because of the depredations of the colonists' cattle. So, adopting the Spaniards' own methods, they charged high prices for the food they sold to the settlers, and were not anxious to sell at any price.

Into this situation came the tactless Rivera y Moncada, the Lieutenant-Governor of Baja California, with a company of some forty families en route to Los Angeles and the Santa Barbara Channel settlements. At Yuma, he sent his caravan on to the coast under the command of Alférez Limon, a subordinate officer, and nine soldiers, while he went into camp on the site of the present town of Yuma to rest his tired stock.

Here was another herd of cattle to trample native crops! Instead of being friendly and giving gifts as the tactful Anza did, Rivera seemed to take a delight in expressing his contempt for the natives.¹¹⁶

This was the last straw! Even the long-faithful Palma now turned against the Spaniards. The Yuman chiefs held council and made plans. But they had the decency to keep the peace until the forty families had departed for the California coast, and then the storm broke.

The chiefs had determined to rid their country of the now hated Spaniards. On the morning of July 17, 1781, the Yumas made a surprise attack on *San Pedro y San Pablo*. There they killed all but five men. These five men, with the women and children, were taken as captives. Then they searched the buildings, took what they wanted, and set fire to the rest.

About the same time, a similar attack was made on *La Purísima Concepcion*. The same killings were made there, except that the Padres Garcés and Barreneche were spared; and a few of the men hid and escaped both death and capture. At noon, the Indians ceased their attack and went away. Taking advantage of the break in hostilities, the *padres* and the women and children fled to the homes of some of their friends among the Christianized natives.

Meanwhile, Rivera and his men, seeing the slaughter across the river, made hasty preparations for the defense of their camp. The next morning the expected attack came, and every man was killed. That same afternoon, *La Purísima* was sacked and burned. A day later, the good priests were torn from the arms of the Christian natives who defended them, and were destroyed. Thus that glorious character, Padre Garcés went to his reward after thirty years of



JEDEDIAH SMITH CROSSED THE COLORADO
near this spot where this modern bridge now stands.



THE YUMA INDIANS

were always curious and interested spectators eager to lend a hand.

From Boulder to the Gulf

faithful service among the tribes of Pimeria Alta and the Colorado River region.

The women and children of *La Purísima* were taken with those of *San Pedro y San Pablo*, to live among the Yumas. They were expected to work, just as their own women worked, but were not subjected to any other indignities.¹¹⁷

When Alférez Limon and his soldiers returned from California, they found the charred ruins and saw the bodies of the slain men still laying in the *plaza*. His own party was attacked on August 21 and two of his men were killed. The others made all possible haste back to San Gabriel to report the tragedy.

In the fall, a force of one hundred men, under the leadership of Lieutenant-Colonel Pedro Fages came to the junction to bury the dead, ransom the captives and punish the natives. On their arrival, they found the vicinity abandoned, and the tribe was found occupying a densely wooded area on the delta some eight leagues downstream. It being found impractical to attack the natives in this spot, Fages ransomed the captives and took them back to Sonoita.¹¹⁸

Both the Indians and the prisoners said that they had left the junction because each evening after the massacre, a procession of white-robed figures with crosses and candles marched through the ruins chanting wierd dirges! At least, the Yumas seem to have been troubled by their consciences.

Not having found the bodies of the priests on his first trip, Commander Fages made another journey in December to conduct a more careful search. He found the remains of Padres Diaz and Morena in a good state of preservation. But he was about to give up the search for the bodies of Garcés and Barreneche when he noticed a green spot away out on the desert. On reaching the place, he found two graves under a cross in a bed of beautiful flowers and plants that revealed the tender care of the faithful converts. The four bodies were then carried to Tubutama where they were laid to their final rest in the church.

Another punitive expedition was sent to the Colorado but nothing was accomplished except the killing of a few more Yumas.

After all the years of loving service and painful struggles of

Kino, Anza, Garcés, Diaz and the others, after the vision and careful planning of the Viecroy Buccareli; yet, the Commandant-General of the Frontier Provinces, de Croix, declared the lower Colorado region nothing but a country of salt marshes and sand. He disregarded the finer minds and believed the Spaniards could cross the region any time they wished, merely by sending a contingent of soldiers with an expedition. And he ordered the abandonment of the idea of the Colorado River settlements.¹¹⁹

Naturally, this put an end to the whole plan for the overland advance to California. The old Anza Trail fell into disuse, and California was left in virtual isolation, to develop into the "Ripened Plum" for Uncle Sam to pick a half-century later.

Chapter IX

FUR TRADERS AND A NAVIGATOR



SO, FOR ANOTHER GENERATION the Colorado River Indians went their own way without the disturbing influence of the white man. But, without their knowledge, their destiny was being shaped for them in the capitols of Washington and Mexico City. Their freedom was doomed.

Mexico had fought for and won her independence from Spain, so the Lower Colorado River region fell under Mexican rule. A lucrative trade immediately sprang up between St. Louis, Missouri, and Santa Fé, New Mexico, over the Santa Fé Trail.

The United States was pushing her frontiers farther westward. The American fur trade was at its zenith and some of America's great fortunes were in the making. Notably, the Astor fortune was built on millions of furs and many human lives as well. Great fur companies organized, issued stock, merged, and fed their stockholders thousands and even hundreds of thousands of dollars. Nor did they stop until they had practically exterminated the fur bearing animals of our western wilds, to say nothing of a goodly per cent of the Indian population.

From Boulder to the Gulf

The trappers and fur traders were forever pushing on into new territory to keep ahead of the settlers, since their business thrived only in the wilderness. Those wild, restless spirits recognized no boundaries, no laws, and no rights save their own. Constantly seeking virgin wilds, they pushed their cruel and bloody paths ever westward, ruthlessly destroying everything that would interfere with their progress. Seldom was a man of this group touched by compassion. But, civilization must inevitably advance at whatever price, so the fur traders broke the trails through the wilderness and the settlers followed close behind.

Sylvester Pattie and his son, James Ohio Pattie, were Kentuckians who had migrated to the frontier state of Missouri. From there they followed the Santa Fé Trail to New Mexico and began trapping in Mexican territory. February of 1826 found them trapping down the Gila to the Colorado River. The Gila, they called Helay, and the Colorado they knew as Red River. These men were free trappers — that is, they were working for themselves instead of being in the employ of a company as were most of the trappers.

The Patties went where they chose to go, detouring for no living thing. If an Indian village chanced to be in their path, they rode right through it, scattering screaming children in all directions. With such total disregard for the rights of the inhabitants of the region, there is little wonder they were headed for trouble. The greater wonder is that they got through at all. Needless to say, they scorned all the friendly hospitality that was at first offered them, but they *did* condescend to trade bits of red cloth for the agricultural products of the Gila and Colorado Valleys.

On reaching the Colorado River, they turned north and trapped their way up the great river. The Mojaves, the most warlike of the Yuman tribes, refused to be trodden upon. Their chief rode up to the intruders and reminded them that they were trapping the beaver in Mojave territory and, if they wished to continue, they must pay for the privilege. They would accept a horse in return, they said. Pattie promptly refused, and the chief shot an arrow into a near-by tree and gave a war-like yell to indicate what would

happen if the Americans persisted. For reply, Pattie drew his gun and cut the arrow in two.

The following day, the chief and his men came again, but the Patties unceremoniously drove them out of camp. Upon this indignity, the chief shot an arrow into one of the horses, and instantly four bullets pierced the body of the Indian leader and he dropped dead. The Indians took the body of their beloved chief and departed, with vengeance burning in their hearts.¹²⁰

The Americans knew the red men would come back to vindicate the death of their head man, so the camp was prepared for the attack. The next day the warriors came, but the results were pitiful. Indian arrows were ineffectual against even the crude fortifications of the white men, while bullets mowed down the unprotected natives. It was an unequal fight, the news of which spread to neighboring tribes and was in no way helpful to the Americans in their future dealings with the natives of the Colorado Valley.

A few days later, the Indians made a surprise attack by night. They entered camp quickly and quietly, killed two men and wounded two, and got away with such celerity that they were not even fired upon.

But with the coming of daylight, the younger Pattie and a few others set out in pursuit. By evening, they overtook the Indians, killed most of them, and suspended their bodies from the branches of trees to strike terror to the others.¹²¹

So the hostilities increased. At the next village through which the Americans passed, they were greeted with a shower of arrows, which were returned with bullets. No injuries were recorded among the trappers, but an uncounted number of the "enemy" were left behind dead and dying.

By the end of the month of March, 1826, the trappers reached Bill Williams Fork. A small group went up this branch to trap for the night, intending to return next day with their catch of beaver. But they did not return. A scouting party went in search of their companions, and found their bodies cut to pieces and spitted before a great fire!¹²²

Yet these were the same people who were so kind and helpful

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to the *padres*. The difference was in the visitors, not in the natives.

Black Canyon was reached the next day and then, for a hundred leagues, the Pattie party marched along the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado — probably were the first Americans to view the magnificent spectacle. But not a word did they record of the beauty of the gorges, only “the horrid mountains, which so cages it (the river) up as to deprive all human beings of the ability to descent to its banks and make use of its waters.”¹²³

So the Americans departed from the valleys of the lower Colorado, but were destined to experience even more exciting adventures on their return a year later.

That same summer, another group of fur traders entered the region from the north. This party was led by Jedediah Strong Smith. Now, Smith was one of the few fur traders who brought his religion with him into the wilds. He was both wiser and kinder than most of the men of his calling.

Leaving Salt Lake in August of 1826, the Smith party went down into what is now southern Utah and southeastern Nevada. They followed a river which flowed in a southerly direction and which they called Adams River in honor of the President, John Quincy Adams. This river was either the Virgin or its western tributary which is now known as the Muddy.¹²⁴

On reaching the Colorado, they crossed this river and traveled down the east bank for four days. Smith remarked that the country was “remarkably barren, rocky and mountainous.”¹²⁵ Being short of food in this region, the company resorted to the flesh of their weakest horses. Then they reached the Mojave Valley where they rested themselves and their tired animals for fifteen days among the friendly Mojaves — the same as those through whom the Patties had shot their way. Here Smith purchased food stuffs and a few more horses from the natives, and then proceeded down the stream to the Needles, where the party crossed the river again, with the eager assistance of the aborigines, and cut westward across the Mojave Desert and on to San Gabriel.

The following summer, the Smith party came through the region again en route to California over the same trail they had

followed the previous year. But in the meantime, officials of the Mexican Government had planted in the minds of the river people the terrible germs of hatred for Americans. Recalling their own experiences with the first party of Americans to cross their territory, the Mojaves acceded to the Mexican order to let no more Americans pass through their territory in California.

So in the summer of 1827, the Smith expedition again moved down Black Canyon into the Mojave Valley. They made camp on the east side of the river, about opposite the present point of the state of Nevada. For three days they rested and carried on a peaceful trade with the natives, and made leisurely preparations for crossing the river. The Indians assisted with the building of rafts as before.

Then the actual crossing was begun. Smith and nine others had already reached the west bank. Some were in midstream and others were still on the east bank. At a signal, the Indians attacked all three sections at once. Two Indian women who were with the Smith party, were taken as captives. Ten men were killed, and Thomas Virgin was badly wounded.¹²⁶ All the property and papers were lost. Those on the west bank who escaped death, fled into the desert and proceeded as fast as they could to San Gabriel.¹²⁷ Smith was among those who escaped.

About this same time a British officer was adventuring among the Cocopas just above the mouth of the Colorado. Lieutenant R. W. H. Hardy of the Royal Navy visited Mexico from 1825 to 1828 in the capacity of a commissioner for the General Pearl and Coral Fishery Association of London.

In the course of his survey of pearl fishing activities in the Gulf of California, his little sailing vessel, the *Bruja*, pushed northward on the restless waters of the Gulf to its head. The Lieutenant observed the cloud of fine particles of sand that hung like a great smoke cloud along the northeastern coast of Baja California just below the river, so he called this the "Smoky Coast." He believed himself the first white man to reach the mouth of the Colorado River, so he named every island and point along his course. This

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accounts for the many English place names at the mouth of this originally Spanish owned river.

Hardy reported three mouths of the Colorado formed by two islands. The larger of these, he named Montagu Island in honor of his "earliest, best, and most honored patron and friend, Admiral Sir George Montagu, G. C. B."¹²⁸ The smaller island he called Gore Island.

Being short of provisions, Hardy decided to enter the river and sail up to the first Indian settlement, and there barter for food stuffs. He chose the west channel, between Montagu Island and the Smoky Coast, for his entrance into the river, and he had no little difficulty in crossing the bar.

In the bend, which he called Howard's Reach, he experienced the terrific tidal bore. But the little vessel fought bravely on, up the channel now known as Hardy's Colorado. In a second of inattention on the part of the helmsman, the little craft was dashed stern foremost into the bank and broke the rudder. It was quite impossible to repair the damage in such a turmoil of water, so Hardy anchored and prepared to wait for slack water. But after waiting the clock around, he wrote, ". . . In the Rio Colorado *there is no such thing as slack water*. Before the ebb has finished running, the flood commences, boiling up full eighteen inches above the surface, and roaring like the rapids of Canada; we might therefore have waited for the opportunity we sought till the sea should give up her dead, unless we could devise some other plan."¹²⁹

Then, while attempting to make the repair as best they could, the tide went down leaving them stranded 200 yards from the water's edge! To make matters worse, the next tide did not even reach the ship, and each succeeding tide was lower than the last.

Tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, this Englishman could see a joke, as is shown by his comment in his report. However, it may have taken him a few days to see the humor of his position. He wrote: "This was a nice situation to be in, especially as we were short of provisions." And again: "It would have been highly entertaining to some future explorer to have encountered such a

monument to our misfortune as our abandoned vessel would have presented."¹³⁰

The long days that followed were filled with far more exciting experiences than can be related here. But a few highlights will be found amusing.

Dragging the craft's shore boat to the water, Hardy and two of the men worked their way upstream with the flood tides and found the Cocopa Indians.

Realizing the helplessness of the little party in a strange land of unknown tribes, Hardy depended upon a combination of friendliness with constant vigilance. Had he known the tribe, he would have feared them less. He was shocked at their Adam-and-Eve-like nudity, but delighted with their apparent good will. He was particularly in search of cattle for meat, and was disappointed to learn that these people had none. But he gladly gave red cloth and tobacco for the agricultural products they had to offer.

Now the Indians gathered around the stranded *Bruja* by the hundreds every day. This frightened the crew, so they took every possible precaution. They threw the boarding net around the vessel so no one could climb over the sides. They kept a guard always on watch and had the cannon loaded and ready; but there was no occasion to use them.

One day, Hardy entertained the chief's daughter at dinner on board the vessel. On another occasion, he entertained the head chief, an interpreter, and an aged and respected woman of the tribe. This was, of course, their first experience sitting around a table with a cloth, so, European etiquette was not expected. Disregarding the silver, the Indians ate ravenously with their fingers. All liked the tea, but the chieftain swallowed leaves and all, and made a wry face which greatly amused both Englishmen and Indians. After devouring the contents of her own plate, the old lady helped herself to food from the plates of two members of the crew. But, on the whole, they did very well for their first lesson in table manners.

Later, however, Hardy's suspicions were awakened by several things that were said by the interpreter, so he saw to it that visits of the natives were fewer, and he never allowed them to come around

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the boat at night. As an added precaution, he "entertained" two native children for the period of the *Bruja's* stay, an insurance for the safety of the vessel.

After eight days, the craft floated once more. But the water was still too shallow to attempt the return to the Gulf. They succeeded, however, in working the boat back to Howard's Reach, where they anchored in the channel and waited two weeks more for favorable water. Here their relations with the Cocopas continued friendly but strained, and trade was carried on when the water permitted.

The Indians, of whom the British officer was always suspicious, did them no harm. But wave and tide buffeted the sturdy little boat until it seemed it must break. At each change of the tide came violent motions, with sudden rising or falling of the ship when the tidal bore came running in or out. Often the craft shipped water.

At last they anchored once more in the mouth of the river, where the Lieutenant reported the rise and fall of the water with the tides to be twenty-two to twenty-four feet.

Their experience cost them twenty-six difficult days and they were so glad to get away that they fired their gun in a parting salute when they again found themselves free of the last sand bar.¹³¹

Chapter X

MORE FUR TRADERS



ARDLY HAD THE SOUND of the *Bruja's* parting guns died away when the Pattie party again came adventuring down the Gila. But this time, their reputation went ahead of them; and they had no easy time.

Internal dissention and resulting reorganization had reduced their number to eight by the time they reached the Yuma nation. The Americans were arrogant, thus making the usually friendly Yumas resentful.

Bits of red cloth were exchanged for food in the village at the junction of the rivers, but the Pattie party moved sixteen miles up the Colorado before making camp for the night in order not to be too near the natives.

Was it the Indian sense of humor, for the River Indians *are* a jovial people? Or was it vengeance? Or was it simply a desire to get the white men's horses? Or was it perhaps a combination of motives? But, whatever the reason, the Yumas played an important prank on the Americans that night!

It was raining, and too dark to see even the hand before the face. The trappers had tethered their horses only ten feet from camp, and were asleep for the night. All was still save the sound of the rain. Silent as the night itself, the Yumas crept among the horses, cut the ropes and then suddenly let out loud, bloodcurdling cries, stampeding the frightened horses in all directions into the darkness.¹³²

The trappers jumped up instantly and fired into the obscurity, but not an Indian nor a horse was near! Pursuit at that moment was impossible. They were helpless. All they could do was swear, and this they probably did with a right good will!

When daylight came, the Americans set to work making small rafts on which to transport their guns across the river; for they had decided to swim the Colorado and annihilate an Indian village which they had seen on the opposite bank.

But the Yumas had anticipated this move, and the village was deserted except for one infirm and very aged man whom the Americans had the decency to spare. But they set fire to the village and watched it burn before swimming the river back to their camp.¹³³

Somehow the Patties had the idea that there were Spanish settlements at the mouth of the Colorado, and as soon as they reached them, their troubles would be over. So, they set about building canoes to float, as they believed, down to civilization. They built eight, and they already had one. These they connected in two's by platforms on which they loaded their stock of furs and supplies. Hiding their saddles on the bank, they started down the river on December 9, 1827.

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The trapping was excellent in this virgin region, so the party drifted leisurely down the stream, adding hundreds of beaver skins to their cargo as they went. There came a time when they even had to stop and make another boat.

In the delta region, besides the beavers they trapped, their guns brought down deer, panthers, wild cats, and two natives whom they saw in the branches of a tree, and whose fall they said reminded them of the fall of a beaver or a turkey!¹³⁴

On New Year's Day of 1828, the Americans were greeted with a shower of arrows from the west bank. They pulled for the east bank with all possible haste, landed and fired a volley across the stream. Six of the natives fell and the rest fled in disorder. Reloading their weapons, the trappers crossed the river and picked up twenty-three bows and a complement of arrows that had been left by the fleeing natives, as well as the scalps of the dead for trophies. The Americans were untouched.

The offenders were not natives of the Colorado Valley, but a group of Pipis, a tribe of Serrano Indians who were there on an expedition from their home in the San Bernardino Mountains.¹³⁵

By this time, the Pattie party was in the land of the Cocopas, the same tribe that had swarmed around the stranded *Bruja* only a few months before. The chief of the tribe prepared a feast of young dog meat for his guests and invited them to dine. They did so, but without relish.

On the eighteenth of January they noted a strange action in the current of the river, but did not recognize it as tide water. So, without realizing their position, they got into dangerous water. The same band of Pipi Indians they had previously fired upon, now stood on the bank frantically motioning to them to land, indicating that their boats would capsize if they did not do so. Believing it only a scheme to rob or kill them, the Americans paid no attention, but kept on their way into the ever increasing danger from the tidal bore.¹³⁶

At evening, the trappers landed and made camp, tying their boats to the trees. The senior Pattie took the first watch. Early in the night he heard a sound that he mistook for a coming storm, so

he awakened his companions and they prepared the camp for a heavy rain.

The water came, indeed, but not as the campers expected! The bore came rushing up, and in one wave inundated the entire camp! The canoes with their precious cargo were only saved by quick and expert management. And when the tide went down again, the canoes, like the *Bruja*, were all high and dry.¹³⁷

After this experience, the trappers rode down stream only with the ebb tides, and landed and camped during the flows.

On the twenty-eighth, they reached the Gulf and were perplexed at seeing no sign of life. Where were the Spanish settlements? There sat eight men with a fortune in furs for each of them, which was utterly useless there, with nothing but sea, river, sand, and "murderous savages" around them! What now?

They would return to the friendly Cocopas on the flow tides, and learn from them the way to the Spanish settlements.

Laboriously they worked their way back up the stream for ten days. Then, learning that their goal was the coast to the west, the men buried their treasure in a deep pit and made preparations for the overland trek.

Each man carried his gun, and a pack containing two blankets, ammunition, and dried beaver meat. They started on February 16, without guides, and with no idea of the distance they would have to walk.

The going was hard, as they had to break their way through a dense growth of bushes, tall grass, vines and creepers. But, thus far, there was plenty of water.

But beyond the delta, they came to the great salt plain where the soil was loose and sandy, and there was no water. This was the south end of the Pattie Basin where Padre Garcés had been more than half a century before. Parched with thirst, the Americans came upon Laguna Salada (Salt Lake) where they were delayed by the process of constructing rafts upon which to float their bundles and guns across, as they swam the lake.

Once across the Basin, the travelers climbed a hill to survey the landscape and decide upon a route. They saw the smoke of an

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Indian village some ten miles to the south, and started for it, as they had not tasted water since the previous day.

After a short debate as to the method of their approach to the village, they decided upon an attack, it being quicker and less trouble than diplomacy, which was not to their liking in any case. So they attacked the unoffending village. The natives fled in consternation to the surrounding timber, and the visitors promptly consumed so much drinking water that they were made sick.¹³⁸

Soon the Indian braves returned to fight the intruders, but the Americans held them at a distance with their guns. Learning that these Indians were Christians and that one among them could speak Spanish, the travelers agreed to treat with them. The terms were that the Pattie party would stay there for a few days to rest, and then the village would supply two guides to lead them to the St. Catherine Mission in the mountains in northern Baja California, in exchange for two blankets.

After suffering the tortures of extreme thirst, the mission was finally reached. But, instead of receiving expected succor, they were arrested by Mexican officials and marched under guard to San Diego where they were imprisoned, and where the senior Pattie died of illness in a cell.

Finally, after much persuasion, the men were permitted to return to the Colorado to bring in the furry treasure; but James Pattie was held in prison as a hostage. The men made the arduous journey back to the river, only to find that the furs had been ruined by a flood!

At last, after suffering many hardships and indignities, Pattie was released, and returned to his home, via Mexico City, broken in health, spirit and purse, after an absence of six years.

In the meantime, other trappers and traders were working their way down the Gila from New Mexico. Chief among these was Ewing Young, a native of Tennessee. Young had been with Captain William Becknell and William Wolfskill on the first wagon train to come over the Santa Fé Trail from St. Louis to New Mexico in 1822.

In '26, Young and his party were driven from the Gila by the

natives; so the following year he returned with a company of forty men to "punish" the Indians. In other words, they came back and shot down fifteen natives and then continued their trapping operations down the stream. The later-famous scout, "Kit" Carson, was in this party.

Reaching the Colorado, the men went north as far as the Mojave nation where they traded with the natives for some much-needed food. Then they headed west across the Mojave Desert for Los Angeles by way of the Mojave River.

In '29, Ewing Young again went with an expedition from Taos, New Mexico, to Southern California. And "Kit" Carson was in this party, too. They did not have the license required by Mexican law to hunt and trap, so they headed north to avoid Mexican officials. As soon as they believed themselves clear of government surveillance, they turned southwest and traveled through the Navajo and Zuni country, reaching the upper waters of Salt River.¹⁴⁰

Here again, the Indians contested their right to hunt and trap. But, since "might was right" with them, it was merely a matter of shooting down fifteen or twenty natives and then the intruders continued their operations down the Salt River to its junction with the Rio Verde, then up this stream to its source, which is not far south of the present town of Williams, Arizona. Here the company divided. Some of the men went back to New Mexico, while Young led a party, which included Carson, on to California.

These men struck out across the desert with no water except that which they carried in deer-skin bags. Four days of this laborious travel brought them to one of the branches of Bill Williams Fork, probably the Big Sandy. Here they rested for two days and then continued their journey toward the Colorado. After resting for three days among the Mojave, the party crossed the river and followed the trail across the desert and up the Mojave River to Los Angeles. In the spring of '31 they returned to Taos over the same route. In the winter of '31 and '32, a similar trip was made.

About this time, also, William Wolfskill, one of the leading traders of the Southwest, opened the extension of the Santa Fé Trail

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to Los Angeles. It led north from Santa Fé, through the mountains of what are now the states of Colorado and Utah, and down the Virgin River almost to the Colorado, then westward across the Mojave Desert, through Las Vegas, and up the Mojave River and on to Los Angeles.

This trail later came to be called the "Old Spanish Trail," but why "Spanish" is not known, unless it was because of the annual Spanish caravan that passed over it carrying the commerce between New Mexico and Southern California.

Then the scene changed, and onto the stage of our drama marched John C. Frémont, with entirely different motives from those which activated the Americans who preceded him. The fur traders came for wholly selfish reasons. Their trails were, for the most part, cruel and bloody. They came for private profit with no thought of making a contribution to the world's knowledge. This was the direct purpose of Frémont's expedition to California.

In 1844, Frémont and his party came over the "Old Spanish Trail" to observe, record and report their findings for Uncle Sam and his people. It was April when his men started on this section of their journey. The scouts, including "Kit" Carson, rode ahead and on the flanks. Then came the first division of soldiers, then the pack animals followed by the horned animals that were to provide meat along the way, and then the second division of soldiers. The caravan stretched a quarter of a mile along the trail.¹⁴¹

Down the Mojave River they marched; it was Frémont who gave it its name. The Mojave people received them well. At the beautiful tree-covered oasis of Las Vegas, the company rested before continuing its north-eastward march out of the region of the Lower Colorado. They had merely crossed the northwest corner of our stage.

And soon thereafter, was heard the rumble of the guns in the war in which Uncle Sam picked the "ripened plum" — California.

(To be continued in the QUARTERLY for December.)

NOTES :

104. Chapman, *History of California*, p. 27.

105. *Ibid.*, p. 318.

106. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 190.

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107. Chapman, *History of California*, p. 319.
108. Nephew of the Marquis de Croix, former Viceroy of New Spain.
109. Eldredge, *History of California*, V. 1, p. 319.
110. Chapman, *History of California*, p. 334.
111. *Ibid.*
112. *Ibid.*, p. 336.
113. List of names of colonists in the two Yuma settlements of 1870: PRIESTS AND OFFICERS: Padre Francisco Garcés, Padre Juan Diaz, Padre Juan Barreneche, Padre Matias Moreno, Commander Alferez Santiago Islas, Corporal Pascual Rivera (not the Rivera referred to in text), Sergeant José (or Juan) de la Vega and Corporal Juan Miguel Palomino. SOLDIERS: Cayetano Mesa, Gabriel (or Javier) Diaz, Matias de la Vega, José Ignacio Martinez, Juan Gallardo, Gabriel (or Javier) Romero, Pedro Burques, *Jose Reyes Pacheco*, Juan Martinez, Gabriel (or Javier) Luque, Manuel Duarte, Bernado Morales, Ignacio Zamora, Faustino Sallalla, *Pedro Solares* and *Miguel Antonio Romero*. SETTLERS: Manuel Barragan José Antonio Romero, Juan Ignacio Romero, José Olgin, Antonio Mendoza, Ignacio Martinez, *Matias de Castro*, Carlos Gallego, Juan Romero, José Estévan, Justo Grijalva, Gabriel Tebaca, Nicolás Villalba, *Juan Jose Miranda*, *José Ignacio Bengachea*, servant, and *José Urrea*, interpreter. Those who escaped the massacre have been italicized. Nearly all the soldiers and settlers had families. Bancroft, *History of California*, V 1, p. 359.
114. *Ibid.*, p. 359.
115. *Ibid.*, p. 361.
116. Eldredge, *History of California*, V. 1, p. 479.
117. Bancroft, *History of California*, V. 1, p. 364.
118. *Ibid.*, p. 366.
119. De Croix was appointed to his position by José de Galvez, Minister of the Indies, being one of his henchmen. Galvez had instructed de Croix to carry out the plan for the overland advance to California. The way he obeyed has been narrated in the text.
120. Pattie, *Personal Narrative*, pp. 133-4.
121. Pattie, *Ibid.*, p. 135.
122. *Ibid.*, p. 137.
123. *Ibid.*, p. 138.
124. Dellenbaugh, *Romance of the Colorado River*, F.N. p. 250.
125. Neihardt, *Splendid Wayfaring*, p. 238.
126. After whom the Virgin River is said to be named.
127. Niehardt, *Splendid Wayfaring*, pp. 258-9.
128. Hardy, *Travels in the Interior of Mexico*, p. 324.
129. *Ibid.*, p. 329.
130. This was said when the party was discussing the relative merits of the plans of staying with the ship and waiting for the high tides of the next moon, or of abandoning it and attempting to work their way back to civilization on foot. The former plan was, of course, adopted.
131. Lieutenant Hardy erred in one point in his geography of the lower river region. He referred to a large tributary lined with cottonwoods, coming in to the main channel from the east at a point below where the *Bruja* lay stranded. This stream, he said, was the Gila. Obviously, it was not the Gila, but it quite adequately answers the description of what we now call the "Old Channel" which was the main stream from some time after Hardy's visit, until the floods of 1905-7. Hardy was in the channel that now bears his name, which channel was evidently the main stream in the delta region must be kept in mind.
132. Pattie, *Personal Narrative*, p. 189.
133. *Ibid.*, p. 192.
134. Dellenbaugh, *Romance of the Colorado River*, p. 124.
135. Kroeber, *Handbook of the Indians of California*, pp. 617-8.
136. Pattie, *Personal Narrative*, p. 125.
137. Pattie, *Ibid.*, p. 203.
138. *Ibid.*, p. 205.
139. *Ibid.*, p. 207.
140. The famous Roosevelt Dam on the Salt River.
141. Dellenbaugh, *Fremont and 'Forty-nine*, p. 246.

Book Reviews

By The Staff

THUNDER IN THE SOUTHWEST. *Echoes from the Wild Frontier*. By Oren Arnold with drawings by Nick Eggenhofer. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1952. Pp. 237; ill. \$3.75.

Here we find a collection of sixteen yarns of the Southwest based on historical facts and written in a style to delight the reader, be he either historically or fictionally minded. The vein of the tales and the dialogue used by Oren Arnold, a writer of Western lore for popular magazines, gives an insight into the character of the people who settled in the frontier towns, and how they met each new adventure. For living in that period was an adventure. These tales carry the color of those early days with all the rugged, carefree hardness of a rip-roaring Western.

There were bandits and Indians to add to the excitements of the newly populated territories wherein these stories lie. "Number One Bandit" is Oren Arnold's version of California's notorious Joaquin Murrieta, along with his companion, Three-Fingered Jack and others. While "The Baron of the Border" discloses the great hoax of one Jim Reavis, mule driver from Missouri, who becomes Don James Addison de Peralta-Reavis, and, as such, laid claim to the Spanish Barony of America. In "Black Ghosts of Bisbee" he tells of cattle rustling and robbery with the noose climaxing the culprits' careers.

Arnold has gleaned many facts to present this volume. And as he says in his Prologue: "Accept this book, then, for what it is meant to be—a happy hybrid combination of fact and folklore."—A. C. F.

A PINEY PARADISE BY MONTEREY BAY. *The Story of Pacific Grove*. By Lucy Neely McLane. Lawton Kennedy, San Francisco, 1952. Pp. 231; ill.; index; bibliography. \$5.00.

Lucy Neely McLane's history of Pacific Grove is an exceptional community history. In marked contrast to the customary "mug book" where one pays to have his or his relative's picture and biography printed and where even the history section is often written to flatter those who pay to have their "mugs" included, this volume presents local history with true perspective and historical accuracy.

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Her book may well serve as an example for the similar histories which remain to be written about other areas of the West.

Every facet of Pacific Grove's life has been touched, from its origin as a tent camp inhabited by religious retreatists to the charming cultured city that it is today. The style is engaging and the attractive format, rare illustrations and helpful index add to the book's value. — G. H. T.

CALIFORNIA EMIGRANT LETTERS — *The Forty-Niners Write Home*. Edited by Walker D. Wyman. Illustrated by Helen Bryant Wyman. Bookman Associates, New York, 1952. Pp. 177; ill. \$3.00.

CALIFORNIA EMIGRANT LETTERS is the correspondence written between 1849-1850. Many men, young and old, left their homes and families to cross the American continent to the Pacific Coast in search of gold and Utopia. Few letters of success reached the anxious folk at home. More were heart-rending with disappointment. The author makes a vivid picture of the Forty-Niners in search of *El Dorado*.

August 7, 1849, a letter from D. H. Moss — "*Missouri*" — recounts that the road is strewn with deserted wagons loaded with food and implements " . . . they chose life so road away with scant supplies on a surviving mule." One other writes, "I do not advise any man to come, rich or poor. But to those that will come, I can give them this advise . . . ox teams are the surest, do not overload." Another wrote: "Don't come to California. I need not tell you that the golden stories of the California mines have humbugged thousands from all parts of the U. S." A boon emigrant had hopes, "If I had \$1,000 here I could make \$5,000 in a short time . . ." "I had hoped to be home by the Spring of 1850 . . . sample of California gold enclosed" . . . this man had proof.

"Law and order at Sutter's Mill — they have elected a provisional government . . . the best law of honor prevails: a man may set his gold in the street, no one dare touch it, for death is inevitably the reward of the rogue."

"Physicians in this country are making fortunes" was the wail of an unfortunate. — M. L. P.

Activities of the Society

SEPTEMBER 4, 1952

CITY OF LOS ANGELES BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION *The One Hundred and Seventy-First Anniversary*

Mayor Fletcher Bowron cordially invited the *Historical Society of Southern California* to participate at the banquet held in the Biltmore Ballroom. *Los Angeles Beautiful* presented three brief city progress reports. These covered the advancement of music, art and playgrounds.

The surprise gift package of the day was the proclamation designating the Bird of Paradise (*Strelitzia Regina*) as the city's official flower. This was a colorful ceremony.

Members of the Society served on the Hospitality Committee.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1952

Mayor Bowron named a Citizen's Committee to serve as members toward determining the correct pronunciation of *Los Angeles*.

After much deliberation by this body and the reception of many letters, the Mayor called a luncheon meeting at the Biltmore Hotel and the decision of the judges was made known by the chairman, Calvin J. Smith.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1952

On this Sunday afternoon the *Historical Society of Southern California* joined the *Pacific Palisades History and Landmarks Club* in placing a bronze plaque on a granite boulder to mark the site of the first *adobe*, built by Don Ysidro Reyes, on *Rancho Boca de Santa*

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Monica. This at the site of where Sunset and Chatauqua overlook Santa Monica Canyon.

Members of the two organizations dedicated the marker. Mrs. E. J. Kennedy, president of the Club. was hostess to a large gathering of many descendents of the Reyes and Marques families who were grantees of this share of California land laying at the edge of the blue Pacific.

MEETING OF SEPTEMBER 30, 1952

The Fall meeting of the Society was a gala event. President John C. Austin greeted members and friends, among whom were many descendents of early California families. All had assembled to pay tribute to the pioneer citizens whose families built the foundation for the great metropolis, Los Angeles.

Time turned back 170 years to the first Spanish Governor, Felipe de Neve as tribute was paid to twenty men and one woman whose names have been synonymous with the city's growth and accomplishments. These names have been perpetuated in bronze by descendants and friends who have contributed to this enduring commemoration.

Curator Marco R. Newmark unveiled the magnificent memorial tablet and gave a dedicatory message.

Director Oscar Lawler announced the roll of these distinguished people, reviewing the part each had played in the building of the city. The names recorded thereon are:

Governor Felipe de Neve

Antonio Franco Coronel

John Temple

Senator Stephen M. White

Harris Newmark

Charles L. Ducommun

Isais W. Hellman

I. N. Van Nuys

Dr. John B. Winston

Don Manuel Dominguez

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Joseph F. Sartori

Henry W. O'Melveny

Isidore Dockweiler

General Harrison Gray Otis

Marshall Stimson

Mme. Caroline Severance

J. Gregg Layne

Activities of the Society

Among those present were Edward A. Dickson, treasurer of the *Historical Society of Southern California*, and author of the Plaque dedication; Victor H. Rossetti, President of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank; G. M. Wallace, Chairman of the Board, Security-First National Bank; J. B. Van Nuys, President of the Van Nuys Investment Company; Mrs. Fritz B. Burns, great-grand daughter of Don Manuel Dominguez; Miss Marguerite Winston, grand daughter of Dr. John B. Winston; Mrs. William K. Young, daughter of Hon. Isidore Dockweiler; Mrs. George Dunsmore, President of the Friday Morning Club.

After a delightful evening, members and guests gathered around the refreshment table. Pouring at the urns were Mrs. Edward A. Dickson and Mrs. Marshall Stimson.



Gifts to the Society

In each issue of THE QUARTERLY there appears a list of the donors and gifts made currently to the Society.

The Society is making an especial effort to build up its collection of historic materials, such as diaries, letters, account books, early newspapers, theatre and other programs, pictures of early-day life in California and costumes. We need your help.

Every member of the Society has some historic article that would be welcomed, and THE QUARTERLY sincerely hopes that the names of all our members will be recorded from time to time in the gift column.

MARCO R. NEWMARK,

Chairman, Committee on Gifts and Bequests

* * *

MISS JANE CLAPP: DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS IN LOS ANGELES COUNTY, Prepared by the Metropolitan Research Company. A directory designed to provide information about public and private schools for the information of the general public. Schools are listed alphabetically in certain broad categories and are indexed to show curricula.

MR. BERT H. COCKS: Thirty-eight colored lithograph pictures, especially assembled by the donor for the Society. These beautiful scenes depict Los Angeles from the days of the coming of the railroad in 1871 to the present time. These pictorially record the growth of the *pueblo* into a city.

MSGR. JAMES CULLETON: INDIANS AND PIONEERS OF OLD MONTEREY, a book authored by the donor and compiled from the church archives. It is augmented with illustrations, an appendix of notes, references and an index. Many of the facts never having been presented before makes this a fine reference volume.

MRS. THOMAS K. GALLY: A photograph of Miss Mary Foy taken in 1887. This makes an outstanding addition to our photograph gallery of prominent Californians.

MR. ALLEN HERRICH: Two photographs of the unveiling of the Bronze Plaque dedicated to the Builders of Los Angeles, sponsored and presented by

Gifts to the Society

descendants and friends of these illustrious people. The donor of the photographs is advertising manager for the Security-First National Bank.

GEORGE H. KRESS, M. D.: Three issues of *The Journal of Phi Rho Sigma*, medical fraternity. One issue features the biography of Dr. Milbank Johnson (1871-1944), the founder of the fraternity. Also one issue of *Search*, a new magazine edited by the donor.

MRS. J. GREGG LAYNE AND FAMILY: A mounted photograph of our late editor of the QUARTERLY, Mr. J. Gregg Layne.

MR. HARRY F. MAIDENBERG: *Reminiscences* by Joseph Benjamin Colling. A pamphlet recalling the early boom days of Los Angeles in the 1880's, telling of people, business concerns and locations that have now become history.

MR. F. W. NELSON: A bound book — A CENSUS OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES that was taken from door-to-door in 1850. A booklet — *History of the Valley of the Hahamod-nu Indians (Rancho San Pasqual) of Manuel Garfias*. This is the story covering two centuries about the land upon which the City of Pasadena now grows. Compiled by the Pasadena Savings and Loan Association.

MR. MARCO R. NEWMARK: Photographs: *La Fiesta de Los Angeles*, 1894, on the march at Temple and Spring Streets. Ball at Hazzard's Pavilion showing the masked Queen and her retinue. California Hospital, 1905. Altar of the Mission San Miguel. Dr. John S. Griffin, the medical officer who came into California with the U. S. Army. Pamphlets: *Caroline M. Severance, Pioneer; The General Phineas Banning Residence*. Two copies of the magazine, *Westward*. Book: SIXTY YEARS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA by Harris Newmark, father of the donor. Newspapers: Seven issues of *The Pony Express* for the year of 1952.

MRS. ANA BEGUE DE PACKMAN: A panoramic photograph of the City of Los Angeles, when the major business was transacted from the Plaza to First Street. In 1869, where the Hall of Justice now stands, then stood a one-story *adobe casa*. At Temple and Spring Streets, on the brow of "Poundcake Hill", stood the first Protestant church. On Spring Street, bounded by Market and Court Streets, stood the two-story stone and *adobe* Court House. Over toward First Street, stood the first brick jail. All this section is practically covered today by the modern City Hall.

MR. ROBERT H. RAPHAEL: A bound copy of the LOS ANGELES CITY DIRECTORY OF 1913, to add to our growing collection of out-of-print volumes.

MR. VICTOR H. ROSSETTI: Photograph in sepia of an oil portrait of the pioneer banker, I. W. Hellman. This is in exceedingly good condition.

MRS. MARSHALL STIMSON AND FAMILY: A framed photograph of our esteemed late Past President, Mr. Marshall Stimson.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

WELLS FARGO BANK AND UNION TRUST COMPANY: A booklet by I. W. Hellman, commemorating the organization's One Hundredth Anniversary (1852-1952), relating the bank's history and illustrated with quaint scenes.

MR. H. H. WEST: Photograph of the operating room of the Western Union Telegraph Company on the top floor of the Maxwell Block, Main and Court Streets, Los Angeles. Photograph made on a Sunday in the year 1890.

MR. JOHN WOLFSKILL: Document — Paid invoice dated February 1, 1895, for 24-inch advertisement in the *Evening Herald*, published by the Herald Publishing Company, advertising the subdivision of the Wolfskill lots at the Arcade tract by the real estate firm of Easton, Eldridge & Company. These lots were "within ten minutes walk of the corner of Spring and Second Streets."

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Southern California

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The
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QUARTERLY

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FOUNDED 1883



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA was organized in 1883, and has enjoyed a record of continuous activity for over half a century. Commencing in 1886, and each year until 1935, the Society issued an Annual Publication. In 1935 this *Quarterly* was initiated. It is published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September, and December.

The purposes of this Society are to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of the Southwest, with particular stress on Southern California; to publish material of permanent historic interest and significance; to assist and encourage all persons and organizations engaged in similar activities; to hold regular monthly meetings in Los Angeles, except during the summer months, and at least once a year to gather in a pilgrimage to some spot of historic significance.

The Society welcomes to its membership all persons who are in sympathy with its aims. It derives its entire income from the dues and gifts of members, and all regular publications are offered to members without further charge.

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to render this *Quarterly* a publication of general historical interest. Suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and all persons, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit for the consideration of the editors original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material bearing upon the history and development of this region.

* * * * *

Address articles, stories, books for review, and all material to appear in the *QUARTERLY*, and general Society correspondence to:

The Secretary,
The Historical Society of Southern California
2425 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles 5, California

The
Historical Society of Southern California

QUARTERLY



HOME OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The
Historical Society of Southern California
QUARTERLY

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The Historical Society of Southern California

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883

1952

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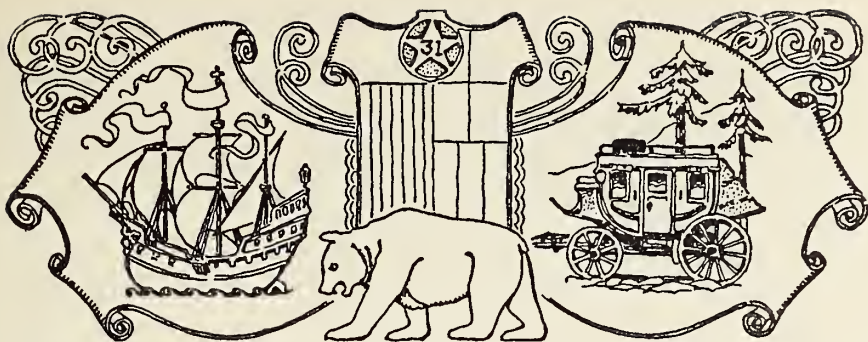
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The Historical Society of Southern California QUARTERLY for December, 1952

Parade Out of the Past*

By W. W. Robinson

EVERYBODY LOVES A PARADE. To me *El Camino Viejo* — the old highway that in *pueblo* days passed just south and west of the new Statler Hotel site — means “parade.” I see clouds of dust arising from this old highway which began in the heart of the *pueblo* and curved southwest across what is now downtown Los Angeles. In the dust are people and animals — a long and colorful parade out of the past.

Drawing slightly on my imagination, I see the animals of the Pleistocene period in the parade — creatures of 20,000, 30,000 years ago. Since the road followed the base of hills and took the lines of least resistance, it is quite likely that it was an animal trail and that Imperial Mammoths used it to get to the Los Angeles River or to go west and get to the pools of *Rancho La Brea*. Not only mammoths are in the parade but such fascinating creatures as dire wolves, saber-toothed cats, prehistoric bison, camels and horses, lumbering short-faced bears, giant ground sloths, and enormous lions.

But all that is guesswork. Coming closer to the historical peri-

* EDITORIAL NOTE: ‘*Parade Out of the Past*’ was a talk given by Mr. Robinson on October 2, 1952 at the Statler Hotel, in the Golden State Ballroom, on the occasion of the annual “*First Century Families’ Luncheon*” presided over by Miss Mary Foy.

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od, *El Camino Viejo* is an Indian trail — link between the Indian village of *Yang-na* (the site of which might be on the river bank at Fifth or Sixth and Main Streets), the tar pits of *La Brea* and the villages near Playa del Rey and Santa Monica. Brown-skinned Indians are in the parade.

I prefer, however, to look at the actual record and describe what I see.

Summing it up, there is a long parade of Spaniards, Mexicans, and Americans. They wear the clothes of their periods. They represent every type of occupation. A few are on foot but more are on horseback. There are pack mules. There are ox-drawn *carretas* and horse or mule-drawn wagons.

Heading the procession of historic figures are the members of the Portolá party whose pioneering trek north in search of Monterey Bay is a classic California adventure.

In the vanguard of the Portolá party, which passed the Statler site in August of 1769, are Sergeant Ortega and his scouts. Next rides Portolá himself, commander of the expedition. Then comes Pedro Fages, who would become famous as a colorful governor and as the first white man to enter the San Joaquin Valley. With them are Miguel Costansó, engineer and map-maker, and Father Juan Crespi, whose delightful diary of the trip is so well known today. Behind the leaders are soldiers, Indian helpers, and a pack train of 100 mules. What a dust cloud they raise as they pass west toward the tar pits! It was the Portolá party that turned an Indian trail into a highway.

The famous Junípero Serra, Father President of the missions, is not in this first party of white men. But he made later trips, from Monterey to San Diego — the first in 1772 — and from San Diego to Monterey that apparently took him over this old highway. Even though Palou's account of the life of Serra doesn't say that the Venerable Father always walked on these trips, it is probable that this prodigious pedestrian walked when he could, in spite of an infected leg. In 1782, a year after the *pueblo* of Los Angeles was founded, Serra passed this way, coming from the north and prob-

Parade Out of the Past

ably through Cahuenga Pass. He was perhaps the first overnight guest in Los Angeles. I think the Statler people should know about this. It is recorded that Serra arrived late and hurried away early in the morning for he had an appointment in San Gabriel.

Part of the old highway left the Brea Road and curved through Cahuenga Pass. This was part of *El Camino Real* which was simply a fancy name in Spanish days for official road — the road from San Diego to Monterey. California has no monopoly on roads that were called "*El Camino Real*."

Governor Felipe de Neve, founder of our city, was of course a distinguished patron of the highway and is in the parade.

So, too, a Spanish botanist, José Martinez, who traveled from the *pueblo* out to the *brea* pits in 1792, and his is the first comment on the bones strewn about, the bones we now know to be those of prehistoric animals.

Ox-drawn *carretas* from the young *pueblo* of Los Angeles used this road from beginning days and are a picturesque part of the parade. The road gave access to the tar pits. The citizens used tar to roof their one-story *adobes* and to furnish chewing gum to their children. The trip was a picnic party for the whole family. This use of the road to *La Brea* continued into the early 1850's when planing mills were established in this area and when shingles could be substituted for tar.

One parade picture I like to recall — and possibly it is wholly imaginary — is that of Antonio María Lugo, symbol of the early California *ranchero*, as he jogs over this road toward the *pueblo* from Santa Barbara in the year 1818. On the saddle behind him he has a prisoner. This prisoner is Joseph Chapman, late of Bouchard's pirates, the first American to enter Los Angeles.

It is easy to imagine Alfred Robinson, merchant-author, high authority on pastoral California, riding toward the *pueblo* in the 1830's for a glimpse of its vineyards, its cornfields, its fine gardens and beautiful streams of water. It is exciting to think of revolutionary armies using the highway. I see American soldiers in the par-

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ade also. They used the highway during the late 1840's and the early 1850's when the transition from Mexican to American rule was taking place. I like to picture Don Benito Wilson, eminent Southern Californian, with a hastily gathered group of rangers, galloping toward his *Rancho San Jose de Buenos Ayres* in 1853 to avenge an Indian raid, the rangers having first replenished themselves and their canteen at the Bella Union and the Montgomery. I like the prosaic image of a *carreta*, infinitely slow, from the ranch home of Antonio José Rocha at *La Brea* filled with somewhat dusty *senoritas* bound for a ball at the *plaza* house of Don Vicente Lugo. Lieutenant Ord is in the procession, too, for he had surveying jobs in the area including that in 1849 of making the first survey and map of Los Angeles.

It was about the year 1845 that Cahuenga Pass was widened to permit ox-or-horse-drawn vehicles to pass through. Before that the river road — the San Fernando Road, we now call it — had been used for carts. Accordingly in 1846 the military bi-weekly mail service begins use of the road through Cahuenga Pass. In 1857 the Butterfield stage bounces and rattles over the highway, going along at the rate of 12 miles an hour and making its first stop at Cahuenga on its way to the San Fernando Mission. Later-day stages, incoming, blow bugles as they approach the *pueblo* center. Jeff Davis' camels, with headquarters at Fort Tejon, making trips into town for provisions, lend a circus quality to the parade in the late 1850's.

Even the bandits are in the parade on this highway. When notorious Vasquez is finally captured in 1874 in the house of Greek George in Hollywood, the sheriff's posse brings him into the *pueblo* over this very road. As the horsemen and the wagon — containing the wounded bandit — rattle by the Hotel Statler site, a little girl runs out of the house that once stood here. This little girl is Mary Foy whose family had been living here for a year. She and other children follow the wagon several hundred yards, calling "Vasquez! Vasquez!"

At what moment the old highway disappeared and the streets of Ord's Survey became something more than streets on paper, I'm

Parade Out of the Past

not prepared to say. Probably in the 1870's. Twenty-one years ago I interviewed an 81-year-old man who had come into Los Angeles over *El Camino Viejo* in 1868. William J. Williams was the man I talked with and he's in the parade. His father had come to Northern California with the Chiles-Walker expedition of 1843. The family had settled in Watsonville, participated in the Gold Rush, then decided to come down to Los Angeles after hearing about the wonderful bargains in real estate offered when the Stearns *ranchos* were being broken up. Here is the way the published interview with Williams reads:

"Our procession of wagons and gang plows came into the San Fernando Valley, went by the old Encino ranch house and on through the Cahuenga Pass. A great plain spread out before us where now Hollywood and Los Angeles lie. No buildings or houses in sight — just a green plain covered with alfileria grass and with cattle of the *ranchos* grazing. We went in the direction of the tar pits area, then came in on the old highway. We crossed the thin alkaline stream that has since been made into Westlake (now MacArthur) Park, and continued on the road which curved toward the *pueblo*. It followed the lines of least resistance and coincided in part with the present Wilshire Boulevard. It skirted the base of hills that we almost forget exist. They looked then like the Baldwin Hills. None of the buildings, none of the streets that are all around us now were in existence then. The streets of Ord's Survey existed only on paper. The old road . . . continued on its way to Spring Street and the *Plaza* which was at that time the center of Los Angeles. That night our family camped on the Los Angeles River beneath the great sycamore of Aliso Street that was so long a landmark."

The emergence and dominance of Wilshire Boulevard is perhaps a part of the story of the old highway and serves to bring my parade to an end. In December of 1895 a subdivision called "Wilshire Boulevard Tract" was recorded. The name of H. G. Wilshire appears on this map. H. Gaylord Wilshire became famous as a promoter of patent remedies, socialism, and Wilshire Boulevard, and was, in addition, a man with lots of friends. The original Wilshire Boulevard was only four blocks long and extended west from Westlake Park. In time it was extended east and west, absorbed parts of *El Camino Viejo* until finally it became a single highway running from Grand Avenue in Los Angeles to the Pacific Ocean.


The boulevard got into its stride in the 1920's. The real estate boom was partly responsible. Bullock's helped point the way for Los Angeles merchants. A. W. Ross conceived the Miracle Mile, the area between La Brea and Fairfax. Wilshire Boulevard, successor in part to *El Camino Viejo* and to the earlier Indian trail, developed into a great business thoroughfare.

But for the moment I reject Wilshire Boulevard and its parade of countless thousands of automobiles. Today I prefer the old dusty highway and the long procession of people out of the past — a procession that sums up the history of our city and of our state.



Foreign Doctors in the Pueblo of Los Angeles

By Viola Lockhart Warren

HERE WERE NO DOCTORS of their own nationality among the Spanish residents of Southern California before the American occupation, or for decades thereafter. Medical students were not trained locally, since the nearest medical schools were as far east as the Missouri and as far south as Mexico City.¹ Trained physicians from Old Spain or from Mexico were not anxious to brave the hardships of Alta California. Usually there was one Spanish-speaking doctor located in Monterey, as Surgeon General for the Spanish or the Mexican governments, but these garrison surgeons made no attempt to serve the southern part of the state.

The first doctor to establish a regular medical practice in the *pueblo* of Los Angeles was a "foreigner" to the native inhabitants, an Irishman named Richard Den, who had no knowledge of the Spanish language previous to his arrival in 1843, and who was never naturalized by the Mexican government. The American doctors who joined Dr. Den in Los Angeles during the Mexican War and during the ensuing decade of transition from Mexican *pueblo* to American city, were likewise *medicos extranjeros* among the still-dominant Spanish natives.

It was almost incredible that a doctor from any nation should have reached Los Angeles in 1843, and that once arrived, he should have chosen to remain. Southern California was isolated from the rest of the continent to the north and east by excessively rugged mountains and treacherous deserts. Sailing vessels from the eastern seaboard made only infrequent and irregular trips around the Horn and up the West Coast of South America. Access to California by

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ship from Europe was little more difficult than access from the United States, and so it happened that it was an Irish doctor, rather than an American, who became the first of the foreign doctors of Los Angeles, the first scientifically trained healer to challenge the age-old order of medical ignorance, superstition and neglect in Southern California.

Spaniards had been living in Los Angeles for sixty-two years before Dr. Den arrived, and Indians of untold centuries, each race surviving as best it could with the kind of health care available. The *pueblo* had been founded by the Spanish governors of Mexico in 1781, for the explicit purpose of growing food for the *presidios* of San Diego and Santa Barbara, and to a lesser extent, for the missions. The instructions were to colonize the new community with healthy men and women, and on this assumption no provision was made for medical care in the *pueblo*. It is a matter of record, however, that the assorted company of forty-four men, women and children — Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians, Mulattoes and Negroes — who founded Los Angeles, carried smallpox with them on their overland trek from Sonora, Mexico.²

They stopped at San Gabriel Mission, already ten years old and in its second location — nine miles east and across the river from the site selected for the *pueblo*. The Spanish *padres* at the mission had a hospital room with mats on the floor, and they had medical instruments brought from Mexico. They even had a few surgical instruments, but none of the *padres* had any medical training whatsoever. Nevertheless, they recognized from long familiarity the symptoms of smallpox among the children in the bedraggled band of colonists, and they segregated the sick ones in a shelter outside of the mission walls under the custody of Indian medicine men.

It is small wonder that the *padres*, trained to care for souls and not for bodies, often turned for medical assistance to the original healers of the area, the Indian *shamans*.³ These medicine men were supposed to be divinely selected and to have magic powers for both life and death. They used all of the paraphernalia of superstition: magic, sleight-of-hand, fetishes, ritualistic songs and stories.

Foreign Doctors in the Pueblo of Los Angeles

But they also used heat, suction, blood-letting, counter irritation, psychotherapy and a pharmacopœia of some twenty native herbs, either for internal application or for medicated vapor in their sweat houses. The *padres* often permitted them to "handle the case" in the mission hospital, and the Spanish soldiers took them along on their military expeditions to care for the sick and wounded.

Among their own people, these native doctors had been much respected and reasonably adequate, because the list of native diseases, before the coming of the white man, had been relatively short and simple. But the new civilization introduced diseases against which the *shaman* was powerless. The Indians had no immunity and no magic against influenza, syphilis, measles, smallpox, tuberculosis, whooping cough. One third of the mission Indians died in infancy, one-third before puberty, and the remaining third were plagued by constant illness.

Although vaccination against smallpox had been practiced in Europe since 1796⁴, the first record of widespread vaccination in Southern California was dated 1823 and was performed with cow pox by a layman named James Pattie.⁵ Pattie and his party of frontiersmen had been thrown into jail by the Mexican authorities in San Diego, but James Pattie had some cow pox in his possession and he bargained for his freedom by promising to vaccinate the Governor of the state and everyone else who wished to volunteer for the treatment. He kept his promise, all the way up the coast of California, travelling with the title of "Surgeon-Extraordinary to His Excellency the Governor," and claiming to have vaccinated 22,000 people. Some of the *padres* were skillful enough to preserve their source of vaccine by inoculating one patient from the pustule of another. They are said to have led infected Indians from one mission to another in order to have live vaccine ready at hand, but in their medical zeal, they probably contributed to the spread of the contagion.

Probably the best medical care in the early days was administered by American frontiersmen who had learned their medicine by practical experience on the overland trail. Some of them had

had brief apprenticeship in the East, in a doctor's or dentist's office, or in a drug store or hospital. These Anglo-American settlers used what knowledge they had to care for their neighbors, for the Indians and for the Spanish and Mexican inhabitants. Finally, the *extranjero* became synonymous with "doctor" and every foreigner was expected to have medical knowledge and to answer sick calls. They borrowed quinine and calomel from the *presidios* or the missions, or sent to the East for medicines to be shipped around the Horn. Sometimes they could secure supplies and medical assistance from army surgeons passing through the country or from ships' surgeons docking at the ports.

As always, on the fringe of any civilization, there was a less desirable kind of untrained practitioner preying on the sick of Southern California, the quacks and religious fanatics who came with the advancing horde of foreigners. Los Angeles had an early experience with one of these in the person of William Money,⁶ who described himself as "astrologer, theologian, physician." He reached the *pueblo* in 1840, by overland trail from Missouri, married a Mexican woman and set himself up in practice. By 1855 he claimed to have treated 5,000 patients and to have lost only four by death. He wrote voluminously on medical subjects, with such titles as "A Treatise on the Mysteries of the Physical System and the Method of Treating Disease by Proper Remedies." However, he lacked the means to publish any of his writings except one small book, in 1855, "*Reform of the New Testament Church*." This was the first book published in Los Angeles. Its twenty-two pages carried parallel columns in Spanish and English, and on its title page were printed these poignant words, "When you see this, remember me. William." And so we must remember William Money, but not because of any contribution to medical care in the *pueblo*.

There had been a trained foreign doctor in the *pueblo* as early as 1834, but he did not attempt to practice medicine. Dr. William Keith had come as a merchant, not as a physician. For two years he helped to operate a general merchandise store on the *Plaza*, selling eastern goods to the isolated and starved community at a three hundred per cent markup over eastern prices. It is hard to under-

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stand why he gave up such a profitable enterprise and went back to doctoring in Sonora, Mexico.

Dr. Kieth was immediately replaced in the *pueblo* by another foreign gentleman with medical pretensions. John Marsh arrived broke and in trouble with the law.⁸ He needed to find a profitable occupation quickly that would require no capital. Here was a community of 1,200 people without a doctor, and John Marsh had always wanted to be a doctor. In fact, he had some cow pox vaccine with him, carried from Ohio. Quickly he presented his Harvard diploma to the *ayuntamiento* and asked permission to practice medicine and surgery in the *pueblo*. Unfortunately, no one on the City Council could read the Latin of the diploma. A *padre* from the San Gabriel Mission was called in consultation, and he obligingly read the Latin and vouched for the qualifications of the foreign doctor. John Marsh was accordingly licensed to practice in the *pueblo*. However, the joke was on the *padre*, because John Marsh was graduated from the Harvard School of Letters, not the School of Medicine.

Nevertheless, he did practice medicine in the *pueblo* for a year, with his office in an *adobe* on the *Plaza*. Currency was scarce in the Southwest, and so the good doctor was obliged to take his fees in kind, chiefly in cow hides, which were valued at \$2.00 each, but which were bulky and very smelly. At the end of the year, the *adobe* quarters of the doctor looked like a warehouse and smelled to High Heaven. This was not the practice of medicine as John Marsh had always dreamed it, and so he sold the establishment for \$500.00 and, 1837, departed for the North.

Five years later, in 1842, the young Irishman who was destined to replace all of these *pseudo* medics in Los Angeles with his own legitimate resident practice, was just getting out of medical school in Dublin. Dr. Richard Den was well prepared for his day, in all branches of medical practice, and he was also a cultured gentleman from an old and aristocratic Irish family. His elder brother had emigrated to America in 1836 and his father had died in 1840.⁹ Although the family's fortunes had been meager ever since Cromwell had confiscated their estates in the Seventeenth Century, yet

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Richard's mother had a third son, Laurence, and she also had two daughters. Her doctor brother-in-law lived nearby. She could be left in the care of the rest of the family while the young doctor took a trip to see the world.

Although Richard was only twenty-two, his medical qualifications were good enough to secure a job as ship's surgeon on a sailing vessel bound for India.¹⁰ His patients on shipboard were pleased with his services and disappointed when orders reached the ship at Melbourne, Australia, to discharge the passengers and return to the West Coast of the Americas. Docking at Mazatlan, Richard Den was surprised and delighted to learn from a trader that his elder brother, Nicholas, was settled on a horse ranch near Santa Barbara. Eagerly Richard resigned his job and boarded another vessel for San Diego, then another for the harbor of Santa Barbara.

Brother Nicholas, the prosperous rancher, had also been practicing medicine in California, with no training except a course in anatomy which he had taken in Dublin. He was apparently aware, however, of his limitations, because with great relief, he asked his younger brother if he would ride over to Los Angeles and take care of three surgical cases that badly needed attention. In all of Southern California, in 1843, there was no trained physician except the young visiting doctor from Ireland.

It was October, 1843, when Richard Den mounted one of his brother's black stallions and rode the ninety miles to Los Angeles, the largest and wealthiest city in California. Of course, he would find no hospital in the *pueblo*, no drug store, no nurses. He stopped at the Santa Barbara *presidio* for medicines, but he would have no instruments except those he had carried with him from Dublin.

Probably his first glimpse of the *pueblo* came from the trail over the top of the bare hill behind the *Plaza*, where he could look down upon the little huddle of *adobes*,¹¹ clustered around a dusty enclosure, all of the roofs flat and covered with rushes or tar, all of the wall *adobe* brown. Beyond was the bend of the river, and on the flat margin of the stream below the bluff, were fields and vineyards. An uncovered ditch carried water from the upper levels of

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the river along the edge of the bluff, where it was available for domestic purposes in the *pueblo*, or for irrigation on the fields below. On the crooked, unshaded streets, dust was ankle-deep, with scattered piles of refuse, the hides and entrails of slaughtered animals, and dogs, and flies, and fleas. As night came on, candle lanterns flickered from a doorway here and there, but the 2,000 inhabitants of the area had scattered to their ranches or closed their rawhide door curtains against the hazards of the *pueblo* night.

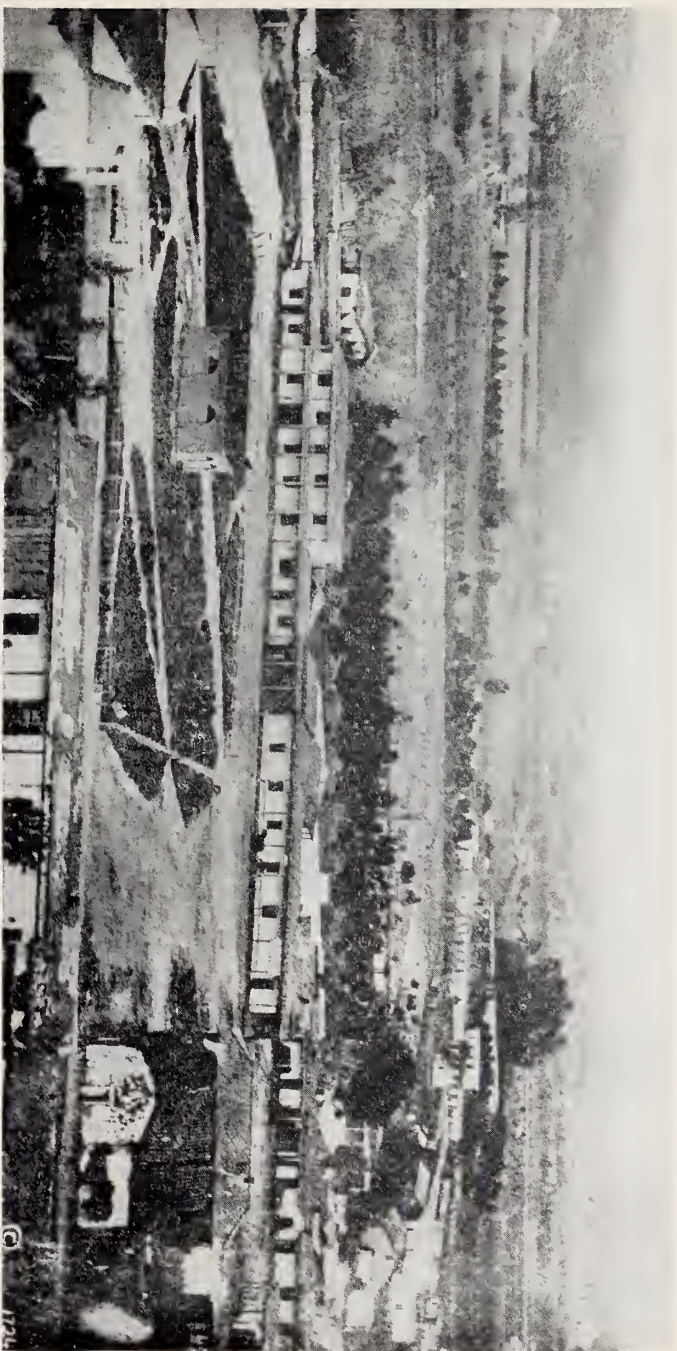
We have no record of the nature of the three operations that had called Dr. Den to Los Angeles. Probably there was a broken leg of long standing, so inflamed that the doctor found it necessary to reduce the swelling by applying leeches he had brought from the *presidio*. Without any knowledge of the Spanish language, Richard Den would have had trouble finding a surgical assistant. He may have been obliged to reduce the fracture alone, with his own foot in the man's groin, and nothing to quiet the patient but whiskey and a pill of raw opium. Undoubtedly one of the patients had a gunshot wound, where Dr. Den would do a job of cupping to extract the pus of the infection, and then he would incise and grope for the bullet. He probably prescribed jalap as a purge for all three patients, and he must have applied at least one poultice of Spanish blister salve. Antiseptics were unknown to Dr. Den in 1843, and yet it is on record that all three of his operations were successful, so successful that those citizens of the *pueblo* who could sign their names sent a petition to Dr. Den in Santa Barbara, asking him to settle and practice in Los Angeles.

Richard Den had planned only to visit California. He had acquired a few patients in Santa Barbara¹² but medical fees were hard to collect there, and he was hoping week-by-week for a ship to come to port which would take him back to Ireland. Gradually, however, he became impressed with the financial opportunities for a young man in California. Brother Nicholas, in seven years, had acquired a 15,000-acre ranch, with a yearly income in hides and horses that was staggering to his younger brother. Ship owners and merchants made princely profits, and gold had just been discovered in the San Fernando Hills. Perhaps in California a man could

practice his medicine and still get rich on other ventures — rich enough, possibly, to return to Ireland and buy back the family estates. In the meantime, he could have fun in California. Richard had always loved to dance, but he had never before experienced such warmth and gaiety as he found at these Spanish *fandangos*. The horses of California were far superior to those at home, wonderful to ride and profitable to race for high stakes, if one knew horse flesh as Richard did. He loved the bear-baiting at the fall *matanza* and bull-fighting right on the *Plaza* in Los Angeles. California brandy was excellent, and Don Luis Vignes was making fine white wine from his grapes that grew on the river bank.

As soon as the spring rains were over in Santa Barbara, Richard Den took the long ride to Monterey to secure a medical license from the Mexican governor. Almost immediately he was asked to take care of the first patients in what was to be a bad smallpox epidemic. It was rumored that the American consul, Thomas Larkin, had brought the infection from Mazatlan.¹³ Mr. Larkin was indignant at this accusation, and he was not satisfied with Dr. Den's services to his little girl, who survived the smallpox with bad scars on her face. Dr. Den, on his part, was not pleased with Monterey, possibly because his patients there did not pay their bills. He returned to Santa Barbara in May, with his medical license in his pocket and plans for a Los Angeles practice in mind. In July he again packed his saddlebags and rode to Los Angeles. This time, although still *medico extranjero* to his *pueblo* friends, he spoke the Spanish language and he was assuming responsibility as a resident physician.

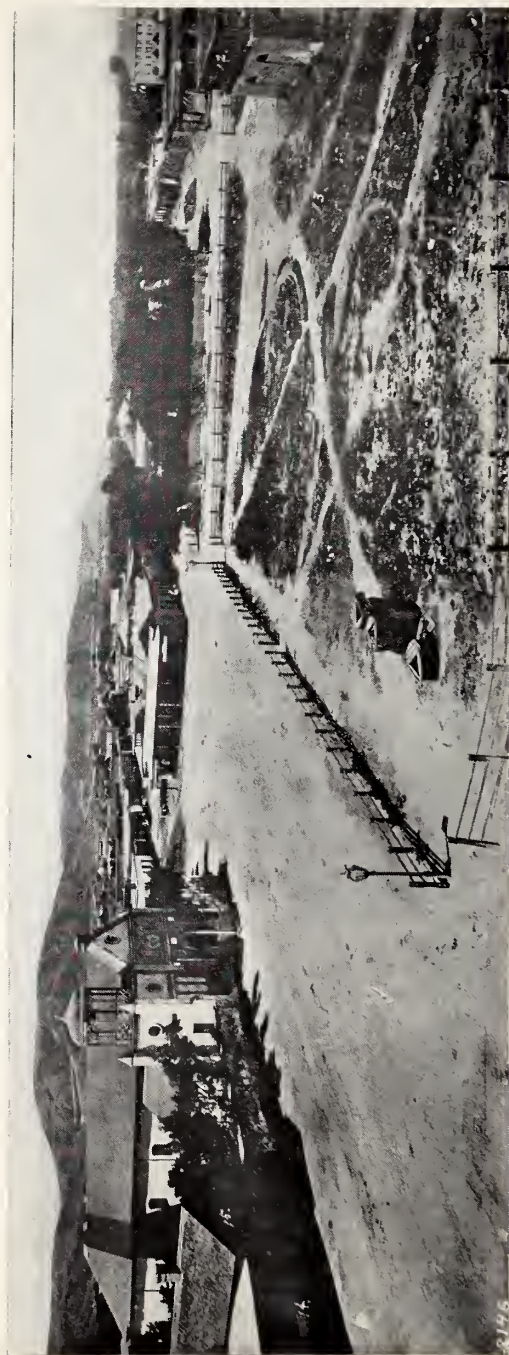
Fearing that the Monterey epidemic might spread to the South, he wrote to Thomas Larkin¹⁴ asking that "vaccine matter" be sent down by the first opportunity that might offer. He visited the San Gabriel Mission to see if he could expect any help from that quarter, but the mission, once so prosperous and so powerful, was sadly deteriorated since the Mexican government had shorn the Church of its authority. The *padres* could no longer provide even hospital space for the sick of the *pueblo*. He rode to visit the *shaman* of the dirty little Indian village of *Yang-na*, just a mile up the slope from the *Plaza*, but he found the *shaman* degraded¹⁵ by the general degra-



— Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company

THE PLAZA

First known photo of Los Angeles Plaza Church. (In lower left hand corner)



Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company

LOS ANGELES PLAZA CHURCH

Previous to 1869, showing fence around the entrance.

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dation of the mission Indians, of little use now, even among his own people. And so, professionally alone, in a foreign land, the first trained and accredited *pueblo* physician rode out on his house calls, with his medicines and instruments in his saddlebags, solely responsible by his own undertaking for the medical care of almost half the population of California.

Smallpox did not strike until the spring of 1845, and by this time Dr. Den had an isolation hospital ready, in a vacant *adobe* on the fringe of the settlement. He engineered a piece of state legislation¹⁵ which returned two per cent of the fines and the sales of smuggled goods confiscated at San Pedro for the support of his free hospital. He paid no attention to an edict of the governor in that year that physicians should charge only one dollar for a visit to a rich man, fifty cents for a visit to a patient of moderate means, and nothing at all from a poor man. When Dr. Den visited a rich *ranchero*, he charged all that the traffic would bear, but he spent more time with the poor than he did with the rich because the poor were more numerous.

In 1846, the *pueblo* was called upon to defend the Mexican occupation of California against the American forces. General Castro assembled four hundred Californians on the *mesa* across the river from the *Plaza*, and Dr. Richard Den was sworn in as the army surgeon. He had no quarrel with the Americans, although he was inclined to like the Catholic Spanish better than he did the Protestant *gringos*. However, all of his friends and patients were in the Mexican army and his place was with them.

All through the incredible and ridiculous war, he served the soldiers of both camps, caring for the enemy prisoners, among them Thomas Larkin, and quartering his own wounded in private homes of the *pueblo*. His friends, Don Luis Vignes, opened his spacious brick house and walled garden¹⁷ as a refuge for some of the prisoners and some of the wounded Californians. Don Luis was so skillful himself at dressing wounds that Dr. Griffin, the American army surgeon, probably mistook him for a physician. He referred in his diary¹⁸ to "the little French doctor who had been assistant surgeon in the California Battalion."

The local phase of the Mexican War ended in defeat for the Californians, and the *pueblo* was occupied by American troops and sailors from American vessels, about a thousand in all. Dr. John Griffin, surgeon for Kearney's Army of the West, had twelve wounded Americans from the battles of San Gabriel and La Mesa. He fitted up a hospital in an empty *adobe*, without furniture and with scanty bed clothing. His wounded lay upon hard boards with only their campaign blankets. Dr. Andrew J. Henderson, assistant surgeon of the *U. S. S. Portsmouth*, gave Dr. Griffin some assistance in the hospital. At the end of two weeks, all but two of the patients had recovered. Mark Childs, a dragoon with a bad gunshot wound in the heel, was placed on a ship and McNealy, with two amputated fingers, was able to march overland with Dr. Griffin and fifty dragoons to meet Childs in San Diego. There Dr. Griffin added his two Los Angeles patients to the five or six still remaining in the improvised hospital he had set up after the disastrous battle of San Pasqual. Within four months, all patients were discharged and the doctor was back in Los Angeles, with orders to maintain a general hospital to serve Stevenson's New York Volunteers and the Mormon Battalion.

Dr. Griffin remained in Los Angeles with his hospital for two years, celebrating his thirty-first and thirty-second birthdays in the City of the Angels. Richard Den was only twenty-six when John Griffin arrived. It would be pleasant to assume that the two foreign doctors became good friends, conferring on their medical problems and sharing the lusty amusements of the frontier. The three previous years must have been lonely ones for Richard Den, deprived of his family and of all the professional associations of his student days in Dublin. Moreover, Dr. Griffin had a good education and his medical training had been at the distinguished school of the University of Pennsylvania, the first and best medical school in the United States. He was far more experienced in frontier medicine than was Dr. Den. The younger man could have learned much from the older man.

But the young Irishman was stiff-necked and sensitive, and he could not forget that the American surgeon had once accused him

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of mistreating prisoners, of concealing the number of wounded among his own soldiers, of caring only for men of property and neglecting the common soldier. The young Virginian, in his turn, was high-tempered and proud. He saw no reason for retracting the opinions he had expressed in the heat of battle. He still remembered with wrath the engagement at San Pasqual, when he had sent word to the California forces that he would be glad to treat their wounded,¹⁹ only to receive the reply that there were no wounded. Afterwards he had found six California soldiers at the Mission of San Juan, badly hurt, who had been hidden away and neglected.

The *pueblo* itself was torn with dissention. Violent incidents between Californians and American soldiers were almost daily occurrences. No doubt the sympathies of the two young doctors were definitely partisan as they dressed the wounds of the rival agitators. As doctors and as gentlemen, they could keep the peace with each other, but it was a peace without warmth or friendship. Dr Griffin busied himself with his soldiers and with the poor people of the streets, while Dr. Den proudly and independently patrolled his patients on the ranches and among the old families of the *pueblo*.

A third foreign doctor was bustling about in the *pueblo* during the occupation, Dr. Guillermo Osbourn,²⁰ who had come as a doctor with Stevenson's New York Volunteers. The term of his enlistment was over and he was free to remain in Los Angeles, if he wished. Dr. Osbourn found Dr. Den more congenial than he did the military doctor, Dr. Griffin, and he listened with interest to the persuasive arguments of the resident physician that he should remain in the *pueblo* and open a drug store. He was a lively, versatile little man, with good use of the Spanish language, and tremendous interest in the possibilities of the little community.

Dr. Griffin left Los Angeles, still under military orders, in May of 1849. By this time, the gold rush in the North had converted Los Angeles into a mere way-station on the road to the mines. From Mexico and from the American Southwest the horde poured through the *pueblo* to replenish their supplies and then to take one of the passes toward the North. Finally the city itself emptied of its able-bodied population, Drs. Den and Osbourn leaving with the rest.

Gold mining in the middle of a Northern California winter was not a pleasant occupation, and for Richard Den it was not a profitable one. He turned very soon to his own specialty, the practice of medicine. The constant exposure in the mines to cold and wet, the poor food, exhausting labor, homesickness, together with infections carried in from all quarters of the globe, and the natural hazards of mining — all of these produced a deplorable health problem in the mining area. Among the 1,500 doctors estimated to have come in search of gold, there were others who turned to doctoring as Richard Den had done. But the Mexican laws governing the qualifications of doctors had collapsed along with the government, and American safeguards had not yet been established. Quacks and thieves hung out medical shingles along with legitimate physicians, and the suffering of the miners was often increased rather than abated by the medical care afforded. Dr. Den sometimes collected as much as \$1,000 in gold dust for a single day's doctoring, but he finally became disgusted with the chaotic living conditions and with the rivalry and unbridled competition among the doctors.

On the way home to Los Angeles, he paused in San Francisco long enough to become one of the founders of the *Society of California Pioneers*. This young foreigner, in California almost by accident, never naturalized by either the Mexican or the American governments, was indeed representative of many of California's earliest pioneers.

When Dr. Den reached Los Angeles in 1850, he found that other foreign doctors had drifted into the little Spanish community on the returning tide of the gold rush. Dr. Osbourn was already bustling about, and in Dr. Den's absence, he had organized what was probably the first medical society in California.²¹ Four doctors, with Osbourn's signature at the end of the list, had drawn up a fee-bill in Spanish, prescribing the proper fees for house calls, for bleedings, for cuping, *et cetera*. The bill carried the authorization of "The Medical Faculty of Los Angeles." It is doubtful whether Dr. Den had much to do with the so-called "Medical Faculty," and they were never heard of again. Dr. Osbourn opened the drug store in

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conjunction with his practice, and Dr. Den resumed his dignified services among the important and respected families of Los Angeles.

During the intervening years, Richard Den had become associated with his brother in numerous farming and stock raising ventures in the Santa Barbara area. He was half-owner of a beautiful horse ranch at San Marcos, and he was devoted to his brother's growing family of children. Whether these ties were strong enough to move him, in 1854, from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, or whether the return of Dr. Griffin in that year to settle and practice in Los Angeles might have been the compelling influence, the dignified doctor did not choose to discuss. He moved to San Marcos, and for twelve years divided his time between his ranch and a leisurely practice among a few Santa Barbara families.

Dr. Griffin was now the senior medical man in Los Angeles and quickly took his place as leader in the profession and in the community. There were several other foreign doctors in the *pueblo* in 1854, but doctoring did not seem to be their main occupation.²² Dr. Osbourn had turned over his drug store to Dr. James P. McFarland and John G. Downey, and directed his own attention to such projects as taking *daguerreotypes*, serving as deputy sheriff and as postmaster, projecting an unsuccessful artesian well, and importing rose bushes and fruit trees from the east. He died in Los Angeles in 1867.

Dr. McFarland returned to his home in Tennessee in 1856, and Mr. Downey progressed from Collector of the Port at San Diego to the State Legislature and finally to the governorship. Their drug store was operated for a few years by Dr. Alexander Hope, who was also one of the first state senators, and was organizer and commander of one hundred mounted rangers who combatted the crime wave in 1853. Later the drug store was purchased by Dr. Henry Myles and C. M. Small, but Dr. Myles lost his life shortly afterward in a steamboat disaster, and Theodore Wollweber became the city druggist. His first competitor, Adolph Junge, in 1861, was also an apothecary, not a doctor. But Dr. Griffin's office was in the rear of Mr. Wollweber's drug store, and in the absence of hospitals, cases of accident were ushered into the drug store for emergency treatment,

where they found themselves conveniently near the doctor's office. The day of drug store medicine was not yet over in Los Angeles.

Dr. Cullen, signer with Dr. Osbourn of the "Medical Faculty" fee-bill, continued to practice, although he had not been able to qualify for the position of coroner in 1850. He reported news and gossip to the *San Francisco Examiner* at ten dollars a column until his departure from the city in 1856. Dr. Hodges, the coroner, became the first mayor of Los Angeles after the conversion into an American city. Dr. Wilson Jones became the family physician of the Lugos after Dr. Den's departure, but he was also acting as deputy county clerk and receiving all of the emoluments from that office. In 1854 he became state assemblyman. Dr. Obid Macy, to complete the roster of trained physicians, was in the hotel business, having bought the one-story Bella Union from Dr. Hodges in 1852 and added a second story and balcony.

While his professional conferees were occupied with such urgent personal and political pursuits, Dr. Griffin attacked the local health problem. Soldiers were still quartered in the city or were passing through from one Indian fray to another, and they often required his services. Floaters from the mines were still drifting into town, bringing their vices and their diseases. The first Chinese residents had come, and were huddled together on the fringes of Nigger Alley at the edge of the *Plaza*. This was already a notorious section of town, where drinking, gambling and prostitution reigned almost uncurbed. The Indian and Mexican workmen from the vineyards would congregate there at the end of the day to spend their money on drink, or perhaps on the new vice of opium smoking. On some nights, as many as a dozen stabbings and several outright murders would be recorded in the city records.

Quarantine against communicable disease was not yet required in the *pueblo*, and when smallpox infected the city, the sick mingled with the well. Vaccination was not the common practice and diphtheria toxin had not yet been discovered. Pasteur and Lister had not introduced the world to bacteria and germs, and asepsis and antiseptics were unknown. Operations and treatments were performed in the homes, since no hospital was available, and sick care

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was provided by relatives, except when Bitty Mason, the ex-slave from Mississippi, nursed Dr. Griffin's new mothers. Rubber gloves and surgical masks were not yet routine for operations and deliveries, and the physician himself, with his conventional flowing beard and his black frock coat, sprinkled with dust and horsehairs, became a fertile source of infection. The result of such infection was described on the tombstone in the old cemetery as "Death from childbed fever."

Although Los Angeles was still a Spanish-speaking city, and had no connections in or out except by horse or by ship, still the population was slowly increasing and enterprises were beginning to prosper. The *Los Angeles Star* appeared on the *Plaza* each week, with parallel columns in Spanish and in English. There were four small public schools, two conducted in Spanish, two in English. The Eagle Hotel had opened, in rivalry with the Bella Union, and candles had long since given way to oil lights. The village of *Yanga-na* had been purchased from the city fathers by John Gronigen and the unsightly inhabitants dispersed under stern regulations. Vineyards now extended along the entire river bank in both directions. In 1858 the first hospital of Los Angeles was established by four Sisters of Charity in the former home of Don Cristobal Aguilar, and city patients were farmed out to the Sisters at seventy-five cents a day for each patient.

Dr. Griffin had freely chosen Los Angeles from all of the cities he had visited, to be his permanent home, and he was enthusiastic about the future of the little Mexican *pueblo*, in the throes of becoming an American city. He threw himself into community service, as Superintendent of Schools, in 1856, as captain of a regiment to maintain martial law in 1857, as founder of the Los Angeles Waterworks Company in 1858, as banker and large land holder and supporter of every good community cause. He was to be a distinguished citizen and physician in Los Angeles until his death in 1898.

In 1863 a disastrous drought ruined many a farmer and stock owner in the Southwest, Dr. Richard Den along with the rest. Thousands of his cattle and horses lay dead in the fields, and another

dream of great wealth was shattered. His mother had died in Ireland in 1860,²³ and by 1862 both his brother and his sister-in-law were dead in Santa Barbara. Manuela Burke, his brother's spinster neighbor in Santa Barbara, whom Richard Den had long courted, had entered the convent of the Sisters of Charity in Los Angeles. Dr. Den discharged his duties as guardian for his brother's nine minor children, and in 1866 returned to Los Angeles. Probably few of his old friends recognized fully the deep grief in the heart of the reserved and dignified doctor who had lost his beloved brother, and who had always hoped to lay riches at the feet of his mother before it was too late.

He gathered together what was left of his old practice, and acquired new patients among the dignified and respectable, who were more than willing to pay the high fees required for his services. Still riding a satin-coated black horse, he went his way alone, attending mass every morning at the *Plaza* church, serving without charge as physician for the Sisters and the children of the Catholic convent. When Dr. Griffin became the first president of the new County Medical Association in 1871, Richard Den's name was not included in the roster of members and he never attended a meeting. In 1883, after Dr. Griffin ceased to be active in the organization, Dr. Den was made an honorary member as evidence of the great esteem in which he was held by his other colleagues.

In the old cemetery in the Parish of Gaulskill, County Kilkenny, Ireland, a monument appeared.²⁴

"In special memory of Catherine Den (born O'Shee), the beloved wife of Emanuel Den of Garrandara, esq. Died November 4, 1860, aged 73 years. Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted. MATTHEW v.5. Through many tribulations we must enter into the Kingdom of God. ACTS xiv.21. Give her, O Lord, eternal rest and let perpetual light shine unto her. May she rest in peace. Amen. The eldest surviving son, Richard S. Den, M. D., Los Angeles, California, to her revered name so well remembered in his heart."

The first of the foreign doctors of Los Angeles had paid his

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debt, as well as he could, to the old world, and in the new world he had long ceased to be a foreigner. He died in 1895 and was buried on the very hill-top from which he had looked down upon the *Plaza* in 1842, but the primitive Spanish *pueblo* at the foot of the hill had become a cosmopolitan American city.²⁵

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Early Los Angeles Bench and Bar

By Marco R. Newmark



AN ACCOUNT OF THE pre-American judicial system of Southern California, if indeed it can be called a system, may be a fitting preliminary to the story of the early bench and bar of Los Angeles. The *alcaldes*, who had the double duty of serving as mayor and justice of the peace, "paid little attention to the Mexican law further than suited their own profit." The *jueces de campo*, or as Anglecized, Judges of the Plains, officiated beyond the pale of the *pueblos*. The first two were appointed by the *ayuntamiento*, or town council, on January 4, 1832, when the office was originally established. They were Antonio Maria Lugo and Ricardo Vejar. These dignitaries, who were a law unto themselves, held informal court in the saddle or on the hillsides; and in addition to their judicial duties, they had the responsibility of arranging *rodeos*.

The *jueces* were also obligated, "when there shall be a fire on any part of the plains to repair to the spot and summon a sufficient number of the population to aid them in extinguishing the flames."

They received no regular remuneration except that they were entitled to articles lost during the *rodeos* and unclaimed. The *rodeos* were continued for a decade after the conquest of California, during which period they received a modest compensation. The last *rodeo*, by the way, was conducted on William Workman's *La Puente Rancho* in 1859. The old legal "system" ended in 1850 after the state was organized under American law.

Preceding that historic event, Major General Bennett Riley, shortly after his installation as Governor of California on April 12, 1849, issued a proclamation to the effect that the old laws would remain in force temporarily provided that they did not conflict with the treaties or Constitution of the United States.

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The next step was taken on June 3, 1849, when the governor set the first day of August for the election of delegates to a convention to be held in Monterey for the framing of a constitution.

The convention began to organize on September 3; after some weeks of debate the delegates completed their task, and the constitution was ratified by popular vote on December 13, 1849.

In this instrument provision was made for a supreme court and districts courts.

Los Angeles was not represented on the higher body for twenty-nine years, no doubt because of its lack of influence in the state.

Los Angeles citizens who sat on the Supreme Court thereafter until 1901 were: 1880-1885, Erskine M. Ross; 1886-1890, John D. Works; 1893-1894, William J. Fitzgerald.

The judges for the Seventeenth Judicial District comprising Los Angeles County, San Bernardino County and San Diego County were: 1850-1852, Orville S. Witherby; 1853-1863, Benjamin Hayes; October 21, 1863-1868, Pablo de la Guerra; 1869-1871, Benjamin Hayes; 1872-1873, Robert J. Widney; 1874-1879, Ygnacio Sepulveda.

Service as District Judge was somewhat of a burden in those days because the judges were compelled to travel by horse power to any part of their jurisdictions in which they were called upon to try a case.

At this juncture it may be interesting and incidentally amusing to allude to the quaint informality of court procedure in those early days. In hot weather jurymen appeared for duty hatless, coatless and collarless.

It was the recognized privilege of each member to provide himself with a jackknife and a piece of wood to whittle the time away, and if perchance he forgot to bring the wood it was not considered at all indecorous for him to do his whittling on his chair!

When jurors were locked up for the night the members frequently alleviated the dreary nocturnal hours with a "little game of poker."

Even the judges and attorneys indulged in practices which were hardly in accord with modern ideas of court ethics.

For instance, Judge Benjamin Hayes occasionally appeared in

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a somewhat inebriated condition, in which unfortunate emergencies court had to be adjourned until His Honor recovered his sobriety.

At times, to put it mildly, disputes became acrimonious and the arguments were reinforced with the throwing of inkstands, chairs and other articles not primarily designed for that purpose; and in at least one recorded instance the angered opposing contestants began exchanging revolver shots, whereupon the usually dignified Police Judge William G. Dryden, ducking behind the platform on which his bench rested, thus placing himself beyond the range of the flying bullets, shouted lustily, "Shoot away, damn you! And to hell with all of you!"

The circumstances connected with another instance in which the doughty Judge Dryden figured as the hero were as follows:

A certain leader among the native element possessed a daughter who was approaching the age at which, according to prevailing ideas, she would be considered an old maid.

At about this same time an enterprising candidate for the office of sheriff proposed to the father that if that gentleman would use his influence with the native element of the population in behalf of his campaign he would marry the daughter.

The deal was made and the aspiring candidate was elected and so was elevated to the status of both husband and sheriff.

No sooner had he been installed than it became his duty to organize a posse to go in pursuit of a gang of horse thieves who were operating near Los Angeles.

The miscreants were captured and when they were brought to town the new sheriff found out that the head of the gang was his brother-in-law!

At the ensuing trial, the evidence being conclusive, the jury was compelled to bring in a verdict of guilty — but having been subjected to pressure in behalf of the principal defendant, recommended that worthy to the mercy of the court.

The judge, after announcing the verdict, said to him, "The jury finds you guilty as charged."

He then read him a severe lecture which he concluded by telling him, "But the jury recommends clemency. Therefore, I declare you a free man and you may go about your business."

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Thereupon someone asked, "What is his business?" To this query the judge replied, "Horse stealing, sir, horse stealing."

Now, we will return to the judicial system of the state.

In the constitution of 1879 the district courts were abolished and the superior courts established.

The judges who presided over the superior court of Los Angeles County during the next two decades were:

1880-1882, Ygnacio Sepulveda	Volney E. Howard
1883, Volney E. Howard	Henry M. Smith
1884-1885, Anson Brunson	William E. Cheney
1886-1887, William E. Cheney	William P. Gardner
Aurelius W. Hutton	Harvey H. K. S. O'Melveny
1888, William E. Cheney	William H. Clark
W. P. Wade	Walter Van Dyke
1889-1890, William E. Cheney	Walter Van Dyke
W. P. Wade	William H. Clark
Lucien Shaw	James W. McKinley
1891-1896, Benjamin N. Smith	William H. Clark
W. P. Wade	Walter Van Dyke
Lucien Shaw	James W. McKinley
1897-1898, Benjamin N. Smith	Waldo M. York
Walter Van Dyke	William H. Clark
Lucien Shaw	Matthew T. Allen
1899-1900, Benjamin N. Smith	Waldo M. York
Lucien Shaw	Matthew T. Allen
Dummer K. Trask	William F. Fitzgerald

Los Angeles County was organized on February 18, 1850, and the city on July 3.

District Attorneys

1850-1851, William F. Ferrell	1852, Isaac S. K. Ogier
1853, Kimball H. Dimmick	1854, Benjamin S. Eaton
1855-1856, Cameron E. Thom	1857-1858, Ezra Drown
1859-1860, Edward J. C. Kewen	1861-1862, Ezra Drown
1863-1866, Volney E. Howard	1867-1868, Alfred B. Chapman
1869-1872, Cameron E. Thom	1873-1874, Volney E. Howard
1875-1877, Rodney Hudson	1878, Cameron E. Thom
1879-1881, Thomas Brown	1882-1883, Stephen M. White
1884-1885, George M. Holton	1886, George H. Patton
1887, James R. Dupuy	1888-1889, Frank P. Kelly
1890-1891, James McLaughlin	1892-1893, Henry S. Dillion
1894-1897, John A. Donnell	1898-1900, James C. Rives

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City Attorneys

1850, Benjamin Hayes	1851, William G. Dryden
1852, J. Lancaster Brent	1853, Charles E. Carr
1854, Isaac Hartman	1855, Lewis Granger
1856-1857, Cameron E. Thom	1858-1859, James H. Lander
1860, Samuel F. Reynolds	1861, James H. Lander
1862, Meyer J. Newmark	1863-1865, Alfred B. Chapman
1866-1867, Andrew J. King	1868, Charles H. Larrabee
1869, William McPherson	1870-1871, Frank H. Howard
1872-1875, Aurelius W. Hutton	1876, John Franklin
1877-1879, John F. Godfrey	1880-1881, Henry T. Hazard
1882-1883, Walter D. Stephenson	1884-1885, James W. McKinley
1886-1887, Andrew J. King	1888-1893, Charles H. McFarland
1894-1897, William E. Dunn	1898-1899, Walter F. Hass
1900, William B. Matthews	

A not inconsiderable number of attorneys who were practicing here last century served subsequently as Judge of the State Supreme Court, Judge of the Superior Court, District Attorney or City Attorney, but I am compelled, because of lack of space, to omit a listing of their names and terms of service.

Among the pre-century lawyers in Los Angeles in addition to those already mentioned were Myron Norton; Alexander Campbell; C. Mortimer White, who in 1905 was appointed England's first consular representative in Los Angeles, with the title of Vice-consul;* Stephen S. Hubbell; Meyer L. Graff; Jackson A. Graves; Reginald Del Valle; Julius Brousseau; Robert N. Bulla; Nathaniel P. Conrey; John G. Mott; Albert M. Stephens; Columbus Sims; Charles Silent; John S. Chapman; George J. Denis; Oscar C. Mueller, who was President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in 1918; Cornelius Cole; J. Wiseman McDonald; Bradner W. Lee; G. Wiley Wells; Olin Wellborn; William Aggeler; Charles Monroe; John D. Pope; Walter J. Trask; Joseph F. Chambers; Albert Crutcher; Edward A. Britt; Sheldon Borden; Edgar W. Camp; Frank Finlayson; Henry G. Weise; Max Loewenthal; Robert H. F. Variel; William J. Variel; Walter Bordwell; Isidore B. Dockweiler; Frank James; Oscar A. Trippett; William J. Hunaker; Joseph Scott; William H. Anderson; Moses J. Wicks; Will D. Gould; Col. James

* The California headquarters of the English Consul General were in San Francisco.

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G. Howard; John S. Chapman; James A. Anderson; James A. Anderson Jr.; Henry W. O'Melveny; Col. James G. Eastman; John W. Shank; Earl Rogers; William T. Craig; Eugene Overton; Russ Avery; Herbert J. Goudge; James W. McKinley; Lee Gates; Frank P. Flint; Willoughby Rodman; Frank James; Charles Cassat Davies; Walter R. Leeds; George I. Cochran; Daniel H. Laubersheimer; Rodger S. Page; Shirley C. Ward; Charles Wellborn; Dana R. Weller; Curtis D. Wilbur; Percy R. Wilson; Edwin A. Meserve; Will A. Harris; Marion Crawford; Carroll Allen; Benjamin F. Bledsoe; Thomas Lee Woolwine; Louis W. Myers; Nathan Newby; Fred H. Taft; Walter J. Trask; James M. Damron; Jefferson Chandler; Samuel M. Haskins; Paul J. McCormick; Meyer Lissner and Emmet H. Wilson.

Jonathan Scott, who arrived here in 1850 was Los Angeles' first Justice of the Peace.

Until 1852, he was a member of the firm of Scott and Granger, and later of Scott, Drown and Lander.

Lewis Granger was another arrival of 1850.

He was appointed to the Board of Education on July 26, 1853, and served as a member of the Council, 1854-1855.*

Joseph Lancaster Brent, generally referred to in history as J. Lancaster Brent, was here by 1850. He was on the Council, 1851-1853, and a member of the Board of Education and also Superintendent of Schools in 1854, the year in which the board was established.

Myron Norton came to California in 1848. In 1849, he was a prime mover for and a member of the constitutional convention of that year.

He arrived here in 1852 and served on the Council, 1852-1853 and again, 1856-1857.

Kimball H. Dimmick came to California in 1846 with Col. Jonathan D. Stevenson's regiment, in which he had the rank of Commander of Company F.

In 1849, he was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention. In 1852, he came to Los Angeles and began the practice of law.

During President Lincoln's administration, through the influ-

* For many years, the terms of city officials have commenced on July 1.

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ence of Secretary of State William H. Seward, he was appointed United States Attorney for the Southern District of California.

Henry T. Hazard found his way to Los Angeles in 1853. He served the city as Mayor, 1889-1892.

Ezra Drown was another pioneer of 1853. He came here from Iowa, where he had been a brigadier general of militia. He was a Los Angeles City Councilman in 1855-1856 and again in 1859-1861, during which latter term he served as president of the council.

Cameron E. Thom came in 1854. As may have been noticed, he was both District Attorney and City Attorney in 1856, a circumstance which obligated him to represent both plaintiff and defendant in a land case between the county and the city during that year, an obligation which called for a high degree of impartiality.

During the Civil War Thom enlisted in the Confederate Army, in which he had the rank of captain.

After the war he returned to Los Angeles, which he served as Mayor, 1883-1884.

Meyer J. Newmark, who arrived here in 1854, was admitted to practice before the Los Angeles bar in 1859. He was President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in 1900.

Edward J. C. Kewen and Murray Morrison were arrivals of the eighteen fifties.

Kewen was elected to the State Senate in 1863.

Morrison was President of the Council, 1866-June 1, 1868.

Andrew Glassell came to Los Angeles on the same day as Col. James G. Howard. He soon entered into a partnership with Alfred B. Chapman. Two or three years later George H. Smith joined the firm and the name was changed to Glassell, Chapman and Smith. Glassell was a member of the Board of Education and also Superintendent of Schools, 1868-1869, and Howard served on the former the same two years.

Benjamin S. Eaton arrived in 1868 and opened a law office.

He was one of the founders of Pasadena in 1874.

In 1885, he was elected to the State Senate in which he served a number of years. At the end of his term he returned to Los Angeles and resumed his practice.

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His son, Frederick Eaton, was Mayor, 1899-1900, and is known in history as "Father of the Los Angeles Aqueduct."

Erskine M. Ross, after having fought in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, came to Los Angeles three years after its end and studied law with his uncle, Cameron E. Thom.

He was admitted to practice in 1869 and in 1875 was granted authority to practice before the Supreme Court of California.

He was a partner successively of John D. Bicknell and Stephen M. White. The latter partnership was dissolved in 1886 when he was appointed Judge of the newly established United States District Court for the Southern California District, in which office he served, 1886-1894; he was Judge of the District, 1895-1911 and Judge of the United States Court of Appeals, January 5, 1912 until his death on December 10, 1928.

Henry H. K. S. O'Melveny came to California in 1849.

During his residence in the North he served four years, in Sacramento, as Judge of the United States District Court.

In November, 1869, he came to Los Angeles, which he served as Councilman, 1871-1872 and as Judge of the Superior Court, 1886-1887.

His son, Henry W. O'Melveny, who was born in Central City Illinois, on August 10, 1859, came to Los Angeles with his parents.

He received his elementary education in the public schools and then attended the Los Angeles High School, from which he graduated in 1875. He next enrolled in the University of California. After receiving his degree in 1879 he went to the Hawaiian Islands. During his sojourn there he read *Kent's Commentaries*, that one time *sine qua non* for the study of the law, and other standard text books of the day. (It should be stated that since the turn of the century preparation for the study of the law has come to be based on a study of actual cases rather than on text books. The latter, however, have not been entirely discarded; they are still recommended for supplementary reading).

When Henry returned to Los Angeles he continued his studies in the office of Brunson and Wells and was admitted to the bar in October, 1881. He was thereafter associated successively with

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Brunson and Wells, Judge Stephen C. Hubbell, and Bicknell and White.

In 1885, he joined Jackson A. Graves in establishing the firm of Graves and O'Melveny, which in 1888, admitted James H. Shankland to membership, and the title was changed to Graves, O'Melveny and Shankland.

On May 28, 1887, he married Marie Antoinette Schilling, of Canton, Ohio.

In 1904, he left Graves, O'Melveny and Shankland and practiced alone for a year. After giving up his own office, he became a partner in the following firms:

1907-1917, O'Melveny, Stevens and Millikin (Ernest E.);

1917-1922, O'Melveny, Millikin and Tuller (Walter K.);

1922-1926, O'Melveny, Millikin, Tuller and Macneil (Sayre);

1926-1928, O'Melveny, Millikin and Tuller;

1928-1939, O'Melveny, Tuller and Myers (Louis W.).

Mr. Tuller passed away on September 27, 1939 and the name was changed to O'Melveny and Myers about a year thereafter.

The founder of the firm died on April 14, 1941, and his son, John O'Melveny, succeeded him.

Henry O'Melveny was on the Board of Library Commissions, 1894-1902 and again 1906-1917, and President of the Los Angeles Bar Association in 1919. He was a noted civic leader of the California bar. He was a public spirited citizen deeply interested in every movement of benefit to Los Angeles and an active participant in many. His services in behalf of his adopted city will never be forgotten.

James W. McKinley was admitted to the bar in 1881 and in 1883 came to Los Angeles. He was a member of the city council, 1931-1933.

Stephen C. Hubbell, was admitted to practice in the State of New York in 1863. He served as a surrogate judge in 1869, in which year he came to San Bernardino, where he practiced law until 1873, when he came to Los Angeles. Shortly thereafter, he entered into a partnership with ex-District Attorney Rodney Hudson. He was on the first board of directors and treasurer of the University of Southern California.

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Stephen M. White was born in San Francisco on January 19, 1853. He was admitted to the bar on April 14, 1874, in which year he came to Los Angeles.

In 1878, he formed a partnership with John D. Bicknell, an association which lasted until 1888, two years after he was elected to the State Senate, in which position he served as President pro-tem, 1886-1890. Shortly thereafter, he opened an office with Erskine M. Ross. He represented California in the United States Senate, 1893-1899.

His most notable achievement in that body was his victory for the selection of San Pedro Harbor as the port of Los Angeles over a powerful opposition headed by Collis P. Huntington, who fought for the selection of Santa Monica Bay.

Judge Robert M. Widney came to Los Angeles in 1868; and in the same year he was admitted to practice. He had studied law while teaching at the University of the Pacific in the late eighteenth-sixties.

In 1875, he was asked to prepare a plan for a revision of the judicial system of the state. His plan was adopted by the constitutional convention of 1879.

In 1879, he founded the University of Southern California, which was opened on October 6, 1880.

In 1888, he incorporated the Long Beach Land Company, which founded the town of Long Beach.

James A. Anderson was admitted to the bar in 1884 and the following year came to Los Angeles.

He was President of the first Board of Public Works in Los Angeles, March, 1906-January, 1908.

George S. Patton arrived here in 1875. He was admitted to the bar in 1880, and in that year opened a law office, with a branch office in Pasadena. He served for two years as its first city attorney when it was incorporated on June 19, 1886.

He was on the Los Angeles Board of Education, 1882-1884.

Jackson A. Graves came to Los Angeles on June 5, 1875.

He studied law with Brunson and Eastman, and was admitted to practice on January 10, 1876.

On January 17, 1876, he joined Anson and Eastman, at which

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time the name was changed to Brunson, Eastman and Graves.

On January 1, 1878, he left the firm and opened an office of his own.

On January 1, 1880, he and John S. Chapman established the firm of Graves and Chapman.

In 1885, this partnership was dissolved and Graves and Henry W. O'Melveny opened an office under the name of Graves and O'Melveny.

On April 10, 1888, James H. Shankland was made a partner and the name was altered to Graves, O'Melveny and Shankland.

This firm was dissolved on January 1, 1904, a few months after Graves was elected First Vice-President of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles on May 25, 1903, at which time he had retired from the active practice of law.

On April 27, 1920, he succeeded Isaias W. Hellman, who died on April 9, to the presidency of the bank.

He was President of the Los Angeles Clearing House Association, 1907-1908; 1917-1918 and 1923-1924.

He was the author of two books — *California Memories*, published in 1927, and *My Seventy Years in California*, which came from the press in 1930.

Reginald F. Del Valle was born in Los Angeles on December 15, 1854.

He studied law in San Francisco. In 1877, he returned to Los Angeles and was admitted to the bar the same year.

He was a member of the State Assembly, 1879-1881 and of the State Senate, 1882-1886.

He served on the Water Commission, 1906-1911; on the Public Service Commission, 1912-1915, and on the Water and Power Board, 1925-1929.

Julius Brousseau, who came here in the 1870s, was President of the Board of Education, 1881-1883.

Cornelius Cole was born on a farm in the state of New York on September 17, 1822.

He was admitted to the bar in Auburn, New York, on May 1, 1848; and a year later he came to California.

He was District Attorney of Sacramento County, 1854-1855.

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In 1856, he and James McClatchy started the *Sacramento Daily Times*, the first Republican newspaper in California.

He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1863 and served as a United States Senator, 1867-1873, in which body he was appointed Chairman of the Appropriation Committee, the first Californian to occupy that post.

In 1881, he came to Southern California and established his residence on a four hundred eighty acre ranch which he named Colegrove for his wife, whose maiden name was Olive Colegrove.

This ranch is now a part of the heart of Hollywood.

After his arrival, he opened a law office and practiced until his one hundredth birthday.

In 1922, his Alma Mater awarded him a Doctor of Law degree and a few months later the University of Southern California followed suit. He received the inevitable summons on November 23, 1924.

Robert N. Bulla came to Los Angeles in 1883.

He served in the State Assembly, 1893-1894 and in the Senate, 1897-1899.

John D. Works also arrived in 1883. He was a United States Senator, 1911-1917.

Nathaniel P. Conrey arrived in 1884 and opened a law office.

He was a Justice of the District Court of Appeals, Second Appellate District, October 18, 1913-September 30, 1935.

Alexander Campbell, another arrival of 1884, had previously served as District Judge of San Francisco and Alameda Counties, 1860-1865, and as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1879.

At one time he was associated with former Congressman Sherman O. Houghton and Charles Silent in the firm of Houghton, Silent and Campbell.

Silent was a member of the Park Commission, 1909-1915.

Lucien Shaw received his L. L. D. Degree from the Indianapolis Law School in 1869. He came to Los Angeles in July, 1886.

He was Assistant Justice of the Supreme Court, November, 1902-1921, when he was appointed Chief Justice — an office he held until January 13, 1925.

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Charles Cassat Davis was admitted to practice in 1875, and ten years later came to Los Angeles.

He was a member of the Board of Education, 1896-1900, President 1896-1898, and served again as a member, 1904-1906.

Emmet H. Wilson, who was appointed Associate Justice of the District Court of Appeals of the State of California, Second Appellate District, on October 5, 1945, and so served until his death on December 19, 1951, was born on January 15, 1876, in Greeley, Colorado.

In 1882, he came to Los Angeles with his family; he studied law with the firm of Silent, Houghton and Kemp. He was admitted to practice before the State Supreme Court in 1900 and before the United States Supreme Court in 1907.

He served on the Playground Commission, 1902-1906, on the Board of Education, 1904-1909, and on the Housing Commission, 1913-1923.

Benjamin W. Hahn was admitted to practice on December 24, 1885, and in 1887 came to Los Angeles to practice.

He served as State Senator, 1903-1906.

Matthew T. Allen was admitted to the bar on September 17, 1869. He came to Los Angeles in January 1887 and entered into association with Nathaniel P. Conrey and Clarence A. Miller.

He was United States Attorney for the Southern District of California 1891-1893; Associate Justice, District Court of Appeals and its presiding Justice, 1907.

Willoughby Rodman received his L. L. D. degree from the law school of the University of Louisville in 1882 and was admitted to practice on May 5 of that year.

He came to Los Angeles in 1887, and served on the library board, 1902-1909.

I obtained much of the information for this article from a book he published in 1909.

It is entitled *History of the Bench and Bar of Southern California*, the introduction was written by W. J. Hunsaker.

Henry G. Weyse was born in Los Angeles on July 27, 1863.

He studied law at Harvard University. After his graduation in 1888, he returned to Los Angeles; was admitted to practice and entered into a partnership with Aurelius W. Hutton.

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He was a member of the State Assembly, 1895-1897.

Robert H. F. Variel was admitted to the bar about 1867.

In 1873, he was elected District Attorney of Plumas County and in 1886 he was elected to represent Sierra and Plumas Counties in the State Assembly.

In 1888, he came here and entered upon the practice of law; and in 1905, he formed a partnership with his brother, William J. Variel.

During the administration of Governor Henry T. Gage, 1899-1902, he served as a trustee of the state normal school.

George I. Cochran came to Los Angeles in 1888, and opened a law office.

In 1905, he retired from practice when he was elected President of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company.

He served on the Civil Service Commission, 1906-1915.

William B. Matthews came to Los Angeles in 1888 and for a number of years was associated with Le Compte Davis.

He played a vital part in the development of water in Southern California.

In 1868, the city gave the Los Angeles Water Company, a private undertaking founded that year, a thirty-year lease, with the *proviso* that at the end of the period their plant and properties would be transferred to the municipality. However, when the time came, the parties could not agree on the amount of compensation.

After a period of wrangling the matter was brought to court in 1900, whereupon it became Matthews' duty, as City Attorney, to represent the city.

After the end of his term he remained in charge of the case until it was settled in 1902 and the city took possession.

In 1904, he was appointed Special Counsel for the Water and Power Board.

In March, 1907, he was made Special Counsel for the Los Angeles Aqueduct and in that capacity he represented the city in the numerous litigations in which it became involved until all these cases were concluded and the aqueduct, the construction of which had begun in 1904, was completed on November 5, 1913.

Matthews was a member of the library board, 1899-1901.

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On November 5, 1929, he was made General Counsel for the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California (incorporated on December 6, 1928), for which he had been unofficial legal adviser for some time.

However, by agreement with the district he gave half his time to the affairs of the water board until April 30, 1930. Thereafter he devoted his entire time to the affairs of the district until his death on December 9, 1931.

Walter Bordwell was admitted to practice in Michigan on October 11, 1883. On January 1, 1889, he came to Los Angeles and opened an office. He was on the Board of Education in 1915.

Waldo M. York came here in 1889. He served on the Board of Education, 1915-1917. As was his father, John M. York was a distinguished jurist.

He was admitted to practice on April 19, 1899. He served as Judge of the Superior Court, 1913-1926; as Associate Justice of the District Court, Second Appellate District, 1926-1936, and then as Presiding Justice until his demise on February 28, 1949.

Isidore Dockweiler was born in Los Angeles on December 28, 1867.

He studied law in the office of Anderson, Fitzgerald, and Anderson, and was admitted to the bar on October 14, 1889.

He was admitted to practice before the District Court of the United States, Southern District of California, on November 30, 1892; the Circuit Court of the United States, Southern District of California, Ninth Judicial District, on November 30, 1892; the United States Court of Appeals, Ninth Circuit, February 21, 1905; the Supreme Court of Nevada, December 16, 1907, and the Supreme Court of the United States, April 13, 1910.

During the years 1919-1920 he was a partner of John G. Mott, the firm name being Dockweiler and Mott.

He served on the Board of the public library, 1896-1899 and again, 1910-1917; as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, 1913-1920; as Chairman of the Los Angeles County Housing Authority from 1938 until his death on February 6, 1947 (Chairman, 1938-1944), and on the California State Park Commission from August 5, 1939 until his demise.

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The present name of the firm is Dockweiler and Dockweiler, the partners being the three sons of its founder, Thomas A. J., Henry I. and Frederick C. Dockweiler.

Frank H. Howard was a member of the library board, 1889-1894.

Joseph F. Chambers arrived in August 1884, and on October 13, 1890, was admitted to practice.

He was appointed Justice of the Peace in 1902. He so served until 1915, in which year he resigned and opened an office.

In 1918, he again became Justice of the Peace. In 1926, this office was abolished and the municipal courts were established. He remained on the bench of the new court, an office which he still holds, although he retired from active service on June 13, 1950.

Charles Monroe was admitted to practice in 1872, and in 1890 came to Los Angeles.

He was on the Board of Education, 1903-1904.

Dummer K. Trask was admitted to practice in 1890, in which year he came to Los Angeles to practice.

He served on the Board of Education, 1902-1904 and on the Police Commission, 1906-1909.

Frank James was admitted to practice on May 7, 1886, and in 1890 came to Los Angeles to practice.

He served in the California Legislature in 1901; on the Board of Police Commissioners, 1904-1906, and as Judge of the United States Court of Appeals, 1905.

Matthew T. Allen was appointed United States Attorney General in 1892 but resigned within a year. From 1905 to 1907 he served as judge of the United States Circuit Court, Southern District for California.

William J. Hunsaker was admitted to practice in 1876 and conducted a law office in San Diego.

In 1881, he received the right to practice before the Supreme Court of California. In 1882, he was elected District Attorney of San Diego County.

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In 1892, he came to Los Angeles, where he practiced until his death on January 14, 1893.

Frank P. Flint was admitted to practice in 1892 and in the same year came to Los Angeles to practice.

He was a member of the library board, 1894-1898.

He was appointed United States Attorney for the Southern District of California on April 8, 1897, and served in this capacity four years. He was a United States Senator, 1905-1911.

Joseph Scott arrived here in 1893. He studied law in the office of Anderson and Anderson, and was admitted to the bar on April 3, 1894.

He was a member of the Board of Education, 1904-1913 (President, 1906-1913); President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in 1910; Chairman of the Campaign Committee of the Los Angeles Welfare Federation in 1927 and President of the federation in 1935.

On his eighty-fourth birthday, on August 13, 1951, the citizens of Los Angeles, in recognition of his manifold and outstanding contributions to the welfare and progress of the community, honored him with a celebrative luncheon.

He is still as active as ever both in his profession and as a leader in civic affairs. "Joe" Scott, as he is affectionately known to his multitude of friends, is truly, indeed the Dean of the Los Angeles Bar.

Oscar Lawler came to Los Angeles as a boy in 1888.

He studied law while secretary to Erskine M. Ross and passed the bar in 1896. He served as United States Attorney for the Southern District of California, 1905-1907.

He was a member of the firm of Lawler, Allen and Van Dyke, 1908-1910.

He served as Assistant Attorney General for the Interior Department, May 1, 1909-May 1, 1911.

In 1915, he was appointed Judge Advocate of the First Brigade, National Guard of California.

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In 1926, he was Chairman of the Campaign Committee of the Los Angeles Welfare Federation.

At the present time he is senior member of the firm of Lawler, Felix (Max) and Hall (John M.).

John D. Fredericks came to California in 1891.

For three years he taught at Whittier State School for Boys (which in 1943 was changed to Fred C. Mellus School for Boys) and at the same time studied law.

In 1896, he came to Los Angeles and was admitted to the bar.

In May, 1923, he was elected to Congress to succeed Henry Z. Osborne who had served, 1916 — until his demise on February 8, 1923. Fredericks served three additional years.

He was District Attorney of Los Angeles County, 1902-1915, and President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in 1922.

Walter R. Leeds was admitted to the bar in 1897 and in the same year came to Los Angeles to practice.

He was a member of the California Assembly in 1907, and served on the Public Utilities Commission, 1919-1925.

William H. Anderson came to Los Angeles in July, 1886, and to study law in the office of his father, James A., and James A., Jr., who had come to Los Angeles and opened an office the previous year under the name of Anderson and Anderson.

Before long William F. Fitzgerald joined them and the name of the firm was changed to Anderson, Fitzgerald and Anderson.

When the new partner was appointed to the State Supreme Court in 1893 he withdrew from the firm and the original name was restored.

W. H. Anderson was admitted to the bar in Los Angeles in 1890, but soon left California.

In 1892, he returned to the State and became Chief Clerk in a San Francisco law firm.

He was Assistant State Attorney General, during most of the term of W. F. Fitzgerald, who was State Attorney General, 1895-1898.

Early Los Angeles Bench and Bar

In 1900, he returned to Los Angeles and joined Anderson and Anderson.

In 1946, he withdrew from the firm and is now living in retirement.

The firm is now being conducted by Trent G. Anderson, a son of James A. Anderson, Jr., and Trent G. Anderson, Jr.

Daniel H. Laubersheimer was born in Wilmington, California on November 5, 1875. He studied law with Isidore B. Dockweiler and was admitted to the bar in 1898. He served on the Civil Service Commission, 1906-1911.

Rodger S. Page was admitted to the bar in 1898 and in the same year began to practice in Los Angeles.

He served on the Board of Education, 1902-1904 and again, 1906-1911.

Oscar A. Trippett studied law at the University of Virginia, and after his graduation in 1882, was admitted to practice. In 1877 he was a member of the Indiana State Senate.

In 1887, as a member of the Indiana State Prison Board, he came to California to study prison conditions. He liked Southern California and in 1901, he came to Los Angeles.

He served as Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern California District from 1915 until his death on July 18, 1923.

Meyer Lissner came to Los Angeles in 1896, and after a short experience in the jewelry business enrolled in the old Los Angeles Law School, from which he graduated in 1899 and entered upon the practice of his profession.

He was President of the Board of Public Utilities, 1909-1911; Chairman of the State Republican Committee, 1910-1911, and a member of the United States Shipping Board, 1921-1925.

So ends the story of the early Los Angeles bench and bar.

It is replete with names of pioneers all of whom were dis-

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tinguished in their profession and many of them for the public services they rendered.

It constitutes a record of which all citizens of Los Angeles may well be proud.



Reminiscences of Old Calico

By Herman F. Mellen

PART III

(Continued from the QUARTERLY for September)

THE FOLLOWING SEPTEMBER, 1884, we returned to Calico and the Odessa Canyon to build a chute and bins for the Garfield Mining Company. The principal owners of this property were Raymond and Doe. Raymond, usually spoken of as "Uncle Billy," was a canny old Scot who had made and lost a fortune in the famous Raymond Ely Company at the Pioche mines in Nevada. Raymond had made many enemies in that camp on account of labor troubles, and these troubles were to pursue him to Calico, since many of the men from Pioche had drifted to Calico upon the closing of the former camp. He refused to conform to the changing styles in men's costumes, and to the end of life, wore collars of the dickey type, which were the mode in the sixties, and trousers with the front built as were those of Mr. Pickwick of Dicken's day. He wore a full white beard, was very soft spoken and patriarchal in appearance, but stubborn as a mule. Nothing would change him once his mind was made up. This latter characteristic made lots of trouble later on for him and his company.

After building the chute and bins on the Garfield, we built bunkhouses, office buildings, blacksmith shop and boarding house. Then we worked underground for a while doing timbering and track laying. This was the first work of any consequence which I had done underground. Needless to say, I found it very interesting; especially the association with the Cornish miners — "Cousin

Jacks" in the vernacular of the mining camps. About fifty percent of the working force, including the foreman of the mine, were these men. They spoke a patois all their own: a mixture of English, Welsh, and probably Gaelic, with a few words brought down from the ancient Picts. The construction of their sentences was unique in the extreme, which, with their peculiar accent and "gobbling instead of speaking," as one fellow put it, made it hard for one not acquainted to understand them. However, I soon caught on, and as they were almost without exception kindly and companionable men, especially with younger men and boys, I enjoyed working with them. I gathered much useful knowledge from them, both of the trade of mining, and their very interesting history and beliefs. They were the best miners as a whole that the world could boast, having followed the trade, father and son, for centuries. These Cornishmen did not to any extent combine the calling of miner and that of prospector, as did men of almost all other nationalities, but were content to work solely as miners. This brought about queer situations as mining is not a very stable occupation, except in iron or coal. For instance, while on the Garfield, one of the men, a Mr. Pollock, had his first meeting with his son, a twenty-year-old boy. Pollock had left Cornwall shortly after his marriage and before his son was born, intending to have his wife follow him as soon as he got settled. Well, at the Garfield, he felt at last that he was settled, so he got lumber, hired us after hours to build him a house of three rooms, and sent money to his wife to come out. Everyone was joyful at the prospect of reunion. And *then* the mine shut down! The mine was closed down on account of trouble between Raymond and some of his men, growing out of a dispute regarding the locating of a small fraction of ground. This piece was discovered to be open ground when Raymond had his claims surveyed preparatory to obtaining a patent. The dispute grew bitter; the company tried to bring the men to terms by shutting down the mine except for barely necessary work, throwing most of the miners and muckers out of work for many months. In the end it did no good, as the locators won. And Pollock found work at another mine, so his family reunion was a permanent one.

The Garfield Company had acquired the Occidental Mine

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just before the trouble started, so we were busy for some time fitting this up with the necessary top works and bins. This Occidental mine was located near the Bismark Mine and gave its name to the canyon in which they are located, but it later became known as the Bismark Canyon. As the mines were running at half capacity or less, during the aforementioned trouble, and as the top works and bins were about finished, Father got himself a job at the Barber Mill down at the mouth of the Odessa canyon. This left me as carpenter and timberman with the Garfield Company; rather a responsible post for a young fellow just turned eighteen. As I took over the job, Mr. Patterson took me to the office and presented me to Mr. Raymond in my new capacity. Mr. Raymond looked me up and down for a minute or two, saying to Mr. Patterson, "Isn't he rather young for the position?" The reply was "He is *young*, but he knows his business." When Raymond said, "That is all that is required," I was naturally pleased.

However, a little later on, my desire to show *how* good I was nearly got me into trouble. Raymond called me to the office one day and gave me orders to build him a bunk to fit a bed-spring which he had just obtained from San Francisco. While he used the word bunk, he gave no orders as to its quality. Thinking to impress and please him, I made a complete bedstead with paneled head and foot board. This was easy for me to do, as I had all the tools needed for the job and beautiful soft pine for lumber. I finished the bedstead, set it up and placed the springs upon it, feeling sure it would please him. Quite the contrary, however, for when he viewed it he lost no time in calling me. Pointing to it he said, "I told you to make a bunk, not an expensive piece of furniture. How *long* did it take you to build that?" When I said a little less than a day, he looked unconvinced for a minute, then repeated my words, "A little less than a day? Young man, you must have had some experience as a cabinet maker!"

"Yes sir, nearly two years, mostly in making bedsteads of that pattern."

He pondered a moment and said, "Very well, it's a good job,

and not too expensive, but hereafter please remember that when I say "bunk" that is exactly what I mean!" From that time on, I tried to follow instructions to the letter in order not to offend his frugal Scotch soul.

While holding this job down, I "batched," having the camp outfit to myself since Father lived at the boarding house at the Barber Mill. This housekeeping called for a trip for supplies to the store two or more miles away at Calico on one or two nights a week. Usually several of us trailed along together, each man carrying a lantern, as prospect holes were about as numerous as prairie dog holes on the Great Plains. Returning on one of these trips, I had a very unpleasant experience. Two of us were walking along with a gunny sack of supplies over one shoulder, our lanterns in the other hand, and talking over the latest news we had heard at camp. Suddenly a man stepped out from behind a big boulder, and poked a rifle into the pit of my stomach. "Who are you, and where are you going?" he said. I recognized him instantly as a man I knew well, a friend at that, so I replied, "Hello, Dennis! What's it all about?" He laughed, saying, "The divel! It's the little carpenter from the Occidental, it is!" Another man now stepped out and we all sat down to a friendly chat. I'll bet that no one knew how near scared to death I was when that rifle connected with my front! These two men were interested in the quarrel with the Garfield Company, and were carrying on war with it by digging prospect holes in the road at this point, having a claim located here. The Garfield Company filled up the hole again each night. This particular night, the boys had decided that no holes would be filled. Friend Dennis wanted to know why I would work for such "a dommed ould Scoth buzzard as thot Raymond?" I replied that he had always treated me well, so why not? "Well, we all have to eat, but dommed if I ever again eat bread bought with *his* money!" was all that he said to that.

An interesting person with whom I worked for some time at the Occidental Mine was one Bob Herrold. A. D. Harrold was the name given him at his christening, but what the A. D. stood for he never told. He was Virginian or West Virginian by birth,

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and about the most happy-go-lucky chap I ever met, always laughing or singing. He was a great and entertaining talker, a trait which sometimes got him in bad with employers. One day one of the men twitted him about having been fired from one of the mines because the boss said he talked too much and worked too little. Bob came back with, "That's a lie! The boss said I was so entertaining that he could not get any work out of the other men while I was around; he really said, 'I can't afford an *entertainer*, so you will have to go!'"

Bob furnished fun and entertainment for the crew for several months; at one time by the following prank: A copy of a matrimonial paper having fallen into his hands, he chose an item from the paper inserted by a young lawyer in San Francisco. The lawyer desired to correspond with some young lady with marriage as the object, asserting that he had been so busy establishing himself that he had little or no social life and thus had been deprived of meeting young ladies. Bob wrote a nice letter stating that life for a refined young lady was drab indeed in a mining camp where all the men were of the laboring class, and that she would be only too glad to help brighten the life of the young lawyer.

As Bob could writ a nice hand, quite feminine, too, the response was prompt and favorable, and the exchange of letters soon became ardent and intimate. Bob sent a photo of a very pretty young lady, receiving in return the photo of the young man and the information that the said young man would come down to meet his love the following week! This was too much for Bob, who concluded that the climate at Camp Hawley, some twelve miles or so down river, would be better for his health for the time being! Therefore he took his departure thence, without informing anyone as to his destination. Well, the young lawyer arrived in due season, but could not find anyone who knew a young lady of the name given, or anyone who could identify her photo. He was quite puzzled for a time, but soon slipped out of camp quietly, probably wiser at the wicked ways of this world, but not happier!

This was of course a reprehensible trick on Bob's part, but as

there were no radios in those days, no phonographs, no telephones, and no theaters nearer than the one ninety miles away in San Bernardino with at most two or three plays a year, the boys became hungry for entertainment of any kind, and not too particular as to how they obtained it.

This Bob was rather an oddity; he never drank liquor or used tobacco in any form, I never knew him to use an oath or foul language in his conversation, and as I have mentioned, he was invariably good-natured. I never knew him to give way to anger but once when he had been telling us about a winter spent in San Francisco where he had gone with nearly two years savings of a thousand dollars. He had put up at a good boarding house where he met a young lady bookkeeper whom he called Sadie. After telling us how he had beamed her around all winter, giving her a good time and having the time of his life himself, he remarked, "I'll never forget that winter!" As he concluded, one of his listeners said with a sneer, "I'll bet Sadie never will either, or the man who gets your cast-off goods!" At this remark, Bob turned on him and showed his Virginia ancestry: "You dirty whelp! You ever mention Sadie's name again and I'll cram your words down your throat! Sadie was a good girl, and I never wronged a good girl in my life. She was as safe with me as my own sister would have been!" Asked by another listener why he did not ask Sadie to marry him, his reply was, "Marry me! Why, I thought too blame much of her to ask her to marry me! Had nothing to offer but myself, and I reckon you know how much that is. So I just got up and dusted when my money was gone, but I'll never forget her. She thought a lot of *me*, too!" Bob gave one the impression that he felt he had done the right thing, and perhaps he had, at that.

Another incident in which Bob, as well as Molly Saurby, a waitress, figured occurred one day while I was working on the sorting platform, which, being on top of the ore bin, gave a fine view over the surrounding country. Just after lunch hour this day, our attention was attracted by a woman's screams. Looking across the canyon, we perceived a woman running toward us without regard to trail or road, screaming at the top of her lungs, stumbling, falling

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and waving her arms as she came. We could not reach her without a long detour, so could not give any help. Bob said, "It's Molly, she is making for our boarding house; I'll bet her mother has had one of her falling fits, and she is going for help." Just at this point three men from Stacey's Store, up the canyon from our mine, came in view laying a course at right angles to Molly's and making fine time. One of the boys said, "Big Aleck is leading the field, he will take care of Molly."

"Not by a darn sight," Bob replied, "Bet two dollars she will slap him when he reaches her!" A couple of fellows took him up at once, but sure enough, when Aleck reached Molly, she turned on him, gave him a smack that was a dandy, and ran on while poor Aleck stood rooted to the spot with a comical look of stunned bewilderment.

The second man veered so as to meet Molly, and someone said, "She will take him on, bet you a dollar." "Dollar says she will not!" came from Bob, and right he was, though the second man did not get slapped. She contented herself in shaking him off when he seized her arm. The third man was now close in.

Excitement now ran high on the platform, someone calling, "Bet you a fiver that that poor devil gets *his* now." "Taken!" said Bob, "And five more says she will faint pretty in his arms!" This was exactly what took place. As he came up, Molly looked over her shoulder and fell gracefully into his arms. He picked her up and carried her toward the boarding house and a woman coming out to meet them, who now took charge of Molly. "Right pert way to take in thirteen dollars!" was Bob's comment on the episode. We learned later that Bob was right about Molly's mother having fallen in a faint or fit, and the losers wanted to know how in the devil Bob was able to tell what the outcome was to be. "Oh, that was easy! I knew she wouldn't wipe her feet on old Aleck, the next chap she didn't know at all, while everyone knows, or *ought* to know that she is soft on Bill."

Molly had worked in various restaurants and boarding houses. She was a divorcee, and at this time society was slow to believe

that a divorced woman was normal. This of course made Molly's position difficult at best, but added to this was the circumstance that all the patrons of the eating places were men. Molly was of a friendly disposition, but would tolerate no undue advances from the men until she decided they were square. If we qualified, well and good, and many an additional piece of pie and other choice tid-bits came our way. Another privilege bestowed was the right to address her as "Molly, darling." This afforded a fine chance for some of the boys to get a whack at new men who considered themselves lady-killers. These chaps, as a matter of course, became interested in Molly at once, and as she was very cool towards them, their piqued curiosity made them inquire as to how they could gain her good graces. Some wag would inform the inquirer: "Oh, that's *easy*! When Molly asks you if you would like another cup of coffee, just rub your cheek against her arm when she reaches for your cup and say, 'Yes, Molly, darling.' and look up at her in a fetching way." Some would fall for this advice and acting upon it would get a smack on the side of the face which could be heard for half a block. Some of the victims were sports enough to take their medicine, while others were beside themselves with anger. Either way, the boys got a good laugh out of the game, and in time some of the victims became Molly's staunchest friends.

In the fall of 1884 the political campaign for President was on, and a hot one it was: Cleveland and Hendricks against Blaine and Logan. Excitement ran high even in our remote camp, the boys laying bets on the outcome, as they did on most every event that came up. To make things more interesting for us locally, our Republican nominee for Congress was Colonel Markham of the King Mine. Running against him was R. F. Del Valle, nominee on the Democratic ticket. Del Valle had been in politics before as state senator, I believe, from the southern part of the state, while Markham had never held office. Markham had one great advantage in being a mining man. At this period, and for some years before, there had been a great battle on between the people interested in hydraulic mining and those interested in farming. The farming people wanted to stop hydraulic mining which was silting up the Sacramento River, causing it to flood the valley and ruin

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great areas of land. The mining people's slogan was "The mines made California; keep the mines going." Of course this gave any candidate representing mines the advantage in all mining centers, and the mining interests were still politically strong. This controversy, mines versus farming, allowed Calico and vicinity to be represented with a Congressman, a Governor, and Lieutenant-Governor, and I do not know how many other mining centers were equally well represented. Del Valle espoused the cause of the farmer, thus helping to defeat himself. He was a very able man, and lived to see the cause for which he fought triumph. We all realize now how right and wise he was.

Well, Calico was honored by hearing both Congressional candidates. Mr. Del Valle came first and alone, and inadvertently provided a most amusing evening for the whole camp. To begin with, this was the first public appearance of our brass band, the boys only recently having organized themselves and hired a teacher. At the time, they could play only a part of one lively tune, so they put their whole hearts into the job, making up in good will what they lacked in technique. If memory serves, I think they played this four times during the evening, and a couple of weeks later, they did the same for Markham, thus showing their impartiality. On this latter occasion, they turned out a glee club that was really fine, rendering campaign songs in a manner that would have won praise anywhere. To hark back to Del Valle's evening. "Pa" Pennington, who with his wife "Ma," was loved by all the camp, was Democratic chairman, and of course chairman of the evening with the duty of introducing Del Valle. Now Pa was a veritable encyclopaedia of the Democratic party, with its history, aims, ambitions, and triumphs from Jefferson's time down to the present, and nothing suited him better than to elucidate the same. In opening the meeting, he held forth longer than he should have but finally said he would now introduce the speaker. Del Valle had partly rising from his chair, when some wag from the crowd called, "Hi! Pa! How about Jackson and the United States Bank?" Pa could not resist this, so he told us all about it. Having made it clear, he again said he would introduce the speaker, who again rose, only to be forgotten by Pa when someone wished to know what Buchan-

an's attitude was just previous to the war between the states. Well the boys were out for fun now; no sooner could Pa explain one thing than another was shot at him. Things seemed on the point of going beyond control for a short time, but Mr. Del Valle was too old a hand at the game. Before the audience realized it, he was applauding and asking Pa to explain points in the party's history which most of the audience knew nothing of, and Pa of course did it willingly and happily. The upshot of the whole matter was that Pa held forth for over an hour, while Del Valle spoke for a brief twenty minutes, most of which he spent in complimenting Pa upon his knowledge and understanding of the party and its aims, which he said was superior to his own. This may have been true, at that, anyway it gained him many friends and probably quite a few votes.

One evening while buying my week's supply of groceries at Olivier's store, an occurrence took place which had all the probabilities of a fight, and was exciting while it lasted. I was just leaving the store behind a big Scotsman, Glasgow or Glasscock by name, when the door opened from the outside by a little French-Canadian, Jean, (I never learned his last name). As he opened the door, Glasgow yelled, "You are the very man I have been looking for! When are you going to bring back the tools and powder you stole from my claim?" Jean registered great surprise, denying all knowledge of tools, powder or other property belonging to Glasgow. Glasgow replied that he had two witnesses who had seen the things taken, and also had seen them in Jean's camp. Jean, with many shrugs and gesticulations, said, "But Mistaire Glasgow, what if I say I did not take zem?" Glasgow answered, "Then I say you are a dirty, frog-eating, dastardly, lying, French half-breed dog!"

"Oh, Mistaire Glasgow, you insult! You insult!"

"No, I don't insult, nothing can insult a low-lived dog like you; I only irritate you! And if those tools and powder are not back on my claim Monday morning, you are going to die an awful death!"

At this Jean tore off his cap, throwing it upon the floor, spit

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into it several times, and jumped upon it and stamped it repeatedly, all the while uttering imprecation and crying copiously. I had never seen or heard anything like it, and upon meeting Glasgow afterwards, asked him what Jean's performance with the cap meant. "Oh, that was what he wanted to do to me, but didn't have the guts to attempt." When asked if he recovered his property, he said, "Sure, everything was there Monday morning!"

Another amusing incident took place a couple of days after Christmas, 1884, in which Scotty, though why "Scotty" I don't know, and two young Chinese boys. The boys were cousins of nephews of Yung Hen, who ran a restaurant at Calico and two or three of the boarding houses at different mines. Scotty had been celebrating Christmas by imbibing largely of "tarantula juice" and about the time he thought he had had plenty, Christmas was a thing of the past by at least two days. But Scotty was of a mind to complete his celebration with a turkey dinner, so he hied himself to Yung Hen's eating house and ordered turkey and fixin's. The boys set before him all their remaining turkey, which consisted largely of scraps and bones. This so highly offended Scotty that he forgot the spirit of Christmas to the extent that he threw the food at the boy who waited upon him, then upset the table and began smashing dishes and furniture. The two Chinese boys grappled him, trying to put him outside, and in the melee, Scotty lost most of one pants leg, and the major portion of his shirt. To the glory of old Ireland, he was holding his own until one of the boys had a happy inspiration. Rushing to the kitchen, he returned with a bucket of almost boiling water in one hand, and a long-handled dipper in the other. A few dippers full of water placed where they did the most good, and the restaurant and the whole camp was too small for friend Scotty. He made what the boys facetiously called a straight shirttail for the mine where he was employed and spent several days nursing various scalded places about his person, the while he cursed the Chinese people in general, and the relatives of Yung Hen in particular. He did not receive much sympathy however, as Yung Hen stood well in the camp — they had a saying that though he might be a young hen by name, he was some tough old rooster by nature.

A goodly number of prospectors had been grubstaked by him and many a man had eaten on credit with him until he could get a job.

While still holding down the job on the Occidental, I was detailed or loaned, (whichever way you choose to put it) to Yung Hen, who had bought out the family that had been running the boarding house at the mine. This was the one and only time in my life that I was employed by Chinese, and I had a good time and enjoyed myself during the two weeks that I worked for them. Yung Hen told me what he wanted done, building tables and benches, and moving partitions, and adding a room to the building. Then he left me to his two cousins, who were more fun than a box of monkeys, as the old saying has it. They were laughing and skylarking all day long. One of the games from which they seemed to derive much pleasure went as follows: One would sing in a high falsetto voice, accompanied by very langorous looks and actions, followed by the other in a deep and terrible bass with many war-like gestures, winding up by his tearing off his shoes and hurling them at the first singer. Then they both doubled up in mirth at this climax.

When I finally asked them one day what it was all about, they giggled in embarrassment and explained, "You sabe, me, (falsetto) velly nice boy, velly much in love with old man's daughter, sing outside house old man to old man's daughter; him, (pointing to the bass) old man, plenty mad, call me donkey, throw shoe, chase me away, say sing plenty like jackass, say no catchem daughter to marry jackass!" whereupon they both went off into gales of laughter. They never seemed to tire of this play acting.

One day these boys wanted me to eat with them. They had cooked a dish which they seemed to consider a great delicacy, consisting of a foundation of dried abalone about the size and toughness of rubber boot heels, and fully as black. After these had boiled a couple of hours, Chinese cabbage and some sort of small fish, both of which smelled to high heaven, were added and all were boiled another hour. Twenty minutes before serving, two-inch cubes of fat fresh pork were added and cooked just long enough to become

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nearly transparent. The boys insisted that the stew was velly nice but I felt that I must decline it, though I hated to hurt their feelings. Altogether, I rather enjoyed the two weeks work, and they were certainly kind to me.

Toward spring of 1885, things having become more strained between the men and the company at the Occidental and Garfield Mines, I left and went to work with Father at Barber's Mill. I was occupied part of the time at the mill, and part at the mine in the upper Wall Street Canyon some two miles from the mill. While working here, I had a couple of days off, and being fond of hunting, took the shot-gun one day and tramped to Fish Ponds, hoping to get a few ducks. Ducks were not plentiful, as it was getting late spring, but I finally got *one*. There were a great many small wading birds, which were easy to get. I shot one of these just before leaving for camp as I wished to ask Dad what it was and if it was edible. Well, it *was very* edible as Dad informed me, it being a plover. He also said a few rather caustic things regarding a chap who would walk some twelve or fourteen miles to hunt, and then return with one plover, which was better than duck and passing up an easy chance to fill the game sack with them. I felt pretty small, though I still think it was excusable, as I had never seen a plover up to that time. I can still remember the return trip that day: I had been walking almost steadily from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. and most of the time in soft sand. Wow! I knew I had legs *that* night!

A couple of amusing incidents occurred on this job, too. Amusing, if one views them in the proper light, and I am afraid some of the principals did not. The first involved the chief mill man, who, holding power of attorney from Mr. Barber, was sent to San Francisco to straighten out some mistake regarding a piece of machinery. A week after his return, a complete duplicate mill arrived at Daggett, consigned to the Barber Milling Company, with invoices stating that it had been ordered by Barber's agent, the chief mill man. To say that Mr. Barber went up in the air would be putting it mildly! He really did it literally, jumping up and down and yelling at the top of his lungs at the unhappy mill man, who in turn yelled a blanket denial. He had only said at a little supper

that *if* he were to order another mill, he would have it so and so. However, the upshot of the matter was that the stuff had to be received, as the foundry company had the order properly signed by Barber's agent. Well, we tore out the ends of the mill building, coupled on the new mill and everything was lovely; just a little matter of five or six thousand dollars extra expense, a thousand of which was charged to the mill man, I believe! The poor man had a very uncomfortable time from then on, as the boys were not backward in asking what that little supper consisted of, and what brand of coffee (?) was served.

The other incident was not funny *at all* from my point of view, though some people seemed to get lots of pleasure out of it. At this time, I was in my eighteenth year and rather bashful concerning the gentler sex. There was a very pretty girl, Maudie Newman, aged about sixteen, who was the step-daughter of George Cook, the assayer at the mill. My mother, who had come out to make us a short visit, insisted that I meet Maudie, as it would be nice for the both of us, since we were the only young people at the mill. So one evening at quitting time, Mother, who was calling upon the Cooks, spied me going to our tent from the mill. She thought, "Now is the time!", and taking Maudie in tow, came to the tent and pulled the flap aside. Without looking in, she turned to Maudie, saying, "Miss Newman, this is my son Herman." Well I was there alright, *but*, I had removed my shirt, rolled my pants to my knees and had my feet in a tub of water! I recall that I opened my mouth three times, trying to acknowledge the introduction, but no sound would come forth. Maudie let out a yell of laughter, saying, "Don't mind! I hope we will meet often and be good friends!" We did meet often during the rest of my stay at the mill, but the extent of our acquaintance was touching my hat and saying "how-do-you-do" to the young lady. Yes, it was lots of fun for some people, including Maudie, who had a sense of humor. She was continually sending me invitations by her step-father to call, but I could not screw my courage up to the point of calling, even when Mr. Cook declared that Maudie really meant it and would like to get acquainted.

Our work at the mill was finished late in May of 1885 and

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we left for Los Angeles and home. I did not realize that I was not to see Calico again for nearly half a century. And under what changed conditions I was to make the trip! Instead of four days, the trip took about that many hours! We followed practically the same route, now Foothill Boulevard from Los Angeles to the Cajon Pass, thence by way of Victorville, Oro Grande and Barstow, the only change being to cut out the piece of road between Victorville and Daggett by way of Stoddard's Well. But, oh, the difference! All paved road over which we bowl along at fifty miles an *hour* instead of forty miles per *day* as in those old days.

I expected upon revisiting the old camp to feel sad beyond measure, but no; the camp and its men with their teeming life and high hopes are as alive to me as they were in those days of long ago. Even those who are taking their last long sleep in the little cemetery seem to speak to me of the days when we worked together. We shared our pleasures and pains with the fellowship that can only be bred in the conditions under which we lived and labored. Would that I had the ability to present them understandingly!

Among other interesting characters there was Pete Cline, a rather eccentric man when sober, and *more* so when celebrating. One of his best peculiarities was talking to himself as if he were a complete second person. For instance, upon awaking in the morning, there was the following procedure: "Pete, you old fool, time to get up. Hey! What you say, don't want to? Huh! Want me to get out of bed and kick you? Pete! I said *get up*, you blithering old ass! No? Well, we'll see about it." Whereupon Pete would roll out of bed. "Vaugh! Thought that would fetch you! Now get into them clothes and no back talk, or I'll bust you one in the snoot!" This would go on sometimes for several minutes.

One evening he partook rather freely of "tarantula juice" and then went to supper. Upon leaving the restaurant, he mistook the rear door for the street door. Passing through this, which opened directly upon the steep bank of Wall Street Canyon, he rolled some forty feet to the bed of the canyon. (The staff of the restaurant got rid of all slops and garbage by throwing it out the back door.) Pete

took the same path as the rubbish and made his landing at the foot of the bank where several week's refuse had piled up. Upon picking himself up, he made his way up to the street level, went into the nearest saloon, and walked up to one of the full length mirrors. He stood viewing himself for a full two minutes, then: "Waugh! You are certainly the dirtiest hog I ever saw! No! You are *dirtier* than any hog I ever saw! Ain't ye 'shame of yourself? Well, I am! Now get to hell where I can't see ye no more!" Whereupon he took himself away for the rest of the night.

Another time after imbibing pretty freely, he was steering a rather devious course from one saloon to another. In front of James' general store, where James and a couple of mine superintendents were talking, he insisted upon joining the conversation. When told by James to get out, he refused, so James gave him a push. This offended Pete and he aimed a blow at James, knocking James' hat off. At this Pete began to yell. Running down the street, he rushed into the first saloon he came to, yelling, "Hide me, boys, *hide* me! I've killed James!" All hands jumped up from the card games and other diversions with questions of "How?" "Where?" and "What for?"

"Right in front of his store! I knocked his head plumb off! Saw it roll off the walk! He's dead; hide me!"

At this a committee formed itself and taking poor old Pete along despite his protests, went up to James' store where James explained: "The old fool knocked my hat off and when I stooped to pick it up, he began to yell like a lunatic and ran down the street. Turn him loose!" Poor Pete! The yarn became a classic about camp, and whenever Pete's attention was called to it, which was often, he would start down the road muttering as to the character and sanity of one Pete Cline.

While browsing around these old scenes, I have met and talked with a number of the sightseeing younger generation. I often have been met with the following query, "I suppose you all wore a gun on your hip, in those days and were not backward about using it?" to which I have had to reply that we were quite law-abid-

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ing. Though almost everyone maintained his own standing in the camp without the aid of officials, it was done also without the use of force. The unwritten law growing out of these conditions was based upon mutual respect, and honesty. Also frequently, I have been asked by these latter day sight-seers about the dance-hall girls of those early days: if they were not tough cases. I have had to reply that they undoubtedly were; that they smoked cigarettes, drank liquor, and some of them swore. But, during my stay in the camp, I have to confess that I never saw one of them appear on the street clothed in other than ankle length dresses, never saw one smoking while on the street or in stores, never saw one drinking in any saloon, and have ridden as fellow passenger in the same stage-coach from Daggett to Calico with some of them without having heard an unladylike word from them. I sometimes wonder if the public conduct of some of our present day young women could not be profitably patterned after that of those girls.

In the last five years I have visited the old camp many times, viewing with pride a number of structures which I helped to erect fifty-five and fifty-eight years ago, still as solid as when put in use. Among these are the ore bins at the Odessa, Gobbler, Garfield, and Occidental mines and some of the works on the King Mine. Going into the King Mine, I had the pleasure of showing my son wedges which I had driven home away back in 1882.

In closing this rambling account I wish to add that I have aspired to no literary perfection or excellence; that my sole aim has been to relate events and anecdotes which came under my personal observation. Perhaps they may be of some interest to the reader as showing in a meager way a cross-section of the time and life of a stirring mining camp on the frontier of the old West. Although I am well aware that a trained writer could paint a marvelous word picture with the pigments at hand, my only claim to your indulgence is that every word of this account is true. I regret that

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fear of tiring the reader prevents me from adding many more amusing and possibly interesting happenings. So good-bye and as we used to say in parting in those days, "Here's hoping to see you on the other side of the Divide."



From Boulder to the Gulf

By Margaret Romer, M. A.

(Continued from the QUARTERLY for September)

PART IV

WAR WITH MEXICO! An American naval force under Commodore Robert F. Stockton had taken command of California. General José Castro, one of the two leaders of the Mexican forces in California, with a few faithful followers, had departed for Sonora. Over the old Anza trail they rode to Yuma through the torments of the desert in August, 1846. From Yuma they trailed over the Papaguaria to Sonoita and on to Sonora and peace.¹⁴²

Colonel Stephen W. Kearny and his "Army of the West" had captured New Mexico and were continuing their march toward California to assist Commodore Stockton.

At this point in the hostilities, Kit Carson rode eastward from Los Angeles with official messages saying all was well in California. As soon as Carson had left the dust of Los Angeles behind him, the Gillispie Rebellion broke out there, and trouble began in earnest. But Carson knew nothing of this, and bore the good news on toward Washington. On horseback he crossed the dreaded desert that is now the Imperial Valley, swam the Colorado at Yuma, and followed the old Pattie trail up the Gila. This was in the late fall of '46.

At Socorro, New Mexico, Carson met Colonel Kearny moving westward with 300 cavalymen. On hearing the good news from California, Kearny sent back about two-thirds of his men and Carson's dispatches with them, securing the services of the scout as a guide for his march to California with his hundred remaining horsemen.¹⁴³

The 400 tedious miles across Arizona consumed a whole month's time. They followed the Gila except for the cutoff elim-

inating the great bend. The horses and mules suffered intensely from exhaustion but there was no relief. The Pima Indians, as always, were friendly and eager to trade, but they had no horses. Shortly before reaching the Colorado, Kearny met a band of Mexicans driving a herd of horses from California to Sonora. He was able to purchase some of the animals, but the gain was not as great as it would seem, for these poor beasts had themselves just crossed that dreadful desert valley.¹⁴⁴

On reaching the Colorado River, the efficient and forceful Kearny learned of the revolt of the Californians at Los Angeles. The army pushed on as rapidly as possible, but the Colorado Desert was heartless and the hardships of crossing it were fearful. The animals sometimes went forty-eight to sixty hours without water and many were left dead along the trail. Often the soldiers walked to conserve the strength of the surviving horses.

At last, the refreshing waters of Carrieco Creek! And Warner's Ranch was reached on December 2. Then these weary travelers were plunged into Battle of San Pasqual, the chief battle, in California, of the Mexican War. There is little wonder it was a victory for the Mexicans.

Close upon the heels of Kearny came the Mormon Battalion, on foot. They were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke. The very day that Kearny's army reached Warner's Ranch, Cooke's army reached Rancho San Bernardino, located in what is now the southeastern corner of Arizona. The purpose of their march was to open a wagon road westward to the Colorado over the southern route. This they did, and the road they laid out became the best of the three main trails into California used by the gold seekers in that world-famous Gold Rush so soon to come.

From the southeastern corner of Arizona, the road ran west to the San Pedro, then down that river to the northward some fifty miles, then westward across to Tucson in the Santa Cruz Valley, down the Gila to Yuma on the Colorado.¹⁴⁵

The War with Mexico boomed on, but no fighting occurred in the region of the lower Colorado River. On August 6, 1848, the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed, and California and Ari-

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zona north of the Gila came under the Stars and Stripes. Uncle Sam had picked the "ripened plum."

Shortly after the treaty, another American army marched across our region. This was Major Lawrence P. Graham and his cavalymen en route from Chihuahua to California. They broke their own trail as far as Tucson and then followed the Mormon road. Lieutenant Cave J. Coutts was a member of the band, and he left a diary of the journey. This diary revealed the fact that Major Graham was drunken and incompetent, thus causing even greater hardships and more suffering than had been endured by preceding parties.¹⁴⁶

With the dawn of the year 1849, there were still no white people living in the region of the lower Colorado River. The nearest were in the Santa Cruz Valley, Mexico, in what is now Arizona below the Gila. Here the Mexicans still maintained a precarious foothold. But the Apache raids were too much for the settlers, and they were fast abandoning their ranches and returning to Mexico. In 1848, only 760 people were left in Tucson and 249 in Tubac, and only a few in other straggling villages.

In December of the same year, the Apaches staged another raid in which nine more Mexican settlers were killed. This resulted in the abandonment of Tubac and Tumacácori Valley. And even here the Apaches drove off the cattle under the very walls of the *pre-sido*.¹⁴⁷

Then came the news of the discovery of gold in California, and suddenly all the trails leading to the gold country sprang into life. Thousands of people passed for every one that had gone before.

The Mexicans were the first to pour into California. Most of them came by way of Tucson and the Gila, but many hundreds followed the more western trail through Sonoita and the Papaguaria as far as Yuma.

By the spring of 1849 the Americans were starting that great migration which continued for many years. Tens of thousands of them came overland. There were three main routes from the "States." The northernmost went to Salt Lake and then down the Humbolt River across northern Nevada and across the Sierras into California. The middle route turned south at Salt Lake and

came to Los Angeles by the old "Spanish Trail" that was laid out by Wolfskill in the early thirties. The southern route across our region, was divided. Some came by the old Pattie trail down the Gila to Yuma, and others followed the road laid by Cooke and his Mormon Battalion through Rancho San Bernardino and Tucson to the Gila, where both roads converged and continued down river toward Yuma.

West of the river, the old Anza Trail was the more popular route. The alternative was the short cut straight across the desert, practically the same as the route now followed by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The latter, though shorter, was very much more difficult.

This stretch of road, across the Colorado Desert by either trail, was the hardest part of the entire trek, and probably claimed more victims. "In many places, the desert was so thickly strewn with the wrecks of wagons, and the bleached bones of men and animals, as to make it appear that whole trains had perished there."¹⁴⁸

After crossing the Colorado, the trail went down the river fourteen miles and then turned west into the desert. The first water reached was Cooke's Well, fifteen miles distant. The next was twenty-seven miles farther on. And twenty-seven miles is a long stretch through desert sand and heat, jogging along behind wearily plodding horses. Then another ten miles brought the tired travelers to New River which, fortunately, had plenty of water in '49. This spot became a regular camping place known as Camp Salvation. Ordinarily the trek from Cooke's Well to Camp Salvation was an ordeal lasting three days — made terrible by thirst.

After a refreshing stop at Camp Salvation, the wagon trains would plod on to Carrizo Creek, twenty-eight miles distant. Then there still remained some twenty miles of deep sand before the desert stretch was completed, and the surviving animals dragged the wagons up the mountains that form the western rim of the desert.¹⁴⁹

But the Colorado River presented the most formidable single obstacle in the path of the emigrants. Crossing this wide and turbulent stream was a hazardous undertaking. It must be remembered that the Colorado at that time was a very much larger river

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than it is today. The great Boulder Dam, the Parker Dam, the Laguna Dam, the Roosevelt Dam, the Coolidge Dam, and many smaller ones now hold back and divert most of the Colorado's water that flowed to the Gulf at the time of the Great Migration. The crossing of this mighty flood was then, indeed, a fearful undertaking.

In September of 1849, Lieutenant Cave J. Coutts,¹⁵⁰ in command of the military escort of the United States Boundary Survey, established Camp Calhoun on the California side of the Yuma crossing. The Arizona side of the River below the Gila was still Mexican soil. Here the soldiers assisted the emigrants with the difficult crossing.

On the first day of November, a flat boat came floating down the Gila bearing a Mr. Howard, his family and two other men, a doctor and a clergyman. On this voyage, Mrs. Howard gave birth to a son whom they named Gila. This was probably the first child born of American parents in Arizona.¹⁵¹

The boat was a homemade combination boat and wagon and had brought the Howard party all the way from Michigan. It was sixteen feet long and five and one-half feet wide. Lieutenant Coutts easily convinced Mr. Howard that he would have no further use for the boat and persuaded him to leave it on the Colorado. So, it became the first Colorado River ferry.

By December, Coutts and his men had returned to San Diego, but the military escort of the Mexican Boundary Survey was then stationed at Yuma and continued the ferry service. A rope was stretched across the River by which the boat was guided. Two dollars for each person or horse was the fee charged.

But this, too, was only temporary. In 1850 the ferry fell into the hands of unscrupulous men whose only object was to wring the maximum profits from the helpless travelers.

Glanton was such a man. The Mexican Government offered a bounty on Apache scalps, and Glanton had profited largely as a result. But when it was found that he was bringing in the scalps of friendly tribes and even of Mexicans, and claiming the bounty on them as Apache scalps, he was run out of Mexico.

So, this scalper came to the Yuma crossing and bought a half interest, with a man named Lincoln, in the Yuma ferry business. After the arrival of Glanton and his gang, the emigrants were fre-

quently robbed and the Indians got the blame for the depredations.

The Yumas established a rival ferry a few miles down the River near the present village of Andrade. One night, the manager of the Indians' ferry was killed. This event precipitated an attack by the Indians on Glanton's ferry in which about a dozen of the gangsters were exterminated. And the Glanton-Lincoln ferry was at an end.¹⁵²

Then in November of 1850, Major Heintzelman took up the post, renaming it Camp Independence. The following spring, 1851, the name was again changed, this time to Ft. Yuma, and the camp was moved to the site of the old mission, where the Indian School now stands.

Owing to the great distance from civilization, it was very difficult to get supplies for the camp. Besides, the Indians were friendly and helpful and the need for the soldiers was not considered imperative. So, in June, Major Heintzelman returned to the coast with most of the soldiers, leaving Lieutenant L. W. Sweeney in charge with only ten men.

But under Sweeney's guidance, things did not go well. There were troubles between the emigrants and the Indians. This was, no doubt, as much the fault of the Americans as of the Indians. The Yumas always had a predisposition to be friendly, and were violent only when goaded into such action. The Americans, on the contrary, were predisposed to be enemies of the aborigines. Most pioneers went on the theory that all Indians were bad Indians. They expected trouble, and so they frequently made it for themselves by their attitude of arrogance toward the natives.

Supplies for the military camp ran pitifully low, and then scurvy broke out. In November, a new officer, Captain Davidson, was sent to take charge of the situation. A month later, both fort and ferry were abandoned.

Then along came a Doctor Craig, leader of a robbing gang from Texas, and established Ft. Defiance two or three miles down river from the Yuma crossing. These men dominated the region by the persuasion of their guns, robbed emigrants and Yumas alike, and even stole the women of the native tribe.

They operated a ferry too, and were growing rich from their various ill-gotten gains. Until one day two young Mexican couples

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came up from Sonora en route to California. Dr. Craig and his men "detained" the charming young girls and sent the men on their way. But instead of going on to California, the two young Mexicans told the Yumas of the outrage. The native tribe had already suffered so much at the hands of the Craig gang, that they were easily incited by the fervent appeals of the young men.

The result was a surprise attack on Ft. Defiance in which twenty-three of the total twenty-five members of the gang were killed, including the leader. The loss to the Indians was negligible. The girls were recovered and the reunited couples continued their journey to California.

A few days later, Major Heintzelman and his soldiers appeared on the scene. The two remaining white men reported the "tragedy" to the army officers, placing all the blame on the Indians. But Heintzelman had already heard the story, so he arrested the survivors and sent them to California for trial. And that was the end of Ft. Defiance and the Craig ferry. The Yumas then established a ferry made from an old army wagon box.¹⁵³

CHAPTER XII

THE EARLY FIFTIES

THE LARGER EMIGRANT CARAVANS experienced practically no trouble with the Apaches on the southern route to California. But occasionally a small band would detach itself from the company and proceed on the trail alone. These small groups sometimes awoke in the morning to find some of their horses or cattle missing, having been led off in the night by the Apaches from the mountains to the north.

On one occasion the Apaches were blamed for the massacre of an entire family that was traveling alone; although there is no proof as to what tribe it was that committed the ghastly deed.

This family consisted of Royce Oatman, his wife and seven children. They had left Independence, Missouri, in August of 1850, attached to one of the caravans coming West over the southern route. Some of the company remained at Tucson where a stop was made. Then the main body moved on to the Pima Villages where another halt was called. But Royce Oatman was getting impatient

to reach California, so Mr. and Mrs. Oatman and their little brood of seven moved on alone.

This was in February of 1851. But supplies were low and the traveling was hard. One day they were passed by a lone horseman by whom Mr. Oatman sent a letter to Major Heintzelman at Fort Yuma asking for aid.

A few days later the family was camped on the south bank of the Gila just below the Great Bend. Here they were visited by a party of Indians who seemed friendly. Then the attack came. Father, mother, and four of the children were killed. Two daughters were carried away, Olive, 16, and Mary Ann, 10. Lorenzo, a son of 14, was stunned and left for dead when the killers departed. But he recovered and made his way back to the caravan at the Pima villages, continuing the march with them to San Francisco.

As soon as Major Heintzelman received the appeal for help, he sent two men with supplies; but it was too late. Nor could anything be done to punish the murderers or rescue the girls. The massacre had occurred in Mexican territory and the American soldiers were powerless to punish the Indians for a crime committed on foreign soil, even if they had known which tribe to punish.

Five years later, Olive Oatman was located among the Mojaves to whom she had been traded. She was ransomed and sent to her brother Lorenzo, then in Los Angeles. Mary Ann had died.¹⁵⁴

In 1850, a company from Philadelphia, of whom half a dozen were destined to become prominent citizens of California, arrived at the Yuma crossing. Among these, was Louis John Fredrick Yaeger. Since there was no ferry in operation at the time of their arrival at the crossing, these men built one. With their axes they cut down cottonwood trees and hewed planks which were fastened together with wooden pins. When their work was finished, they had a substantial boat 35 feet long, 12 feet wide, and two feet deep.

After ferrying their own party across, they remained to assist other caravans, charging \$10 each team and wagon, and \$.50 for each separate animal. The boat usually drifted down stream about two miles at each crossing, and then had to be dragged back to the opposite landing by ropes.¹⁵⁵

The other members of this memorable party soon moved on

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to California; but Yaeger remained at Yuma and continued the ferry service there for twenty-seven years, or until 1877 when the railroad bridge was built. He was loved and respected by all, and ranked high in the community. The Indians could not pronounce his name so they called him "Don Diego," by which appellation he came to be popularly known.

A village grew on the east side of the crossing where Yuma now stands, and assumed the pretentious name of Colorado City. This was the first American settlement in the territory that is now Arizona. Fort Yuma was, of course, on the American, or California side of the river.

About this time also, an exploration of the river between Fort Yuma and the Gulf was ordered with a view to sending supplies to the Fort by the route.¹⁵⁶ Lieutenant George H. Derby was put in charge of this survey.

Lieutenant Derby was the "Mark Twain" of Southern California and wrote his humorous works under the *nom de plume*, John Phoenix.

The Lieutenant left San Francisco on the steamer *Invincible*. In January of 1851 he sailed past Montagu and Gore Islands into the Colorado River. But the *Invincible* drew eight or nine feet of water so it was impossible to go more than twenty-five miles up the stream with so large a boat.

Leaving the ship in charge of a subordinate officer, Derby and six men set out in a small boat for Fort Yuma. They rowed with the flowing tides and rested with the ebb tides. In his attractive style, Derby gives a detailed account of this voyage in his report to his superior officer.¹⁵⁷ The banks of the stream were lined with rushes, cane, small willows, acacia, and occasionally small cottonwoods and poplars. Fish, ducks, and geese were plentiful, and many a deer was seen on the banks. The stream varied in width from 200 yards to half a mile.

Major Heintzelman and others from Fort Yuma came down the stream in a boat to meet the Derby party.

After the survey was completed, supplies for the Fort were landed in the cove where the *Invincible* had been moored, and a wagon was sent from the post to get them.

Derby reported the bar at the mouth of the river to be ten to fifteen miles wide and four to ten fathoms deep.

The distance from the junction of the Gila to the Gulf by the river, he reported as about 104 miles, while by air a little more than half that distance. There is no vegetation at the mouth of the stream and its silt-laden waters discolor the Gulf for many miles out.

As a result of his survey Derby recommended, "It would be preferable, however, to establish a depot by anchoring a hulk near Charles Point, laden with stores from which a small steamboat could carry more to the post (Fort Yuma) in twenty-four hours than a hundred wagons could transport in a week."¹⁵⁸

That same year (1851) George A. Johnson arrived at the mouth of the Colorado in the schooner *Sierra Nevada* with supplies for the Fort and lumber to build flat boats to haul the supplies from the Gulf to the Fort.

At first, supplies were transported from the Gulf to the Fort in these flat boats which were poled along or hauled by hand.¹⁵⁹ Soon, however, they were being towed by the little steamer *Yuma* the first power boat on the Colorado.

Later, Captain Turnbull arrived on another schooner with a steamboat which had been built in sections in San Francisco and was put together at the mouth of the river. The new craft was christened the *Uncle Sam*. She plied between the Fort and the Gulf for a few months and then struck on a snag and went to the bottom. Captain Turnbull, her owner, gave up in despair and left. The *Yuma* also came to grief.

Captain Johnson, already mentioned, took the contract for transporting the Fort supplies from the Gulf. He placed a new steamer, the *General Jessup* in service. And he soon added a larger one, the *Colorado*, a stern-wheeler, 120 feet long. Captain Johnson skillfully operated his two boats for many years. He probably knew the lower Colorado River better than anyone else. From this time on, the navigation of the Colorado was continuous.

Meanwhile, an exploring expedition was moving across northern Arizona to learn the mysteries of that almost unknown region. Captain L. Sitgreaves of the United States Topographical Engineers,

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was ordered to follow the Zuñi, Colorado Chiquito (Little Colorado), and Colorado Rivers down to the Gulf.

In September of 1851 a caravan of fifty-one men marched westward from Zuñi. There were Captain Sitgreaves, Lieutenant J. G. Parke, Dr. S. W. Woodhouse who served as physician and naturalist, R. H. Kern as draughtsman, Antoine Leroux as guide, and five Americans and ten Mexicans who were packers and general assistants; besides a military escort of thirty soldiers under the command of Major H. L. Hendrick.¹⁶¹

The column followed the course of the rivers until the canyons became too steep. Then they turned off to the west and crossed the country in a nearly straight course just above the 35th parallel of latitude, or, roughly speaking, about the route of the Santa Fé Railroad across northern Arizona today. This was also similar to the route followed by Padre Garcés in 1776.

Our exploring party reached the Mojave region on November 5 after a painfully difficult journey. At the Colorado River they turned south and followed the main stream down to Yuma where they arrived about the end of November, their animals exhausted and their supplies low.¹⁶²

In the early spring of 1854, there marched onto our stage, William Walker, the "Don Quixote" of the Southwest, with a hundred worn-out men and a drove of cattle.

They came overland on foot from Ensenada on the coast of Lower California, some 80 miles south of San Diego, California. They left a trail of blood behind them from the sore, bare feet of the men. At the head of the column marched William Walker, self-styled "President of Sonora." A faded black hat, flannel shirt open at the neck, and baggy trousers with one leg tucked into the top of the one ragged boot. The other boot was entirely missing, having been completely worn out miles back along the trail.

With Walker, were his "Vice-President" and "Cabinet Members," the "Secretaries of State, War, and Navy," and the soldiers, about 100 in all. These men were equally as ragged as their leader.

But Walker was not the madman he appeared to be. Born of Scotch parents in Nashville, Tennessee, he was destined for the ministry; but he refused to attend the theological school, and studied

medicine instead. After practicing his profession only a short time, he dropped it and went to New Orleans where he studied law for three years and was admitted to the bar. Again, after a short practice of the legal profession, he dropped this and took up journalism, becoming an editorial writer.

In 1852 our erratic young hero was 28 years of age. The California Gold Rush was at its height, and Walker joined the stream of humanity and went to San Francisco by way of Central America. There he became editor of the San Francisco Herald.

At this point in his career, he concocted the scheme of organizing an army to go to northern Sonora to protect the women and children of that region from Apache Indians. This grew until his imagination had created the Republic of Sonora, comprising the states of Sonora and Lower California. Henry P. Watkins, Walker's former legal partner, joined him in the enterprise, and was business manager, serving under the title of "Vice-President of Sonora." The Republic was organized in legal form, and its bonds were actually sold.

With the proceeds, Walker hired an army comprised of the bums, ne'er-do-wells, and adventurers picked up along the San Francisco waterfront. Then he chartered the *Caroline* and set sail to take possession of his country.

La Paz was a tiny unprotected village on the Gulf of California, just above the tip of Lower California. Walker's army easily "captured" the place and then quickly set sail again, when the men of the settlement had time to get their guns together.

The *Caroline* then took the army back to Ensenada, a still smaller village. This place was easily taken, and here Walker established his temporary capital.

The news of the "capture" of the two towns was sent to San Francisco, great care being taken to avoid mention of their size and lack of military protection. The result was a shipload of 230 reenforcements who arrived from San Francisco without supplies. This made it necessary for the army of the new "Republic" to live off the surrounding country, which made them increasingly unpopular with the already impoverished *rancheros*.

During a skirmish with the Mexicans, the "Navy" (the *Caro-*

From Boulder to the Gulf

line) set sail and deserted! Most of the few remaining provisions were aboard.¹⁶³

Early in 1854 Walker moved his barracks to San Vicente, some 40 miles south of Ensenada, and made preparations for his march overland by way of the Colorado River, to take possession of Sonora. Leaving about twenty men to hold the fort at San Vicente, the "President" called for volunteers for the march to Sonora. This trek was begun on March 20, 1854. Only about 100 of the men followed their leader. The others headed north for the American boundary and San Pedro.

The cattle to provide beef for the Sonora journey were confiscated from the "enemy." The progress toward the east was slow and laborious. The clothing of the men was in rags, and their shoes were worn out. So, footsore and heartless, the army of the "Republic of Sonora" reached the Colorado River six miles above its mouth.

The men improvised rafts on which they crossed the river. They attempted to swim the cattle across, but the current was too swift, and every animal that entered the stream was drowned.¹⁶⁴

They were in Sonora at last, but without food or clothes. And the waterless Sonora Desert stretched before them.

Some fifty of the men deserted and set out for Ft. Yuma. The others re-crossed the Colorado and wearily retraced their steps to San Vicente, where they found their camp had been wiped out by the *rancheros*.

With desertions, battles, illness and what not, only 33 stragglers, besides Walker himself, remained in the band. And these soon stumbled wearily across the American boundary encouraged by Mexican guns. Once back in America, they were taken prisoners and sent to San Francisco for trial for violation of our neutrality with Mexico, but were acquitted.

A few years later, Walker conducted a more successful filibustering expedition in Nicaragua.

Was this man mad? Probably not. He was an ardent advocate of the system of slavery, and this was the pre-Civil War period. The North and the South were vying with each other for the majority in the Senate. California had just come into the Union as a free state. Could it be that Walker was trying to create two new

states for the South? If so, was it his own idea, or did he receive encouragement from his native Dixie Land? But this is not a part of our story.

CHAPTER XIII

MORE OF THE EARLY FIFTIES

THE YUMA CROSSING in the early fifties was a busy place. Emigrant trains made camp there to rest their animals and perhaps replenish their supplies before continuing their long trek to California. Goods of every description were piled everywhere. Dirty children, anxious women, men with haggard faces, dogs smelling their way around, horses, mules, the crunch of wagon wheels, shouts, laughs, curses and songs, an occasional scream, sometimes the pungent odor of food cooking in the open, and dust, ankle deep, everywhere.

At this point, the river flows from east to west between two moderately high bluffs. A small settlement, mostly of temporary structures, stood on the south, or Arizona side. The Fort, a crude frontier affair, stood on the north, or California bank. The little ferry boat plied steadily between the two settlements carrying emigrants into California. Perhaps another steamer was lying at its mooring on the California shore, and men were unloading supplies for the Fort.

Indians were always curious and interested spectators, glad to lend a hand when needed, and eager to trade their agricultural products for cast off clothing. The Yumas were beginning to cover their nakedness. The breechcloth was by this time almost universal with them. But beyond this, they wore whatever appealed to their fancy. Thus, an Indian might be dressed only in a military coat, or only a hat, or almost any imaginable grotesque combination of garments. The tribe at this time numbered about a thousand.

On October 26, 1852, a fire broke out in the Fort. It was soon out of control and, in spite of all efforts to conquer it, most of the buildings were destroyed.¹⁶⁵

Surveying parties with their military escorts were frequently camped at Yuma at this time too, as the United States-Mexican Boundary Survey was in progress.

From Boulder to the Gulf

The United States had two different boundary agreements with Mexico. The first of these was stipulated in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo which concluded the War with Mexico in 1848. East of the Colorado, the Gila River was to be the dividing line. West of the river, a straight line was to run from the junction of the Gila River with the Colorado, to a point on the Pacific Ocean one marine league south of the port of San Diego.¹⁶⁶

William E. Emory was put in charge of this survey. He went to San Diego by way of the Isthmus. The Mexican commissioners headed by General Pedro Garcia Conde, were also there. A joint commission was organized, and the men began working eastward along the boundary line. Lieutenant A. W. Whipple of the Corps of Topographical Engineers was appointed to start working westward from the junction of the Gila with the Colorado. The two lines met on the desert with a remarkable degree of accuracy early in 1850.¹⁶⁷

By the end of 1851, the survey from the east was completed to a point on the Gila River some 60 miles east of Yuma. This work was in charge of John Russell Bartlett, with the assistance of Andrew B. Gray and A. W. Whipple.

The work of the Boundary Survey was greatly retarded by a long and complicated series of quarrels among the leaders. It was not until July 24, 1852, that the task was finally finished, when Bartlett and Whipple filled in the remaining sixty-mile stretch east of the Colorado along the Gila River.¹⁶⁸

Hardly was the boundary officially laid out when it had to be changed, due to the Gadsden Purchase. On December 30, 1853, James Gadsden, United States Minister to Mexico, concluded the purchase of the land that is now in Arizona and New Mexico south of the Gila River. The price paid was \$10,000,000. Mr. Gadsden tried hard to persuade the Mexican Government to agree to a boundary line far enough south to allow for a port on American soil at the head of the Gulf, but this prize he was not able to win. The Gadsden Treaty, that determined the present United States-Mexican boundary, was published by President Pierce on June 30, 1854, and by President Santa Ana on July 20 of the same year.¹⁶⁹

Emory was placed in charge of the new survey also. José

Salazar Ilarregui headed the new Mexican Commission, General Conde having died in Sonora shortly before the completion of the former survey.

Late in 1854, Lieutenant N. Michler, of Emory's staff, and Salazar himself, of the Mexican Commission, arrived at Yuma and began the survey southeastward toward Sonoita. By the following May, the men were forced to abandon the work for lack of water. Returning to the Gila, the surveyors went by way of the Gila-Tucson route to Nogales, where they joined Emory who was working westward at that point. Before the end of August, the task was complete.

This second Boundary Commission worked harmoniously and efficiently, in marked contrast to the arguments, quarrels, and delays of the First Commission.¹⁷⁰

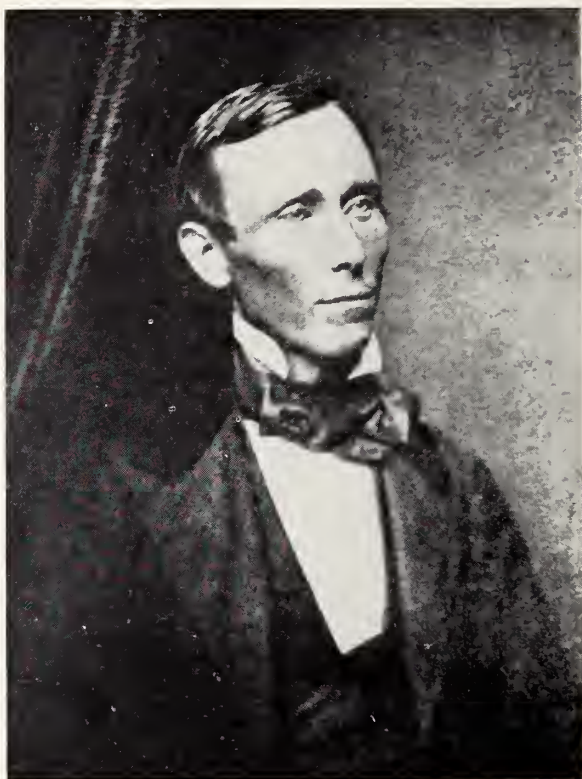
When the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was made, it was assumed that California would lie wholly on the right bank of the Colorado River. But the treaty makers did not know that the river makes a slight curve to the northwest at that point. So, the survey revealed a strip of land some nine miles long on the south side of the river, that rightfully belonged to Uncle Sam. Lucky accident! This strip contained 936 acres, and extended from just above the Yuma crossing almost to Pilot Knob. Major Heintzelman, then in command of the Fort, promptly erected boundary monuments there, and established a military reservation to indicate possession.¹⁷¹ Henceforth, the Yuma crossing was wholly within United States territory.

The little settlement that called itself Colorado City was already located on this strip of land. So, after suddenly finding itself on American soil, a townsite was surveyed and laid out. Colorado City was officially registered in San Diego County which, before 1907, extended from the Pacific Ocean to the Colorado River. This little town was the ancestor of the present town of Yuma; and it paid its taxes to San Diego County, California, for the next nine years, or until Arizona was organized as a territory and took over the strip.¹⁷²

But the new city failed to reach the expectations of its promoters. At best, it had but a few permanent buildings, and it was la-



LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. DERBY



WILLIAM WALKER

From Boulder to the Gulf

ter known as "the city of paper."

There is even hearsay evidence that the survey was not a serious effort in city building at all, but was merely a scheme to pay ferry charges. It seems that a party comprising C. D. Poston, Herman Ehrenberg and others, were en route to California but had no money. On reaching the Yuma crossing, they had to figure out some scheme for being ferried across without pay. So, their fancy created a town that would some day become a city, on the spot where thousands of travelers would cross the great river. Vivid imaginations and glib tongues soon converted most of the community to the idea. Herman Ehrenberg, being an engineer, made the survey and laid out the town. Even the practical ferryman, Jaeger, became enthusiastic and took lots in the new town for his ferry charges — just what the travelers wanted! However, it is entirely possible that Poston and Ehrenberg had genuine faith in the project themselves, since both men later became prominent citizens of the region.¹⁷³

In July of this same year, 1854, Major Heintzelman was succeeded by Captain George H. Thomas as commander of Fort Yuma.

Late in November of 1853, another important expedition started westward from Zuñi across what is now northern Arizona. Lieutenant A. W. Whipple headed a survey which was to determine a route for the Pacific Railroad to run generally along the 35th parallel of latitude.¹⁷⁴ Lieutenant Whipple was assisted by Lieutenant J. C. Ives and a corps of twelve men.¹⁷⁵ An escort of soldiers of the 7th United States Infantry under the command of Lieutenant John M. Jones, completed the party.

Down the Zuñi to its junction with the Colorado Chiquito (Little Colorado) they marched. After following this stream a distance to the northwest, the expedition cut across country to the west, reaching the headquarters of the Santa Maria, then down this stream to Bill Williams Fork.

By this time the animals were so exhausted that it became necessary to abandon three of the wagons and part of the provisions to lighten the load for the poor beasts.¹⁷⁶

Now, Bill Williams Fork is an eccentric river formed by the confluence of the Santa Maria from the east and the Big Sandy

from the north. It starts out as a splendid stream and then often disappears in the sands of its bed. Sometimes it is a violent torrent and at other times travelers die of thirst on its banks.

As the Whipple expedition moved down this water course, its lower reaches were dry. Food was getting pitifully low too, and several of the mules gave out along this difficult stretch of the trail.¹⁷⁷

It was February 20, 1854, when the expedition reached the junction of Bill Williams Fork with the Colorado River. Then they turned north and traveled up the Colorado on its east bank to the Chemehuevis Valley. Here they encountered the Chemehuevis Indians who occupy this relatively small valley. A limited trade was carried on, but no extended stop was made. Instead, the Whipple party pushed on up stream through the Mojave Canyon past the Needles. Here the trail was so steep and rocky that four of the mules were killed by falling.¹⁷⁸

On entering the Mojave Valley, the expedition was met by the Mojave chief. Camp was made and some 600 Indians came to trade. At last, the food supply could be adequately replenished. Beads and calico were given in exchange for corn, beans, wheat, squashes, and peas.¹⁷⁹

And now the great river must be crossed. It was about 500 yards, or the distance of four to five city blocks, wide at the most advantageous point for the undertaking. There was a small island about midstream. The Indians were interested and willing helpers. They brought their balsa rafts and offered them for the purpose of crossing; but these looked too frail, and Lieutenant Whipple preferred a device of his own planning. He did not say whether or not the Indians approved of *his* plan, but at least they set to work with a right good will helping to carry it out.

A platform on pontoons was built, and a long rope was fastened to each end. The rope from one end was left on the mainland, while the rope attached to the other end was carried to the island by swimmers. The river people, it will be remembered, were excellent swimmers. The pontoon boat was then loaded and drawn over to the island by means of pulling the one rope in by hand from the island, as the other was let out by another group of men on the mainland.

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The first load was landed on the island in safety. But the second load capsized when about half way across, and several of the men were nearly drowned in the work of saving the supplies.

The same process was used in getting from the island to the west bank. But here the task was even more difficult because the current was swifter; but to compensate for this, they had the benefit of a little experience.

So at last everything was safely landed on the west bank, with no more serious damage than wetting. Camp was made here and time was allowed to dry out blankets and other equipment before proceeding on the march.¹⁸⁰

From this point, the expedition continued westward till it joined the Old Spanish Trail, and thence into Los Angeles by way of the Mojave River, Cajon Pass and San Bernardino.

Other railroad surveys were also in progress about this same time. The Mexican Government had given its permission for a survey for a railroad south of the Gila, before the completion of the Gadsden Purchase. Accordingly, such a survey was made under the leadership of Lieutenant John G. Parke.

Leaving San Diego on January 24, 1854, with a corps of thirty men and a military escort under the command of Lieutenant George Stoneman, Parke proceeded to Yuma. Here his party was ferried across the river and continued its march up the Gila River to the Gila villages where he began his survey eastward by way of Tucson and the old Mormon road.

Late in November of the same year, Parke undertook a larger survey. This time it was for a railroad from Benecia, California (east of San Francisco) to Fort Fillmore in New Mexico. On this mission, his party worked first from Benecia through Los Angeles to San Diego. From here they turned eastward and crossed the Coast Range by way of Warner's Ranch. Then across the Colorado Desert to Yuma and onward the east by way of the Gila.

No longer were expeditions in the region of the Lower Colorado a rarity. And soon its canyons were to reverberate with the tramp of Mormon feet coming down from the north, to echo the shrill

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whistle of steamboats, and the soft crunch of the padded feet of camels.

(To be continued in the QUARTERLY for March, 1953)

NOTES:

142. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 476.
143. Cleland, *History of California, The American Period*, p. 218.
144. Emory, *Notes of a Military Reconnaissance from Fort Leavenworth, in Mo., to San Diego, in Calif.*, p. 608.
145. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 478.
146. Coutts, *Coutts' Diary of a March to California in 1843*, Pp. 62-98. Manuscript in Bancroft Library.
147. Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 474.
148. Eldredge, *History of California*. V. III, p. 225.
149. Coy, *The Great Trek*. Pp. 256-9.
150. Later, Helen Hunt Jackson visited on the ranch of Captain and Mrs. Coutts at San Luis Rey Mission, and there wrote her famous book, *Ramona*, taking their ranch for the scene of *Ramona's* home.
151. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*. p. 486.
152. *Ibid.*, p. 488.
153. Dellenbaugh, *Romance of the Colorado River*. Pp. 140-1.
154. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*. p. 485.
155. Eldredge, *History of California*, V. III, p. 224.
156. Farnish, *History of Arizona*, V. I, p. 251.
157. Derby, *Reconnaissance of the Gulf of California and the Colorado River*, p. 16.
158. *Ibid.*, p. 20.
159. Ives, *Report of the Colorado River of the West*, p. 33.
160. Dellenbaugh, *Breaking the Wilderness*, p. 315.
161. Sitgreaves, *Report of an Expedition Down the Zuni and Colorado Rivers* by Captain L. Sitgreaves, Corps of Topographical Engineers, Pp. 4-5.
162. *Ibid.*, p. 21.
163. Scroggs, *Filibusters and Financiers*, p. 41.
164. *Ibid.*, p. 46.
165. *Yuma Sentinel*, May 4, 1878.
166. Emory, *Report on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey*, V. I, p. 4.
167. *Ibid.*, V. I, p. 5.
168. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 480.
169. *Ibid.*, p. 491.
170. *Ibid.*, p. 494.
171. Farnish, *History of Arizona*, V. I, Pp. 319-320.
172. *Ibid.*, p. 321.
173. Hinton, *Handbook to Arizona*, p. 246.
174. The extreme southern point of Nevada is at the 35th Parallel.
175. Others of the staff besides the helpers, were J. M. Bigelow, surgeon and botanist; Jules Marcou, geologist; C. B. R. Kennerly, physician and naturalist; A. H. Campbell, engineer; H. B. Mollhauser, topographer and artist. Mr. Mollhauser kept a diary of the expedition in German which was published in Germany in 1858.
176. Whipple, A. W., *Reports of Explorations for a Railway Route, near the 35th Parallel of N. Latitude from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean by Lieutenant A. W. Whipple, Corps of Topographical Engineers, assisted by Lieutenant J. C. Ives, etc., 1853-4* Being Vol. III of the Pacific Railroad Reports, 33rd Cong., 2d Sess., Sen. Ex. Doc. 78. p. 106.
177. Whipple, *Reports of Explorations for a Railway Route near the 35th Parallel, etc.*, V. III, p. 107.
178. *Ibid.*
179. *Ibid.*, V. III, p. 112.
180. *Ibid.*, V. III, p. 116.

Book Reviews

By The Staff

OLD CALIFORNIA HOUSES. *Portraits and Stories*. By Marion Randall Parsons. Illustrated by the author. University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1952. Pp. 143; ill.; bibliography; \$3.75.

In this slender volume the painter-writer presents her visual and word pictures of not only old houses of California but also a graveyard, a school, a shop, a church and gardens. Seventeen of Marion Randall Parsons' paintings are reproduced, one to illustrate each chapter. The text presents in an attractive manner an intimate and nostalgic portrait of each place.

Residents of the Southland will fail to find a Southern California landmark and although amply documented, the book presents little material that will be new to one well acquainted with the history of the state, but for pleasant viewing and reading and as an excellent introduction to California's history it will find a ready market. — G.H.T.

AMERICAN HISTORY and AMERICAN HISTORIANS. *A review of recent contributions to the interpretation of history of the United States*. By H. Hale Bellot. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1952. Pp. 336; maps; bibliography. \$4.00.

The author is vice-chancellor of the University of London and is Professor of American History. He covers in this volume of American historiography from 1890. Over this period of years, he shows that liberalization of academic curriculum gave rise to the American point of view in place of the European. Lectures were delivered prior to 1890 from prescribed texts and seldom deviated. He endeavors, as he states, to give some account of the new work of the last two generations of American historians and to indicate the conclusions that it points to. He emphasizes the deeper trends of our historical evolution. Coming as it does from one who views us and our story from across the Atlantic, it carries much interest to both the student of history and the general reader.

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Beginning with recent aspects he covers the Mainland Colonies, the Revolution and Constitution, the settlement of the Mississippi and its influence on historiography, the sectional conflict of north and south, integration and reform and concludes with new complexities that has been revealed in the twentieth century. He has appended well delineated maps, and alphabetical list of works used as reference and an index which all adds to the volume's worth as a book itself for reference. Each chapter is followed by biographical notes. Much work has gone into this review and although it touches but slightly on California history, it is a good addition to the Society's book shelves.

A MAP OF THE MARKED HISTORICAL SITES OF CALIFORNIA. Compiled from official registrations of the California State Department of Natural Resources. Published by *Westways*, Automobile Club of Southern California. Los Angeles, 1952. \$1.50.

This colorful and most instructive map of our state is worthy of the consideration of all people interested in the State of California. Californians as well as as guests and tourists should not be without this map when traveling from the Mexican border at San Digeo to the Oregon border in the north. Many reminders of California four hundred years ago, such as the Channel Islands off the coast at Santa Barbara that were first visited by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo are noted. The traveler with map in hand knows he is riding on Highway 101, which in 1769 was *El Camino Real* and was blazed by the *padres* and Portola's Spanish soldiers. Marked are the first community centers that were built around the California missions. These California shrines are full of priceless relics that depict Early California living.

The Mother Lode, the focal point of the mad Gold Rush of 1849, is rich with mementos of the struggle to glean the yellow metal by venturesome men from all over the world.

Monterey, the capital of old California in 1850, provided the birthplace of the thirty-sixth state of the nation in Colton Hall where the first Constitutional Convention was held in 1850. —

A.B.P.

Activities of the Society

OCTOBER — NOVEMBER — DECEMBER

Paul Masterson of radio station KECA presented under the auspices of the *Historical Society of Southern California* a series of short historical stories, authored by Society Director Marco R. Newmark, based on the early history of Los Angeles and Southern California.

OCTOBER 12, 1952

Columbus Day Fete, the Four Hundred Sixtieth Anniversary of the Discovery of America.

There was a capacity attendance at the morning services. Mass was intoned at Saint Vibiana's Cathedral by Archbishop Francis A. MacIntyre. Dignitaries of the Knights of Columbus, Spanish-American Society, Italo-American Federation and the *Historical Society of Southern California*. City and county officials, civic leaders and citizens from all walks of life were present to pay tribute to Christopher Columbus.

Columbus Day festivities drew to an end by a reception held at the Wilshire Ebell Club House. This was sponsored by the Spanish consulate. Don José Perez del Arco, Spanish consul, extended a hearty welcome to the guests. Vance Graham, noted commentator, as master of ceremonies, kept the program moving at an interesting pace. Honor was paid to the flags of the Americas.

Latin American and Early California folk dances and songs terminated a happy evening.

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MEETING OF OCTOBER 28, 1952

Greetings were extended by Past-President Roger J. Sterrett. He then introduced the speaker, Mr. Gordon Dudley, member of the English Department of the Los Angeles City College.

Mr. Gordon's subject was "*Charles Lummis: Mr. Southwest.*" The speaker has spent much time researching on the wide field of activities and the personal life of Charles Lummis. He was editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library, president of the First Landmarks Club of California — that stopped the utter ruin of the California missions and wrote books too numerous to name. The material that Mr. Gordon is gathering on this great man when compiled and edited will present a very formidable contribution to Southwestern Americana.

Hostesses at the refreshment table were Mrs. Edmund Ducommun and Mrs. George Varnum.

MEETING OF NOVEMBER 25, 1952

President John C. Austin made welcome members and friends of the Society and in his own inimitable way introduced our new director and speaker of the evening, Dr. Gustave O. Arlt.

His subject was "*Folklore: What is it? Who makes it? Why and how do we study it?*" These questions and answers proved to make one of the most talked of meetings of the year.

Dr. Arlt revealed that Folklore, are traditions, tales and beliefs. He called attention to some of the more popular and then made examples of those least known. He pictured a thought turned into a quotation then growing in the repeating, principally by word of mouth.

After a most interesting and enjoyable evening members and guests were invited by President Austin to retire to the refreshment room.

Pouring at the urns were the hostesses of the evening, Mrs. Edward A. Dickson and Mrs. Ernest J. Yorba.

Gifts to the Society

In each issue of THE QUARTERLY there appears a list of the donors and gifts made currently to the Society.

The Society is making an especial effort to build up its collection of historic materials, such as diaries, letters, account books, early newspapers, theatre and other programs, pictures of early-day life in California and costumes. We need your help.

Every member of the Society has some historic article that would be welcomed, and THE QUARTERLY sincerely hopes that the names of all our members will be recorded from time to time in the gift column.

MARCO R. NEWMARK,
Chairman, Committee on Gifts and Bequests

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, by Mr. Phil Townsend Hanna: Map of the marked historical sites of California. These 496 sites are registered officially by the State Park Commission and the Director of Natural Resources with the advice of the Historical Landmarks Advisory Committee.

MR. JOHN AUSTIN: Monograph, booklets and invitations giving the complete story of the inauguration of the New Los Angeles City Hall — under date of Thursday, 26, 1928. The presiding Mayor was George E. Cryor.

MR. BURDICK EATON: A framed, illuminated and sealed resolution given to the family of Fredrick Eaton at his death by the Los Angeles City Council, March 13, 1934. Mr. Fred Eaton on this parchment was named the Father of the Aquaduct; a printed memoir of Mr. Fred Eaton issued by the American Society of Civil Engineers, founded November 5, 1852. These memoires were prepared by J. B. Lippencott and William Mulholland, both being members of the A. M. Soc. C. E.

THE CHARLES DUCOMMUN COMPANY, by Mr. Edmond Ducommun: A manuscript on the *Life and Business Activities of Charles Ducommun*. For a century and three years the Ducommun Company have been the corner stone of the City of Los Angeles. This manuscript tells the story of the

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contribution made and the rich heritage left by one man to his family who still carry on in the community in which he lived and labored.

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK: Framed photograph of Mr. I. W. Hellman, founder of this bank.

MR. MANFRED MEYBERG: *Harper's Weekly Magazine*, Saturday, April 2, 1904. This magazine gives detailed article of the Japanese and Russians. An article copiously illustrated of Southern California from San Luis Obispo as it appeared a half century ago.

MR. MARCO R. NEWMARK: 1952 file of the *Pony Express*; Book, *DOORS TO YESTERDAY, a guide to Old Los Angeles*; printed biographical sketch of Mr. Arthur Letts, founder of The Broadway Department Store and Trustee of the State Normal College (this later became the University of California at Los Angeles); pamphlets containing the history of the Klauber Wagenheim Company on its seventy years of business progress. This company started as a country store and in seventy years it has grown into a modern department store in the City of San Diego; Brochure Farewell Dinner by the Pioneer Society given in the United States Hotel, March 16, 1939. Mr. Joseph Mesmer was the host. His father Louis Mesmer raised the American flag over the U.S. Hotel in 1897 and the son Joseph Mesmer lowered it for the last time on the evening of March 16, 1939; Leaflet announcing the celebration of the fourth annual open house of the Good Will Industries held in the historic Baker Block; booklet giving the history of the first half century of the Young Women's Christian Association 1894-1944; pamphlet, *Fifty Years in Los Angeles 1895-1945, Walk-over Shoe House*.

MRS. B. SABICHI MITCHELL: From the William Wolfskill Album, historic photographs of the *abode* mansion that stood in the vicinity of Fifth and Central Avenue. This land later became the Arcade Depot of the Southern Pacific Railroad; photographs of the old Sabichi property, showing members of the family. This home stood on South Figueroa Street just north of Saint Vincents Church at Figueroa and Adams Streets.

SECURITY FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES, by Mr. Allan Hedrick, Advertising Manager: Photographs of the unveiling of the Memorial Plaque dedicated to the builders of Los Angeles by the *Historical Society of Southern California*. In the photograph are President John C. Austin, Director Marco R. Newmark, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wallace, Miss Margerite Winston, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Dickson, Mrs. Oscar Lawler, Mrs. Marshall Stimson and Family, Mr. I. N. Van Nuys and Mr. Victor Rossetti.

MRS. JOHN WOLFSKILL: An early historic photograph of the Main Street in the City of San Diego.

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